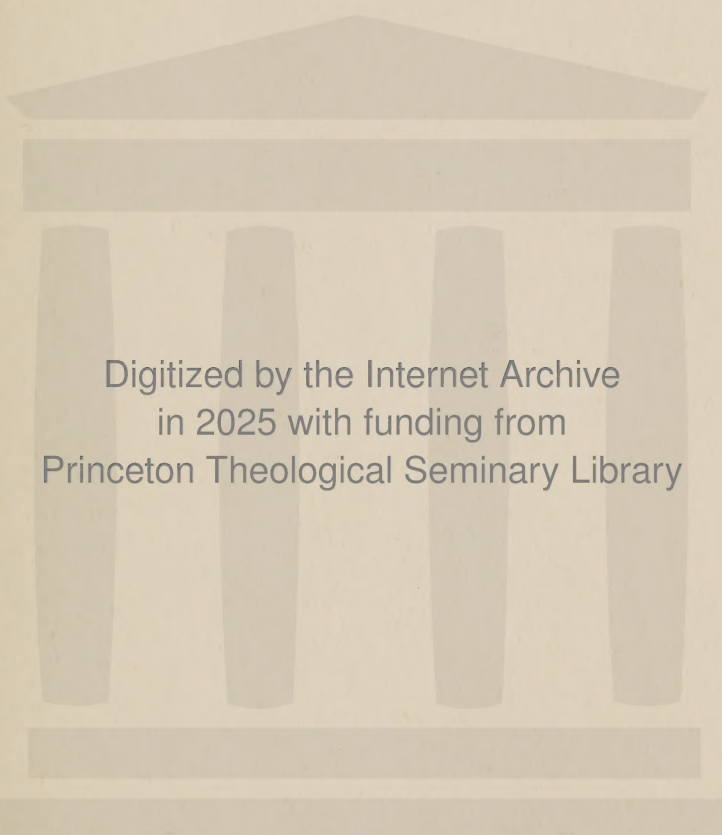


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CLAREL

A Poem

and

Itinerary in the Holy Land

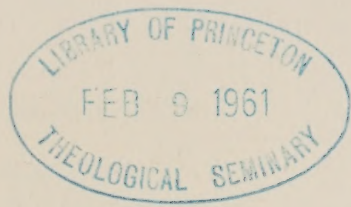
HERMAN MELVILLE

with many notes

by the author
of "Typee," "Mardi," "Omoo," "Moby-Dick,"
and "Herman Melville's Letters to the Editors"

Edited by William E. Howells

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
1907



CLAREL

A Poem
and
Pilgrimage in the Holy Land

By
HERMAN MELVILLE

In four parts

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| I. Jerusalem | III. Mar Saba |
| II. The Wilderness | IV. Bethlehem |

Edited by WALTER E. BEZANSON

HENDRICKS HOUSE, INC.
NEW YORK 1960

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PREFACE

The present edition aims to provide first of all a text that is obtainable and accurate. There have been only two previous printings of *Clarel*. The American first edition in two volumes issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons (1876) is now excessively rare. The English edition, included as Volumes XIV and XV (1924) in Constable and Company's limited edition of *The Works of Herman Melville* (1922-1924), not only is out of print but presents a text completely Anglicized in spelling and punctuation. The present text is that of the first American, with typographical errors corrected, inconsistencies reduced, and Melville's own minor revisions (for the first time) incorporated. Format, but not text, has been modernized to the extent described in the Textual Notes. All variations from the first edition have also been recorded in the Textual Notes.

Since *Clarel* is a difficult poem—in its setting, allusions, and great variety of characters and themes—the second aim has been to provide aids to the reader. The Introduction, after recounting the circumstances and moods which generated *Clarel* and surveying past and recent criticism, offers possible appraisals of the poem as art, history, and biography. Reference materials at the end of the poem include two maps and a critical index to ten major and twenty-two minor characters of the poem. The Explanatory Notes identify geographical and historical allusions and expose the principal layers of personal experience and reading that underlie the poem; occasionally they offer explication.

I have not hesitated to offer interpretation. Any edition providing aids begins to be an act of criticism; though there is a duty to avoid dogma and intrusiveness, it is specious to mask the point of view. My interest in the poem began with an interpretive study, "Herman Melville's *Clarel*," an unpublished doctoral dissertation at Yale University, 1943. Having lived with *Clarel* about as long as Melville did while he was making it, I can testify that it is a pyramid of a poem; there is little danger

that even the most Egyptian editor will fully ascend or penetrate it.

I am indebted to many Melville scholars. I wish to name especially: Stanley T. Williams, Howard P. Vincent, Merton M. Sealts, Jr., Jay Leyda, Harrison Hayford, and Howard C. Horsford. I am especially grateful to Eleanor Melville Metcalf and Harry Metcalf. For scholarly advice and encouragement I thank J. Milton French, and for financial aid, the Research Council of Rutgers, the State University. For many services I wish to thank the New York Public Library, and the libraries of Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Rutgers, and Princeton. For permission to use materials in the Melville Collection, Houghton Library, Harvard, I thank William A. Jackson, the Librarian. I am indebted to the Princeton University Press for permission to quote as needed from Howard Horsford's excellent edition of *Journal of a Visit to Europe and the Levant, October 11, 1856–May 6, 1857, By Herman Melville* (1955). My dearest debt is to Bett Bezanson, for keeping the pilgrimage sane.

WALTER E. BEZANSON

Rutgers University,
New Brunswick, N.J.
September, 1959.

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INTRODUCTION

Of all Melville's major writings *Clarel*¹ has suffered most from undeserved oblivion and casual plundering. Until recently even the most partisan of Melville's modern advocates have hesitated to endure the rigors of a four-part poem of 150 cantos that runs to more than 18,000 lines. An age little given to the reading of narrative verse lived easily with the notion that *Clarel* neither invoked obligations nor promised rewards. On the basis of faint-hearted readings that let go after 100 pages, the poem was assumed to be too complex and discursive, overly private in reference and symbol, and above all, interminably long. Under the consoling myths that *Clarel* was the late flickering of a waned imagination and that poetry was a left-handed venture for Melville, the poem lay until the 1940's where the critics had dropped it in the summer of 1876—among the cold ashes of a presumably superannuated talent.

The attractions of *Clarel* at the present time are several. Recent critics have assured us it is a much better poem than had been realized; the poem is labyrinthine, but it is no morass. Melville's poetic style, a curious mingling of modern and archaic idiom, has probably profited from changing tastes. Even the idea of a long narrative poem is more attractive now that we have fresh, contemporary translations of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Goethe.

The poem will interest modern readers who have been captured by the image of the man who wrote it, for it abounds with revelations of his inner life. Melville did not soften up in his later years, as Whitman and Emerson did, but remained unsimple and hard to the end. The period of the late sixties and early seventies, when Melville was composing *Clarel*, lies almost midway between *Moby-Dick* (1851) and *Billy Budd* (completed in 1891), though it is probable Melville lived with the themes of his poem from the winter of his Mediterranean voyage (1856–1857) to the summer of publication (1876). Thus a great chunk of his imaginative life is better examined here than anywhere else.

Again, there are few works of Anglo-American literature which rival *Clarel* as a rendering of the spiritual exigencies of the late Victorian era. The poem is an intricate documentation of a major crisis in Western civilization—the apparent smash-up of revealed religion in the age of Darwin. To the lyric despair of Tennyson, Arnold, and Clough, and to the softer distress of Longfellow and Lowell, Melville added not only a more sizeable lamentation, but this in-close fictional study of what the crisis meant to various representative men. He did his utmost to project more than his own spiritual dilemma. His effort to cope with the major tensions of an age makes *Clarel* a historical document almost of the first order.

And finally, in our own time, the reawakening of the religious sensibility and the emergence of depth psychology have brought a new relevance to the matter and mode of Melville's poem.

There is still, of course, the problem of how good a poet Melville was. It may well be that his poetic stature has been unduly overshadowed by his eminence as a prose romancer. We have not lived long enough with the idea that he was a poet at all to decide justly how good a poet he was. Fearing that claims for his verse would seem a generous illusion stemming from love of his prose, we may have sold the poetry short. Or we may have been unwittingly baffled by finding in the poetry many of the conceptual values of the novels expressed without that rich copiousness which is the hallmark of his best-known prose. Once we face up to the idea that Melville's poetry is not an extension of the lyric vein of his famous novels but is a wholly new mode of contracted discourse we will be more ready to judge the poetry. Melville was capable of pretty lines now and then. Sometimes he indulged his marginal gift for songs of sentiment. But essentially he was drawn to a non-lyrical, even harsh, prosodic line. Center for him as poet was usually the weight and texture of a "situation." He was so convinced of the complexity of the human condition that he preferred to make his poems situational constructions, as if to say that personality and circumstance are always shaping belief, meaning, and sensibility. If this narrative impulse links him with Browning and Meredith, among his English contemporaries, his characteristic idiom binds him also to

Emerson and Dickinson. Though Melville is too intellectual a poet ever to be popular, he is surely among any cluster of the half-dozen best poets of nineteenth-century America.

Clarel, his major effort in verse, shows almost the full range of his poetic powers and limitations, both of which are considerable. A poetic fiction about a naive American youth named Clarel, on pilgrimage through the Palestinian ruins with a provocative cluster of companions, gave Melville his "situation." A great deal lay back of the choice.

i

In the beginning the East was the dream of a child—according to one of Melville's early projections. "For I very well remembered," young Redburn confessed, "staring at a man myself, who was pointed out to me by my aunt one Sunday in church, as the person who had been in Stony Arabia, and passed through strange adventures there, all of which with my own eyes I had read in the book which he wrote, an arid-looking book in a pale yellow cover.

" 'See what big eyes he has,' whispered my aunt; 'they got so big, because when he was almost dead with famishing in the desert, he all at once caught sight of a date tree, with the ripe fruit hanging on it.'

" . . . When church was out, I wanted my aunt to take me along and follow the traveler home. But she said the constables would take us up, if we did; and so I never saw this wonderful Arabian traveler again. But he long haunted me; and several times I dreamt of him, and thought his great eyes were grown still larger and rounder; and once I had a vision of the date tree."²

By the time Melville wrote *Redburn* (1849) his own yearning for palm-tree lands had already taken him to the Pacific. Except for the short voyage to Liverpool in 1837, he had adventured westward, as was right for the young American in the times of Emerson and Greeley. But the "vision" of the date tree in an Eastern desert would not dissolve.

With the manuscript of *White-Jacket* in his carpet bag, Melville, 11 October 1849, boarded the *Southampton* in the North

River. At the age of thirty he had persuaded himself that as a practical young man with a glittering literary reputation he would do well to market his fifth novel in person at the London publishing offices. That he was also in the mood for new adventures soon appeared. With two shipboard companions, a cousin of Bayard Taylor and a German scholar named Adler, he plotted a romantic expedition: "This afternoon Dr. Taylor & I sketched a plan for going down the Danube from Vienna to Constantinople; thence to Athens on the steamer; to Beyrouth & Jerusalem—Alexandria & the Pyramids. . . . I am full (just now) of this glorious *Eastern* jaunt. Think of it! Jerusalem & the Pyramids—Constantinople, the Aegean, & old Athens!"³ But the expenses were reckoned at \$400, and when, in London, Melville found he could not get for *White-Jacket* the terms he had hoped for, he and Adler said good-by to Dr. Taylor, who went off to the East without them, Melville consoling himself with chops and ale at Edinburgh Castle. He must have been reminded of his disappointment when he spent a fine evening with Albert Smith, the comic writer, just back from the East and full of stories, and again when he met Alexander William Kinglake at one of Samuel Rogers' famous breakfast parties; Kinglake was as famous for an Eastern romance, *Eöthen* (1844), as Melville was for two Polynesian idylls, *Typee* (1846) and *Omoo* (1847). Sailing back to New York in December, Melville carried with him a case of books purchased in London and Paris; among them were William Beckford's voluptuous Eastern phantasy, *Vathek* (1786), and Thomas Hope's Byronic romance, *Anastasius* (1819).⁴ At least vicariously he would have his jaunt after all.

For Melville it was youth's last indulgence. The *Typee-Omoo* days were done. In both art and experience maturation and disquietude were at hand. With the move to Pittsfield in the summer of 1850 came the immense surrender to the Whale; then, with the willed disaster of *Pierre*, he entered the whirlpool. By the fall of 1856, with two more novels and more than a dozen stories and sketches completed, he was exhausted and damaged. It was then that he went to the Levant.

Family records and his own writings make clear Melville's distress in the five years before his Mediterranean voyage. "We all

felt anxious," his wife Elizabeth confided to her pocket diary, "about the strain on his health in Spring of 1853. . . . In Feb 1855 he had his first attack of severe rheumatism in his back—so that he was helpless—and in the following June an attack of Sciatica—Our neighbor in Pittsfield Dr. O. W. Holmes attended & prescribed for him—. . . . In Fall of 1856 he went to Europe and travelled 6 or 7 months going to the Holy Land came home about the time the *Confidence Man* was published in 1857—and with much improved health." And in a later recollection she re-emphasized the fact of "his health being impaired by too close application" just before he left.⁵ Melville's writings of the period amply indicate the psychosomatic nature of much of this illness. From *Pierre* to *The Confidence-Man* they reflect a profound introversion, either explicit or masked by a sometimes worked-up robustiousness, and "I And My Chimney" seems to support the family tradition that relatives and neighbors questioned his sanity. Yet through the discipline of his craft—the muted precision of a "Bartleby"—he held himself at what he was to define in *Clarel* as "the perilous outpost of the sane" (III.xix.99).

There can be no question that the sturdy, bearded American who boarded the screw-steamer *Glasgow* on 11 October 1856, precisely seven years after the European voyage, was a changed man from the young romantic. To be sure, two nights before sailing he had joined heartily with a small party of friends in New York, "warming like an old sailor over the supper."⁶ But the mood was no longer characteristic. Hawthorne saw the difference at once when Melville sought him out at the Consulate in Liverpool. "He said that he already felt much better than in America; but observed that he did not anticipate much pleasure in his rambles, for that the spirit of adventure is gone out of him. He certainly is much overshadowed since I saw him last. . . ." Hawthorne's famous account of Melville's brief visit is of extreme interest in relation to *Clarel* since it gives a shrewd yet sympathetic analysis of Melville's temper just as he left for the experience out of which the poem was to come. Hawthorne found him "looking much as he used to do (a little paler, and perhaps a little sadder), in a rough outside coat, and with his characteristic grav-

*ity and reserve of manner. . . . Melville has not been well, of late; he has been affected with neuralgic complaints in his head and limbs, and no doubt has suffered from too constant literary occupation, pursued without much success, latterly; and his writings, for a long while past, have indicated a morbid state of mind. . . . I do not wonder that he found it necessary to take an airing through the world, after so many years of toilsome pen-labor and domestic life, following upon so wild and adventurous a youth as his was . . . we took a pretty long walk together, and sat down in a hollow among the sand hills (sheltering ourselves from the high, cool wind) and smoked a cigar. Melville, as he always does, began to reason of Providence and futurity, and of everything that lies beyond human ken, and informed me that he had 'pretty much made up his mind to be annihilated'; but still he does not seem to rest in that anticipation; and, I think, will never rest until he gets hold of a definite belief. It is strange how he persists—and has persisted ever since I knew him, and probably long before—in wandering to and fro over these deserts, as dismal and monotonous as the sand hills amid which we were sitting. He can neither believe, nor be comfortable in his unbelief; and he is too honest and courageous not to try to do one or the other. If he were a religious man, he would be one of the most truly religious and reverential; *he has a very high and noble nature, and better worth immortality than most of us.*"⁷ Hawthorne made out Melville's visa for him and signed it, took care of his trunk at the Consulate when he left, and completed the publication contract for *The Confidence-Man* "on behalf of Herman Melville" with Messrs. Longman and Company.⁸ Such helpful, kindly acts quieted, without dissolving, whatever ambiguities still followed in the wake of the intensive fifteen-month friendship of 1850–1851. This man Hawthorne was still of special importance to Melville, as *Clarel* was to testify.*

Melville's journey of five months and 15,000 miles that winter took him to three continents and nine countries. He traveled alone, for the most part, confiding to three small notebooks whatever he had time or need to save from the welter of his impressions. The *Journal*⁹—prime source for *Clarel*—is an extraordinary document, different in kind from the essentially matter-

of-fact record he had kept on his previous European tour. To be sure, he entered the names of scores of places and people, and recorded random tourist reactions; but he also made explorations into the geography and events of his inner life. For readers of *Clarel* interest in the *Journal* divides between the account of Melville's three weeks in the Holy Land and the larger aura of significant moods in which his whole Mediterranean experience was bathed. Melville was well aware that he had reached a turning point in his life. Here in the ancient world, long dreamed of for its fabulous resources, he might or might not be able to renew the rhythms of existence.

Going through the Straits of Gibraltar that sunset evening in November of 1856 was a dream-like return to the womb of history. He noted the great Rock lit up, throwing the rest in shadow; then: "Calm within Straits. Long swell took us. The Mediterranean." The next day was rejuvenating: "Beautiful morning. Blue sea & sky. Warm as May. . . . Threw open my coat.—Such weather as one might have in Paridise. Pacific."¹⁰ But the Paradise-Pacific mood of expectation in which, momentarily, he had entered the Mediterranean, could not be sustained as he sailed by the Greek Islands: "Among others, Delos, of a most barren aspect, however flowery in fable. I heard it was peculiarly sterile. Patmos, too, not remote; another disenchanting isle."¹¹ The equation gave way: "The former [Greek islands] have lost their virginity. The latter [Pacific islands] are fresh as at their first creation. The former look worn, and are meagre, like life after enthusiasm is gone. The aspect of all of them is sterile & dry."¹² These fundamental antonyms of the *Journal*—Paradise and earthly existence, innocence and experience, creativeness and sterility, fable and fact—were to become metaphoric polarities of the poem. The split was a haunting one to Melville, a symptom of the double vision that had become and would remain his painful gift, as Hawthorne had noted. At Cyprus he wrote: "From these waters rose Venus from the foam. Found it as hard to realize such a thing as to realize on Mt Olivet that from there Christ rose."¹³ At times he was able to be ruefully calm: "One finds that, after all, the most noted localities are made up of common elements of earth, air, & water."¹⁴ But again he was almost

savagely angry that it should be so: "Was here again afflicted with the great curse of modern travel—skepticism. Could no more realize that St: John had ever had revelations here [Patmos], than when off Juan Fernandez, could believe in Robinson Crusoe according to De Foe. When my eye rested on arid heighth, spirit partook of the barrenness.—Heartily wish Niebuhr & Strauss to the dogs.—The deuce take their penetration & acumen. They have robbed us of the bloom. If they have undeceived anyone—no thanks to them."¹⁵ The position was philosophically naive, but it remains a penetrating historical commentary on two basic tensions of the nineteenth-century artist: the war within the imagination (romanticism against realism) and the conflict over soul (supernaturalism against naturalism). Yet Melville's divided sensibility reached beyond the critical spirit of the age and matched some profound disunion which he cherished in himself. Though at intervals he was able to enjoy many sights that were "picturesque"—a favorite word—and to respond to Eastern pageantry and pomp at times, loneliness and introversion overcame him regularly, and drove him to restless nights, eye pains, and the familiar symptoms of deep anxiety.

Three ancient sites stirred a clash of moods that was intense. The first was Constantinople.¹⁶ The very sight of Asia oppressed him as "sort of used up—superannuated," yet he recorded the approach to the city in the fog in the romantic idiom of the day, likening its gradual appearance through the mist to the coquettings of a veiled woman. He found his "picturesqueness" in the bridges and loved the "scene" of the Bosphorus: "Magnificent! The whole scene one pomp of art & nature." The prospect from Scutari was a "Noble view," and so on. Counterpointed against these effusive enjoyments beyond the city was the psychic terror he felt within the city. He got lost several times within its warrens and alleys, becoming almost panic-stricken to find some tower from which he could see where he was. He hired guides but found they could not be trusted. He was sure that thieves and assassins pursued him through the streets. Once he called the city a "maze," and three times, a "labyrinth." So he alternated—from enthusiastic romanticism to a lonely mood of nightmare exhaustion and introversion. At the roots of his intellectual dis-

illusion lay a profound distress. The island paradise was irrecoverable.

At the pyramids Melville endured the second traumatic experience of the journey.¹⁷ Already excited by Cairo, "a grand masquerade of mortality," he began reiterating symbolic images from his recent writings: the "sometimes high blank walls" ("Bartleby") and the "mysterious passages" ("I And My Chimney"). The pyramids themselves nearly overwhelmed him: "Never shall forget this day." The pyramids for Melville were a primal image of the unknown self—immense, mysterious, penetrable only here and there by dark shafts.¹⁸ He described the ascent of an old man exhausted by climbing: "Tried to go into the interior—fainted—brought out—leaned against the pyramid by the entrance—pale as death. Nothing so pathetic. Too much for him; oppressed by the massiveness & mystery of the pyramids." And then: "I myself too. A feeling of awe & terror came over me." Self-penetration carried the risk of madness; total descent into the self could scarcely lead elsewhere.¹⁹ Beyond self, Melville went on to say, lay the more terrifying concept of the primitive Hebrew God: "I shudder at idea of ancient Egyptians. It was in these pyramids that was conceived the idea of Jehovah. Terrible mixture of the cunning and awful. Moses learned in all the lore of the Egyptians. The idea of Jehovah born here." Was it really the Jehovah concept that made Melville shudder, or was it the remembered Calvin-God, known to a child chiefly through the image of his own father? That father had died raving when Melville was twelve. In "The Great Pyramid" he later wrote:

Slant from your inmost lead the caves
And labyrinths rumored. These who braves
And penetrates (old palmers said)
Comes out afar on deserts dead

And, dying, raves.²⁰

Six weeks out of Liverpool, and here he was at it again, re-exploring the self-father-God symbols that had ravaged him for five years. The old plan of a "glorious *Eastern* jaunt" was bearing strange fruit. And this was the mood in which he made the

dangerous small-boat landing through the breakers at Jaffa, and on 6 January 1857 first set foot on Holy Land, the third and most memorable site.

In Jaffa, Melville at once hired a dragoman and started on horseback across the Plain of Sharon toward Jerusalem, forty-five miles distant. He put up at Ramleh for the night, but the poor accommodations and fleas drove him out by two o'clock in the morning. Twelve hours later he ascended the arid, mountainous steeps which lead up to the Holy City. Jerusalem! The enraptured comments of most travelers upon their first sight of Jerusalem were a commonplace. Melville's friend Bayard Taylor, sentimentalist with an eye for the great tradition, had written: "I know not how it was—my sight grew weak, and all objects trembled and wavered in watery film."²¹ What Melville felt at this moment he did not record. He put up at the dampest of the three shabby "hotels," the Mediterranean, overlooking the Pool of Hezekiah, and from here at once began eight days of wandering about Jerusalem (7–17 January 1857, with three days out for the Mar Saba expedition).

Melville's Jerusalem experiences, brilliantly but chaotically recorded in his journal account of 21 January, while awaiting the steamer at Jaffa, were to provide the milieu for Part I, "Jerusalem," of *Clarel*. "In pursuance of my object," he wrote, "the saturation of my mind with the atmosphere of Jerusalem, offering myself up a passive subject, and no unwilling one, to its weird impression, I always rose at dawn & walked without the walls."²² There was little within the city itself for the non-archaeological visitor with the notable exception of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The city walls were points of advantage, and Melville followed the common practice of lingering by the city gates, watching the motley flow of travelers during the day or the recreations of the natives in the cool of the evening. Beyond the walls lay countless broken monuments of sacred history, best seen by circling the city along rock-strewn paths (see Map A). North of the Damascus Gate lay the Vale of Ashes and the Sepulcher of Kings. Coming down through the dry gully of the Kedron one had the sloping ridges of Olivet above him to the east and the city walls looming to the west. Here in the Valley

of Jehoshaphat, across from St. Stephen's Gate, was Mary's Tomb and the small fenced-in garden of ancient olives—Gethsemane. Continuing south one looked up at the long-sealed Golden Gate of the triumphal entry, passed by the Tombs of Absalom, St. James, and Zechariah, and wandered among innumerable graves of Jews come home to die in Joel's "valley of decision." Beyond the southeast shoulder of the city lay the cliff-side huts of Siloam "village" and, down below, the miracle-haunted Pool of Siloam. At En-Rogel the dry valleys of Kedron and Hinnom merged and the Kedron Valley cleft its way southeastward into the black wilderness towards Mar Saba and the Dead Sea. Judas' Hill of Evil Counsel and the road from Bethlehem lay to the south. Swinging around the hill of Zion, the southwest shoulder of the city, one came up the shallow part of Hinnom, passed the pool at Lower Gihon, and so came to David's Tower by Jaffa Gate on the west wall.

The most famous view of Jerusalem and its environs was from the Mount of Olives, east of the city. From one of its three or four ridges one looked half a mile across the Hinnom to Jerusalem, some 200 feet below. Nineteenth-century artists invariably drew the city from here; they saw it as a line drawing—walls, square towers, and flat rooftops falling away like broken steps, scattered domes and minarets above. Here tourists were advised to come first, map and Bible in hand. From here non-Moslems had their only view of Moriah—the great table-top in southeastern Jerusalem, once the site of Solomon's Temple and now of the beautiful garden-encircled Mosque of Omar, traditional site of Mohammed's ascension. From a ridge further north on Olivet, near the Christian Church of the Ascension, one looked south to Bethlehem, an hour and a half on horseback, and east to the once-pleasant village of Bethany, an hour's walk. Away beyond Bethany lay the wild, rough country of the Judean Wilderness descending to Jericho and the lower Jordan Valley; from there came the leaden glint of the Dead Sea. Beyond reared the great blue wall of the Moab Mountains in trans-Jordan. In the wilderness between the Dead Sea and Bethlehem, out of sight among the cliffs of the Kedron ravine, lay the ancient Greek monastery of Mar Saba.

Hours at a time Melville wandered in the glaring sunlight over rocky wastes and sprawling terraces beyond the city, following his dragoman along worn paths that went everywhere and nowhere.²³ The hillsides were honeycombed with caves and cisterns half-full of rubbish or inhabited now by squalid natives as once they had been by penitent anchorites. "*Wandering among the tombs*—till I begin to think myself one of the possessed with devils." Jerusalem was bleak and hard: "Stony mountains & stony plains; stony torrents & stony roads; stony walls & stony feilds, stony houses & stony tombs; stony eyes & stony hearts." It was the landscape of exhaustion: "The color of the whole city is grey & looks at you like a cold grey eye in a cold old man." Everywhere, remnants of ancient death: "The city besieged by army of the dead."

Melville's dismay at Jerusalem was a historically valid observation as well as a response of his destructive mood. In the nineteenth century, Palestine, as every traveler remarked, was a stripped and denuded land. Some attributed this to fulfillment of prophecy, others to the falling off of terrace cultivation; but whether a traveler chose divine or human explanation, the fact was inescapable. "So complete is the desolation of Palestine at this day," wrote the Reverend James Aitken Wylie, "that when the traveller enters it he is almost overpowered. Here nothing is to be seen but barren mountains, from whose rocky sides the sun's rays are flung back with intolerable fierceness. . . . His heart sinks as he surveys the desolation which surrounds him; and he needs to rouse himself by the remembrance, that the land in which he journeys was in ancient times the theatre of wonders."²⁴ It was Melville's own theme: "No country will more quickly dissipate romantic expectations than Palestine—particularly Jerusalem. To some the disappointment is heart sickening. &c." On the one hand his response was naturalistic, aware of "the indifference of Nature & Man to all that makes the spot sacred to the Christian," and noting how "on Olivet every morning the sun indifferently ascends over the Chapel of the Ascension." In a more startling response he blended the supernatural and the psychological: "Is the desolation of the land the result of the fatal embrace of the Deity? Hapless are the favorites of heaven."²⁵ The com-

ment is Hebraic-Calvinistic in content, romantic in tone. Question and answer alike were drawn from the catechism of Melville's own symbolic mythology.

Near Melville's hotel stood the most important shrine in Christendom, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, whose battered dome he could see from his chamber window. Here in tawdry splendor were crowded under one roof all the sacred sites connected with the death of Christ, particularly the supposed place of crucifixion and the original tomb. During the 1500 years since Constantine (or his mother Helena) had claimed to have found here the sepulcher and the true cross, successive buildings had housed the chapels of warring churches and sects from all parts of Christendom. Undisturbed by contemporary archaeological scepticism that even a single site was valid, contentious monks still showed nineteenth-century travelers not only the tomb and place of the cross, but some twenty or more sites within the Church—where Christ was imprisoned, bound, whipped, crucified, and buried, where he appeared to Mary, and so on. Here Melville came almost daily.²⁶ The dingy light, the mouldy smell, and the "plague-stricken splendor" of the place disgusted him, as did the pedlars and hawkers of relics before the doors, the vile excrement at the outside back-wall of the Church, and the insolent Turkish police who sat cross-legged and smoking at their duty of keeping order. Melville went into the Tomb (in a small chapel within the Church) as all travelers did: "Wedged & half-dazzled, you stare for a moment on the ineloquence of the bedizened slab, and glad to come out, wipe your brow glad to escape as from the heat & jam of a show-box. All is glitter & nothing is gold. A sickening cheat." Yet unquestionably he was fascinated by the collision of values here—the tawdry rituals of a decadent Christendom, the impassioned devotion or bewilderment of pilgrims seeking out the tangible symbols, the contempt of nonbelievers. There was an upper gallery that overlooked the Tomb, "and here almost every day I would hang, looking down upon the spectacle of the scornful Turks on the divan, & the scorned pilgrims kissing the stone of the anointing." It was a spectacle that held a peculiar fascination for Melville, encom-

passing many of the complex elements of his position as an objective, yet entangled, observer of Christianity.

Almost no traveler ever visited Jerusalem without making a brief caravan trip of a day or two down to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Among the numerous variations on this excursion the most popular was the one Melville chose (see Map B)— a roughly rectangular route which led from Jerusalem northeast to Jericho (6 hours); from Jericho east to the Jordan (2 hours); from the Jordan south to the edge of the Dead Sea (1 hour); from the Siddim Plain southwest up the long ridge to the monastery of Mar Saba (4½ hours); from Mar Saba west to Bethlehem (3 hours); and from Bethlehem north back to Jerusalem (2 hours). By the middle of the nineteenth century this three-day trip on horseback had become one of the staples of Eastern travel. Notable contemporary travelers who left accounts of making this trip included such Americans as the explorer John Lloyd Stephens, the popular traveler and writer J. Ross Browne (whose whaling book Melville had reviewed), Melville's literary friends George William Curtis and Bayard Taylor, and the more notable William Cullen Bryant, J. W. DeForest, and Mark Twain. English pilgrims included the successful Eliot Warburton (whose dragoman Melville met at Beirut) and the indefatigable Harriet Martineau, who had to sleep outside the walls of Mar Saba; both Kinglake (with whom it will be recalled Melville had breakfasted at Rogers') and Thackeray also wrote of travels in Palestine, though neither visited Mar Saba. Three famous French travelers who made the round trip were Chateaubriand and Lamartine (both mentioned in *Clarel*), and Flaubert, who was in the Near East during 1849–1851.²⁷ Add to these the nameless tourists who spared the public a published account, a distinguished group of forgotten archaeologists and scholars in sacred geography, and a small but earnest army of clerics on sabbatical. The trail from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, returning by Mar Saba and Bethlehem, was well hoof-marked.

However the trip involved some hardships: the route was rough and wild, extremes of temperature could be expected, and attacks from marauding Bedouins were still common. Unless one made the trip at Easter, when thousands of pilgrims from

the Greek Church swarmed down to the Jordan to dip their shrouds in holy water, it was necessary to hire a dragoman as guide and pay armed natives as guards. Melville's journal gives us no direct evidence of what other travelers were included in his party, but it is likely that Frederick Cunningham, a young Harvard graduate and merchant who became a companion during part of his Jerusalem stay, went with him.²⁸

The journey from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea²⁹ provided the milieu for Part II, "The Wilderness," of *Clarel*. Melville's party left Jerusalem by St. Stephen's Gate, wound over Olivet, dropped down to the little village of Bethany, and began the long descent of nearly 3700 feet toward Jericho and the Jordan Valley. Just beyond Quarantania, traditionally the mountain where Christ was tempted, they came to a halt and pitched their tents near Jericho. Melville reported a "fine dinner—jolly time—sitting at door of tent looking at Mountains of Moab." It is the one gay note in his three-day trip, and when taken in context with the phrase he added to it—"tent the charmed circle, keeping off the curse"—suggests a nervous exuberance. The Dead Sea, for the imaginative mind, was still a powerful symbol. The Biblical account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire and ashes rained down upon a corrupt people had for thousands of years invested the area with a violent sense of evil. The natural desolation of the surrounding mountains, the slimy shores of the sea, and especially the acrid, vile-tasting waters in which no life could survive, had in turn fostered a lively uprising of evil lore. Credulous and awed travelers easily verified old legends and seldom departed without adding new ones. Sir John Mandeville, for instance, whose "monstrosities" Melville had half-seriously defended in *Mardi* (Chap. 98), told about the famed Sodom apples that turned to ashes in the mouth, and believed that the Sea made barren whatever it touched. There were tales still current of vapors coming from the Sea that would kill a bird flying over it. Although contemporary scientific expeditions were rapidly putting an end to such legends, there was no denying the ominous cast of the landscape. Mark Twain, who thought his famous tour of 1867 only "a picnic on a gigantic scale," found the Siddim Plain "a scorching, arid, repulsive solitude. A silence

broods over the scene that is depressing to the spirits. It makes one think of funerals and death."³⁰ Even the easygoing, sentimental Curtis argued that "it is not the desolation of pure desert which girds the Dead Sea, and *that* is its awfulness. . . . It is not the spell of Death, but of Insanity."³¹ The weird sense that at the Dead Sea one was 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, the unforgettable story of the corrupt cities, the stripped and miasmatic landforms, the intense heat—few travelers escaped the spell.

For Melville history, geology, and myth combined their strange tales into a singular enchantment, long anticipated in the tropes of his own imaginative writing.³² That night a storm broke. Thunder ricocheted from the mountains, lightning flashed, and after brief torrential rains came the howl of wolves and jackals. In the morning the cavalcade crossed muddy plains to find the Jordan yellow and turbid from the storm. Bedouins threatened from across the river. And then the Sea: "foam on beach & pebbles like slaver of mad dog—smarting bitter of the water,—carried the bitter in my mouth all day—bitterness of life—thought of all bitter things—Bitter is it to be poor & bitter, to be reviled, & Oh bitter are these waters of Death, thought I."³³

Part III of *Clarel*, "Mar Saba," developed out of the second night's experience. About eight miles west of the northern part of the Sea and some 1800 feet above its sunken valley, rose the twin towers of Mar Saba. "In the wild grandeur of its situation," reported the standard guidebook of the day, "Mar Sâba is the most extraordinary building in Palestine."³⁴ Built in the fifth century by the Greek Church in honor of St. Saba (*Mâr* is Arabic for *Christian Saint*), it had long been Palestine's most solitary outpost of Christianity. Great buttresses upheld the monastery over a ravine 600 feet deep, yet over the centuries Mar Saba had often been ravaged by wild tribes. Even in the nineteenth century its narrow gate was unbarred only to travelers bearing a letter from the patriarch at Jerusalem, though once within they were welcome to purchase the frugal and somewhat dirty hospitality of the sixty-five Greek monks then dwelling there. Within, staircases led from grotto to grotto, by which it was

possible to descend far down into the ravine or mount to the towers. Climbing up the tortuous route from the Dead Sea, Melville still tasted bitterness: "Whitish mildew pervading whole tracts of landscape—bleached—leprosy—encrustation of curses. . . ." Then the ramparts of Mar Saba loomed above the Judean wilderness and we have his cryptic record of the second night's stay: "*St. Saba—zig-zag along Kedron, sepulchral ravine, smoked as by fire, caves & cells—immense depth—all rock—enigma of the depth—rain only two or 3 days a year—wall of stone on ravine edge—Monastery (Greek) rode on with letter—hailed up in basket into hole—small door of massive iron in high wall—knocking—opened—salaam of monks—Place for pilgrims—divans—St Saba wine—'racka'—comfortable.—At dusk went down by many stone steps & through mysterious passages to cave & trap doors & hole in wall—ladder—ledge after ledge—winding—to bottom of Brook Kedron—sides of ravine all caves of recluses—Monastery a congregation of stone eyries, enclosed with wall—Good bed & night's rest—Went into chapel &c—little hermitages in rock—balustrade of iron—lonely monks.—black-birds—feeding with head—numerous terraces, balconies—solitary Date Palm mid-way in precipice—Good bye. . . .*"³⁵

Part IV of *Clarel*, "Bethlehem," is an imaginative extension of the last stage of the journey. On the third morning the party left Mar Saba and rode up the hills to the lovely mountain town where the idyll of Ruth had been enacted and where Christ had been born. Its only major monument was the Church of the Nativity, a sprawling pile of buildings with Latin, Greek, and Armenian convents massed about it. Beneath the Church lay the Chapel of the Nativity where amidst marble-covered walls and the gift accumulations of centuries—gold, silk, and silver—a silver star was embedded in the floor: *Hic De Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est*. Nearby was the Manger, and among innumerable grottos were the cell and study of St. Jerome, Father of the Church. Melville was shown through the Chapel by Latin monks and afterwards went up on the roof to see the famous view looking over the fields of Ruth, David, and the shepherds who watched by night. It was a rapid visit. The party was soon

in the saddle for the two-hour ride back to Jerusalem, "pressing forward to save the rain."

Melville left Jerusalem for Jaffa, 18 January, with Cunningham and his dragoman. Cunningham and the others took ship for Alexandria; Melville waited out impatiently and alone the arrival of the Austrian steamer to Beirut.³⁶ Here where Jonah had set out on the fateful voyage that Father Mapple took as text in *Moby-Dick*, Melville had full chance to experience, as he variously reiterated, "the old—genuine, old Jonah feeling." It was a fitting enough climax to his Palestine experience that he should find himself marooned here in the city that tradition proclaimed the oldest in the world. He felt acutely how "antidiluvian—a port before the Flood," Jaffa was: too ancient even to have antiquities. Such was the end point of his journey back through time.

In days and miles the Holy Land adventure had not been much—three weeks of small travels along conventional tourist routes. Outwardly Melville had been just another American enacting one of the rituals of Anglo-American civilization in his time. But the buried experience had been massive. Though he could not have known it then, it would be nearly twenty years before it would surface in a completed verse fiction.

ii

Melville was thirty-seven when he went to the Levant, nearly fifty-seven when *Clarel* was published. The circumstances of these two decades explain to some extent why *Clarel* was so long delayed. They also contributed to the poem, winding themselves in around past experience. The poem, when at last it was finished, embodied the moods and meditations of twenty years quite as much as the "events" of January, 1857.

The overriding difficulty of the first decade was the need for Melville to face the harsh fact that he had pretty well lost his reputation and his energy in the past five years. The ten books he had published in twelve years had fallen so far from public notice as to offer a mere dribble of income. Family insistence that he not begin again the killing pace that had produced them matched his own rueful instinct; he must choose between an

altered way of life and disaster. It was not a new question for him, but at this point he really must act out the answer. For the moment he decided not to write at all but to try for a place in the New York Customs. Not succeeding, he gave three rather unsatisfying winters to the lyceum circuit, put together a sheaf of poems which Scribner refused to publish, made a voyage to San Francisco on the clipper *Meteor* captained by his beloved brother Tom, and came home in November of 1860 to find his country at the edge of war. Failing in a reawakened effort to win appointment as a government consul, he began a series of shifts which in 1863 brought his family back to New York City and marked the end of the Pittsfield era. Growing concern with the daily triumphs and disasters of the War, made vivid by a quick visit to the front lines in April of 1864, finally gave him a coordinating theme for his efforts in verse. *Battle-Pieces* came out in the summer of 1866, his only book between the Eastern journey and *Clarel*. As the year ended he found himself steady employment at last, entering the New York Customs as a waterfront Inspector, a job that was to last for nineteen years. Thus pragmatically Melville slowly withdrew down the slopes of his fame as a writer.

It was family feeling that he had come back from the Levant improved in health but not recovered, and the same verdict was pronounced on the effects of the *Meteor* voyage. The tangible injury to his back when he was thrown from a wagon just before leaving Pittsfield became part of a deeper malady. Though he was often sparkingly alive at family or social occasions, he was more often mildly grim and moody, and at times ill. Chronic depressions became necessary to him. There were moments when he was unable to keep from exacting anxiety about his condition from family and friends. The need for recognition—and he was not getting it as a writer—was not easily stilled. His family—that massive pyramid of Melvilles, Gansevoorts, and Shaws, based at New York City, Albany, and Boston—stood firmly in support of his ordinary human needs, but cast a warning shadow over any Sphinx-like purposes his unpredictable genius might be contemplating.

Though he had been forced to make compromises, he did not propose to let them include the life of the mind. The record

shows at least seventy-five book titles, many of them in several volumes, which Melville bought or borrowed during these two decades, and there were certainly more beyond the records.³⁷ His reading included the Elizabethans (Chapman, Dekker, Webster, and his beloved Shakespeare), seventeenth-century writers (Herrick, Herbert, Marvell, Taylor), romantics (Shelley, Byron, Burns, Schiller, Madame de Staël), contemporary essayists (Hazlitt, Arnold, Emerson), and epic writers (Homer, Camoëns). His interest in art, stimulated by his Mediterranean trip and the preparation of a lyceum lecture on "Statuary in Rome," drew him into half a dozen ponderous studies (including Vasari, Reynolds, and Ruskin); in the meantime he was accumulating a good amateur's collection of prints and engravings. He read many minor writers on whom he chanced simply because he found them compatible with his own moods. Sometimes he revelled openly in antiquarianism. For the most part, however, he read exactingly in the great writers, often with pencil in hand. When he went aboard the *Meteor*, for example, his portable library included Béranger, the Bible, Alexander Campbell, Hawthorne, Chapman's Homer in five volumes, and Schiller.

The markings and annotations which he made in many of his books provide a rich index to his complexity of mind and temperament in these years. They show an alert sensibility, quick to respond to aesthetic delights and happy phrasings; a mind ready to absorb information, commend an insight, or argue a point; a spirit at times easily moved to bitterness or compassion. He was interested most in problems of self, civilization, art, and God, and his pencil was quick at noting even parenthetical commitments on such matters when he was in a tracking mood. He was given to comparing other times and places with his own, cherishing particularly all honest confessions of defeat, perplexity, and alienation. Clearly he read in part for companionship. He sat down among his books as among friends, with the air of a man who has earned the right to compare experiences. Books gave him room in which to live.

The rejection of his first manuscript of verse in 1860 led Melville to increase his study of poets and poetry. His reading of Homer, Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, and Mackay's *The*

Book of English Songs, suggests he wanted to cast his net to bring in the primary resources of poetic tradition—epic, ballad, and song. His reading of at least ten secondary poets in a single year—Collins, Churchill, Shenstone, Fergusson, Hood, Moore, Heine, White, Mangan, and Arnold—suggests also that in 1862 he was studying recent verse as models of craftsmanship. Many of these volumes Melville marked and annotated in ways that confirm this. For example, in the poems of Mangan—for the most part translations from the darker ballads of Schiller, Uhlan, Tieck, Richter, Goethe, and Herder—he noted on the back fly-leaves some poetic archaisms that interested him, such as “at whiles” and “aneath,” and jotted rhyme-words such as “e’ening—meaning,” “sternest—earnest,” and the more interesting “lovely—only.” In the introduction to Hood’s poems he marked passages describing Hood’s habit of printing out poems for better critical examination, and writing with the left hand “in the hope of checking the fatal facility which practice had conferred on the right.” In the same volume he checked, lined, and underlined a phrase on “that poetical vigour which seemed to advance *just in proportion as his physical health declined*.” In his well-marked copy of Arnold’s *Poems*, Melville lined a passage in the Preface on “the indispensable mechanical part” of poetry-writing. He took Arnold to be his most serious poetic contemporary, and his reading of the *Poems* in 1862, and of *New Poems* in 1871, turned out to be a major resource for *Clarel*.³⁸ In Madame de Staël’s *Germany* (also purchased in 1862), he triple-lined, checked, and underlined four words in the comment that “the effects of poetry depend still more on the *melody of words* than on the *ideas* which they serve to express,” adding the pertinent annotation: “This is measurably true of all but dramatic poetry, and, perhaps, narrative verse.” Melville’s marginalia in this period reveal him in the double role of critic and apprentice to the craft of poetry.

His apprenticeship led him to demonstrate that now he could write publishable verse. As the War drew on to its bloody close, he began to put together a series of occasional poems on its heroisms and tragedies, from the portentous moment when the gaunt shadow of John Brown darkened the Shenandoah until the

People's passion was consummated in the death of Lincoln. The seventy-two poems of *Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War* (1866), many of them developed from newspaper accounts published in the twelve-volume *Rebellion Record*, reflected "moods of involuntary meditation," as he said in a preface. The War had given him a coordinating theme—perhaps the very thing his earlier, unsuccessful collection of verse had lacked—and he seems to have written with relative speed and self-confidence. The poems explored a wide variety of forms ranging from the conventional quatrains of "In the Prison Pen" to the experimental narrative form of "Donelson," with its reliance on popular idiomatic speech and use of newspaper bulletins. In merit the range was wide; tightly structured poetic statements mingled with hasty effusions in a sing-song manner. The book received chiefly abrupt dismissals from reviewers upset by its unevenness, experimental prosody, and complexity of view. No one seemed to care that next to Whitman's *Drum-Taps* this was probably the best verse to come out of the War. As for Melville, he grimly acknowledged the book's failure to sell more than a few hundred copies and went on about his new duties as Inspector of Customs. After ten years of disconcerting silence he had at last spoken out in his role as poet. But he had not yet solved the problem of getting a book out of the Mediterranean journey.

The problem of form for his Eastern materials seems to have been a bedevilment to Melville from the beginning. In the absence of any documentation as to when he first chose the form of a long narrative poem it seems wise to assume that he came to it only in the second decade, after the publication of *Battle-Pieces*. In any case the problem from the first was a choice among several different conventions of the Anglo-American literary scene.

Three popular media of the day were letters to newspapers, magazine articles, and lyceum lectures. When Bryant in 1852 traveled by donkey from Cairo to Jerusalem and visited the Dead Sea he wrote letters back to his own *Evening Post* which later became a book, and George William Curtis had comparable letters published in the *Tribune*. *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* presented a two-year sequence, "Memoirs of the Holy Land,"

in 1852–1853, written by the irrepressible Jacob Abbott (author of the twenty-eight-volume Rollo Series), and in 1858 printed a fifteen-page story with woodcuts, “From Sinai to Wady Mousa.” Though Melville rejected both newspapers and magazines as a paying market for travel accounts, he did drain off some of his journal materials into two of his three lyceum lectures.³⁹ The successive annual topics he chose—“Statuary in Rome,” “The South Seas,” and “Travelling: Its Pleasures, Pains, and Profits”—reflected his moods and problems. The first was an effort to popularize a series of analogies between the modern world and the ancient world which he had just visited. The second was a half-hearted attempt to recoup the Pacific story which had made him famous; yet even here his ethnographic bookishness disappointed audiences who wanted a dramatic recital of personal adventures. In the third lecture he tried unsuccessfully to find generalizations that might please the public and yet not overwhelm himself with a sense of banality. So ended his only foray into popular culture.

“I am surprized,” wrote Melville’s Uncle Peter Gansevoort from Albany (17 December 1857), “that he has not made his travels the subject of a Lecture, to be hereafter woven into a Book. . . .” The kind of book he had in mind, Uncle Peter went on to say, was one that “would not make a requisition on his imagination,” an ironically accurate description of the mass of prose travel accounts then on the Anglo-American market. “The East is exhaustless!” commented the reviewer for *Putnam’s Monthly Magazine* just as Melville headed East,⁴⁰ and there was ample proof in the newspapers, magazines, and popular books of the day. The core of Anglo-American interest was the evangelical Protestant fascination with the Holy Land as the sacred theater where the Christian drama had been played, enlivened by discreet overtones retained from the Oriental romance. The crest of the wave came in the fifties, just as Melville landed in Jaffa. His being there was the clear expression of a literary-religious pattern of contemporary culture, and the natural outcome of the trip, he was well aware, was a prose travel account.

A more amusing alternative was the English tradition of the

Oriental romance, which had originally stirred his hunger to see the Near East. The older classics such as *Vathek* (1786) and *Anastasis* (1819) had been imitated by Kinglake's *Eöthen* (1844) and Disraeli's more serious *Tancred* (1847).⁴¹ But Melville's unwillingness to return to the South Sea idyll as a means of recouping his reputation set the terms for refusing an exotic exploitation of the Levant. In the Oriental romance the East was perfumes and incense and strange customs, a veiled and beautiful woman living indiscreetly through Arabian nights. Disseminated through American culture, the myth bloomed softly in the pages of gift books and annuals, or shot lurid accents of color into the décor of Poe's arabesque chambers. By 1857 the tradition had reached its late afternoon, but there was still time for sunset effects had Melville wanted to dramatize the picturesque-romantic mood that wandered in and out of his journal. For his own reasons he did not. Nor was he up to the exhausting implications of sustained fiction, at least in prose.

Short stories and poems were further alternatives. While traveling he had been thinking about sketches or stories, how "something comical," or "good," or "ironical" could be made out of situations he was encountering.⁴² The newly projected magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*, was after him as a contributor in the summer he returned, and it is a mark of the finality of his abdication from prose that he did not go ahead and try something in the manner of "The Encantadas" with a Palestinian setting. As late as 1868 he apparently replied to the editors of the revived *Putnam's* that he would probably be a contributor, but nothing came of it.⁴³ Probably a theory that poetry demanded less energy was at the root of his otherwise willful abandonment of prose. The decision may have been encouraged by the lively market for Eastern poetry since the forties. Current successes included translations, poems in the Eastern manner, and poems about the East by travelers.⁴⁴ A cluster of traveler's poems almost certainly formed part of his rejected manuscript of 1860 (eventually published privately as "Fruit of Travel Long Ago" in *Timoleon* [1891]). These short poems of 1858-1860 were mainly explorations of art and psychology against the back-

ground of Mediterranean settings; the germ of most of them can be found in the *Journal*.

His dilemma was at least clear. He was unwilling to write newspaper letters or magazine articles. He had rejected the idea of a popular travel narrative or an Oriental romance. For whatever reason he had abandoned the short story form after mastering it. The lyceum had been a frustration, and the book of short poems including Eastern verses had failed to win a publisher. Would he ever find his form?

Within a few months after the publication of *Battle-Pieces*, Melville began his nineteen years of service as Inspector Number 75 in the New York Customs. It was a menial job at best, but it provided a minimum of economic security and put him at last in the guiltless role of steady wage earner. At least whatever time he could salvage from evenings and week ends would be his own to do with as he might choose. Under these circumstances he was now ready for his Holy Land project, taken in his own way and done at his own speed.

At some definite point between the end of the War and 1870, when he began to purchase books for his work, he made the crucial decisions which enabled him to go ahead with *Clarel*. It is possible, since we have no documents on the matter, that this was merely the moment when he found circumstances right for beginning a project which had been maturing in his mind for a decade, and for which he had been grooming himself by the study and practice of verse. This would imply a surer sense of pattern than seems to emerge from this period in Melville's life. In either case, there is speculative evidence that Melville had written something like a quarter or third of his poem by 1870.⁴⁵ The best hypothesis would seem to be that Melville began his poem about 1867.⁴⁶

His decisions involved both themes and structure. Passing up any direct treatment of the weeks he had spent in Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and Italy, he began shaping his memorable nineteen days in Palestine into a fiction, using the ancient pattern of a pilgrimage. Out of his own three-day trip to the Dead Sea, Mar Saba, and Bethlehem, he projected a more leisurely journey by a young American in the company of a group of Representative Men of

the contemporary Western world. The fictional journey (it turned out to be ten days) provided the simple narrative line he had long preferred and gave him freedom for the episodic enrichment of theme which he had always cherished. Unlike his previous fictions the present one was in verse—a long narrative poem that gave him a sustained opportunity to cope with the prosodic problems which had now moved to the center of his interests. Working slowly and deliberately, with time for reading and meditation as he pondered the predicament of modern man, he filled in the margins of his daily life with the steady act of creation. If in the end his poem should be published, then well; and if not, then what would be would be.

As the original manuscript of *Clarel* has been lost or destroyed,⁴⁷ and in the absence of correspondence and other documents, structural analysis and source study tell us what we know of Melville's process of composition. For the first time in his writing career he had a personal journal from which to draw the hard particulars which give imaginative writing its sense of validity. Although less than a quarter of his notes related directly to the Holy Land, he made more than 100 borrowings from them, transposing facts, images, and attitudes—activating moods, scenes and events of more than ten years ago.⁴⁸ These he blended constantly with Biblical events and citations. The Bible, as Nathalia Wright has skillfully demonstrated,⁴⁹ had long been Melville's primary literary resource, and its uses for the present narrative were unique. In the most literal sense the Bible was *the* basic historical guide to Palestine, as all travelers' handbooks were quick to acknowledge. The several hundred scriptural allusions in *Clarel* were not always drawn directly from the Bible, however. Melville worked also with commentary or concordance at hand.⁵⁰ Or again, if he was using John Murray's excellent *A Handbook for Travellers in Syria and Palestine*, as is probable, he found Biblical allusions cited there. So too with most travel books he was plundering: apt quotation from Scripture was a standard convention of Holy Land literature. If in one sense Melville's travel experience lay back of the demands he now made on the Bible as a source, in another sense the Bible lay back of his experience and that of all other travelers he read.

As Melville had once acquired books on whaling he now gathered volumes on Palestine, especially in the early seventies.⁵¹ In his reading he was less a systematic scholar than a writer out for pillage.⁵² The most solid account with which we know he worked, and the one from which he borrowed most heavily, was Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*. Stanley's judicial temperament, breadth of learning, and incisive style admirably suited Melville's needs.⁵³ The two annotations Melville made in *Sinai and Palestine* commended Stanley for remarks that he found "very suggestive" and "just." Some sixty markings and many subsequent borrowings for *Clarel* show the constant utility of this work to Melville as he wrote.⁵⁴

As the poem grew Melville moved in and out of many other classics and popular works on the Holy Land. Probably he scanned the writings of Josephus, a standard item of the nineteenth-century home library in either the Whiston or Traill editions. He read with special delight the medieval pilgrimages in the Bohn Library collection, building one canto of *Clarel* from a saint's legend there, and pored over at least one ripe old seventeenth-century folio of wonders, George Sandys' *A Relation of a Journey Begun An: Dom: 1610*.⁵⁵ He was familiar with the lives and writings of such eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century travelers as Volney, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and Burckhardt. Recollections of earlier readings in *Vathek*, *Anastasis*, and *The Talisman* gave him moods to recreate or criticize, and a relative ease with the vocabulary of Eastern romance.⁵⁶ He made at least minor appropriations from Kinglake's *Eöthen*, Warburton's *The Crescent and the Cross*, and Curzon's *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*.⁵⁷ We cannot always tell precisely from which book Melville was drawing, for most of the works he used were themselves composites of other books, but many examples of how he used borrowed materials will be found in the Explanatory Notes of the present volume. They range from the merest fragments—a quick metaphor on the look of Jerusalem from Mt. Olivet (I.xxxvi.31), the name of a wayside plant (IV.xxxiii.54)—on to substantial pillagings for whole cantos (II.xxx). Sometimes he apparently blended more than one source, as in the story of the Easter Fire (III.xvi). Al-

ways, as much as he could, he exercised his own gifts, lyricizing the prosaic or, more characteristically, bringing in data at an angle of original meaning, giving it his own situational context. At times he must have been desolate with his inability to master these materials, or touch them with magic. As he had written once of that would-be novelist-hero of *Pierre* (Bk.XXI), "the heavy unmalleable element of mere book-knowledge would not congenially weld the wide fluidness and ethereal airiness of spontaneous creative thought. He would climb Parnassus with a pile of folios on his back." He had committed himself, however, in a way that the callow Pierre could not have dreamed. He composed, we may assume, by the light of mature convictions set down in his short poem "Art":

In placid hours well-pleased we dream
Of many a brave unbodied scheme.
But form to lend, pulsed life create,
What unlike things must meet and mate:
A flame to melt—a wind to freeze;
Sad patience—joyous energies;
Humility—yet pride and scorn;
Instinct and study; love and hate;
Audacity—reverence. These must mate,
And fuse with Jacob's mystic heart,
To wrestle with the angel—Art.⁵⁸

It was an aesthetic theory rooted in what Melville called "Primal Philosophy."

"Herman is pretty well and very busy," wrote Melville's wife, Elizabeth, to her mother in the spring of 1875; "pray do not mention to *any one* that he is writing poetry—you know how such things spread and he would be very angry if he knew I had spoken of it—and of course I have not, except in confidence to you and the family." He had been alternately well and ill as the years passed, carrying on his Customs duties, enduring family losses and enjoying family parties, celebrating his silver wedding anniversary, watching the flights and returns of his only remaining son ("possessed with a demon of *restlessness*," as Elizabeth remarked).⁵⁹ The heavy toll of death sounded insistently through

the sixties. Judge Shaw, Melville's father-in-law, the substantial head of the Boston family who had financed his Mediterranean tour, died in 1861. Harder to take was the loss in 1863 of two younger friends associated with gay days in New York and Pittsfield—George Duyckinck and the merry, party-loving Sarah Morewood. Hawthorne died the next year, a major shock not minimized by the fact that Melville had not seen him for seven years. The closest personal tragedy was the self-inflicted death, possibly accidental, of eighteen-year-old Malcolm, Melville's oldest son, in 1867; it left permanent scars of grief and guilt. The next year Melville went with Evert Duyckinck to the funeral of George Adler, old friend of the proposed jaunt to the East in 1849, who had been in an asylum (under protest) for fifteen years. A cluster of family deaths opened the seventies. He lost a favorite cousin, the dashing young Colonel Henry Gansevoort whom he had so admired as a heroic type in the War; his younger brother Allan, the New York lawyer who had guided Herman's literary affairs so patiently; and his mother, Maria Gansevoort Melville. These events threw massive shadows around Melville as he pondered and then set to work on *Clarel*; even the act of publication was darkened by the deaths of Uncle Peter Gansevoort, its sponsor, and Melville's sister Augusta, early in 1876.

Meanwhile reading, study, and writing had gone on and his poem was nearing completion. The well-kept secret of this major effort was soon to be known. In a defensively jocular mood Melville set out for his usual two-weeks vacation, August, 1875, writing to the Albany relatives: "But as for meeting me on the wharf—dont mention it. When the Shah of Persia or the Great Khan of Tartary come to Albany by the night-boat—*him* meet on the wharf and with salvoes of artillery—but not a Custom House Inspector." On that visit his Uncle Peter, a sick old man of eighty-six, long a civic pillar in the city which knew him as the Honorable Peter Gansevoort, concluded an agreement with Melville to pay the entire cost of publishing his still unnamed poem. Perhaps he thought this was the book he had been urging Melville to write fifteen years ago when he had called for something "that would not make a requisition on his [Melville's] imagination." In any case, Uncle Peter's draft for \$1200, one in a long

series of benefactions to his favorite nephew, was a warmly generous move. Without it very likely the poem would have remained unpublished in Melville's lifetime.

That fall Melville set furiously to work completing and revising his manuscript; early in January, 1876, he made arrangements for publication with G. P. Putnam's Sons. In February, Elizabeth had to refuse guests: "The book is going through the press, and every minute of Herman's time and mine is devoted to it—the mere mechanical work of reading proof &c is so great and absorbing." But the situation was more acute than this letter to Cousin Kate stated; in a separate enclosure Elizabeth summed up the hints of distress which had been accumulating for several years: "I have written you a note that Herman could see, as he wished, but want you to know how painful it is for me to write it, and also to have to give the real cause—The fact is, that Herman, poor fellow, is in such a frightfully nervous state, & particularly now with such an added strain on his mind, that I am actually *afraid* to have any one here for fear that he will be upset entirely, & not be able to go on with the printing—He was not willing to have even his own sisters here. . . . If ever this dreadful *incubus* of a *book* (I call it so because it has undermined all our happiness) gets off Herman's shoulders I do hope he may be in better mental health—but at present I have reason to feel the gravest concern & anxiety about it—to put it in mild phrase—please do not speak of it. . . . Rather pity & pray for your ever affectionate cousin—Lizzie." The psychic cost of *Clarel* had been high.

For the second time—*Pierre* had been the first—Melville wanted a book of his published anonymously. He had come to feel what Guérin called "a secret absurdity" in the whole literary career, as compared with the "well-kept secret of one's self and one's thoughts."⁶⁰ But on the "*very strong* representations of the publishers," according to his wife, he finally agreed that his name appear on the title page and that the book be dedicated to Uncle Peter, who had died in January.⁶¹ By April the entire manuscript was in type and on 3 June 1876, after "a series of the most vexatious delays," *Clarel* was published.⁶² The two sextodecimo volumes were bound in cloth of various colors; a variation of the

emblem of Jerusalem was stamped in gilt on the front covers—a Jerusalem cross, over palm leaves and under three crowns and a star.⁶³ The title page carried no reference to Melville's other books, and the volume was without illustrations or advertisements. There was no English edition, but the American printing was offered for sale in England.⁶⁴ Since Melville had paid for the entire publication, including review copies and advertising, these circumstances doubtless expressed his wishes.

Melville offered his poem to a generally unconcerned public with the hope that it had "enough of original life to redeem it at least from vapidty," as he phrased it in his heavy-handed author's note to the first volume. "Be that as it may, I here dismiss the book—content beforehand with whatever future awaits it." His sense of relief that it was done also comes through the inscription in the copy he gave to Elizabeth.⁶⁵ Eight years later Melville reiterated his original resignation, with a paradoxical twist, when he wrote his young English correspondent, James Billson, that *Clarel* was "a metrical affair, a pilgrimage or what not, of several thousand lines, eminently adapted for unpopularity.—The notification to you here is ambidexter, as it were: it may intimidate or allure." Three months later he again wrote Billson (and this exhausts his own commentary on the poem): "In a former note you mentioned that altho' you had unearthed several of my buried books, yet there was one—'Clarel'—that your spade had not succeeded in getting at. Fearing that you never will get at it by yourself, I have disinterred a copy for you. . . ."⁶⁶ Melville had wryly cast himself in the role of sexton to his own verse. Other than small private printings of two slim volumes of poetry, *John Marr and Other Sailors* (1888), and *Timoleon* (1891), he was through with publishing.

iii

The state of American poetry in the 1870's partly explains the poor reception of *Clarel*. All three best American poets of the century were alive, but Emerson was failing and not even up to editing alone his *Selected Poems* (1876); Whitman was able to get out a Centennial (Sixth) Edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1876)

but had been gravely ill for three years, and still was not being read; and Emily Dickinson, in the long run the best of the three, was simply unheard of, though by 1876 she had but ten more years to live. The reins of poetry thus fell to minor hands. The "coming" group were the second-rate apostles of ideality and refinement, verse-makers like Taylor, Stedman, Stoddard, and Aldrich. Public esteem still stood with the New England worthies—Bryant, Whittier, and the Cambridge group of Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes—all men of real but gentle gifts. They appeared now in Little Classics and Vest Pocket Series, or a variety of special editions such as the Household, Centennial, or Blue and Gold. By the end of the decade Longfellow was available in some eight different editions. Thus there was an established rule of elderly gentlemen-poets, flanked by a middle-aged coterie of gentility that held power and set editorial tone. The older group had run out of themes, the younger were never to find any. Under these circumstances the accumulated skills of Victorian verse-making drifted naturally into translations.⁶⁷ Poetically the decade after the Civil War was an era of canonization, at loss for contemporary themes, devoid of intellectuality except in scholarship, and unaccustomed to prosodic experiment.

The reviewer in the *New York Daily Tribune* (it may have been Stedman) found *Clarel* "something of a puzzle, both in design and execution." He was bothered by the lack of "distinct conclusions" and the shadowiness of the characters. In line with the conventions of the day he liked the "fragments of fresh, musical lyrics" but was baffled by the "rough, distorted" prosody of the rest. The *New York Times* found "signs of power" in *Clarel*, but except for its "descriptions" and "Oriental atmosphere" felt it was a failure and "should have been written in prose." The reviewer in the *World* (it may have been Stoddard) was impatiently merciless, seeing only chance virtues "lost in the overwhelming tide of mediocrity." Slight solace to Melville that his brother-in-law, John Hoadley, a wealthy engineer and good amateur poet, thought the *World* review "very flippant and foolish in the extreme." Hoadley insisted that *Clarel* was very difficult, "will grow on thoughtful reading," and might well mark a new high in Melville's achievement.⁶⁸

American magazines were scarcely more flattering. Of the three major weeklies of the day, *Harper's Weekly* ignored it, the *Nation* merely listed the title on two occasions, and the *Independent*, the pre-eminent American religious weekly, contented itself with a statement of having received Melville's "vast work," which it briskly characterized as "destitute of interest or metrical skill," no doubt thereby saving the need of reading it.⁶⁹ Not one of the four leading monthlies of the 1870's—*Harper's*, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic*, and the *North American Review*—even so much as noticed the poem. That Palestine was still good subject matter, however, if not taken too seriously, *Harper's* made clear in the issue most likely to have reviewed *Clarel* (August, 1876); it printed a six-page sentimental "romance" about a disguised lover, blacked up as a courier, who follows the family of his American sweetheart down to the Jordan and up to Mar Saba, handily re-winning her favor by saving her from drowning in the Jordan. And in the half year after *Clarel's* publication the *Atlantic* serialized a gay and debonair account of Charles Dudley Warner's adventures in the Holy Land.⁷⁰ The *Library Table* gave *Clarel* a few lines which said flatly that the poem was too long, and then added sagely that there might be readers who would think it was not too long! The *Galaxy*, New York's rival to Boston's *Atlantic*, quibbled over the grammar of the subtitle and concluded weightily that "It is not given even to the gods to be dull; and Mr. Melville is not one of the gods." The one sizable review in a major American periodical was in *Lippincott's Magazine*. After recalling Melville's early books as "among the joys of adolescence," the reviewer went sadly on to *Clarel's* problem-world; there he found "no new light," strength of characterization but "no story," and "not six lines of genuine poetry in it." Somehow he got the impression that the poem was "full of prettiness" and the author "bright and genial."⁷¹ The pattern of American reception was to ignore *Clarel* completely, or dispense with it brusquely; no review indicates anything more than a hasty skimming of the poem. The poem simply did not speak to Melville's American contemporaries.

English reception was divided. The *Westminster Review* piece is worth quoting: "'Clarel' is a long poem of about twenty-seven

thousand lines, of which we can only say that we do not understand a single word. Here is a specimen:

Although he nought confessed,
In Derwent, marking there the scene,
What interference was expressed
As of harsh grit in oiled machine—
Disrelish grating interest. [II.xiv.75]

Talleyrand used to say that he always found nonsense singularly refreshing. He would certainly have set a high value on 'Clarel.'⁷² Replying to an old review is indeed a gratuitous task, but the problem of intelligibility was so recurrent a theme with Melville's contemporaries that one weakens. The lines quoted are not first-rate poetry, but can there be any question of "nonsense" here, or not understanding? The "scene" referred to is clear from the preceding lines: as the pilgrims come through Achor on the way down to the Dead Sea the vale of Jordan opens up before them suddenly; over it passing clouds throw down shadows—

The Swede, intent: "Lo, how they trail
The mortcloths in the funeral
Of gods!"

It is an immense image, elaborately relevant to the central theme of the poem, asserting simultaneously the spell of death over Jordan, and the deadness of faith. But to Derwent, the scene itself—so contrary to his pastoral expectations—and the mordant image created by Mortmain, is an "interference" like "harsh grit in oiled machine." The counterimage is a long, long leap from Jordan, but it is a vivid and precise simile, though not a pretty one. It is also thematically relevant and not merely bizarre; in the poem the grinding force of nineteenth-century technology is held partly accountable for the fall from faith. The last line extends the simile, undramatically, but conscientiously: Derwent's "interest" is suddenly worn down by "disrelish," by the grit in the machine. One is forced to conclude that commentators like the gentleman in the *Westminster Review* simply did not know how to read poetry.

Perhaps the only contemporary reviewer, either in America or

England, who moved into the area where it now seems the poem exists, was the man for the *Academy*, who found it "a book of very great interest, and poetry of no mean order. The form is subordinate to the matter, and a rugged inattention to niceties of rhyme and metre here and there seems rather deliberate than careless. In this, in the musical verse where the writer chooses to be musical, in the subtle blending of old and new thought, in the unexpected turns of argument, and in the hidden connexion between things outwardly separate, Mr. Melville reminds us of A. H. Clough. He probably represents one phase of American thought as truly as Clough did one side of the Oxford of his day. . . . We advise our readers to study this interesting poem, which deserves more attention than we fear it is likely to gain in an age which craves for smooth, short, lyric song, and is impatient for the most part of what is philosophic or didactic."⁷³

Modern criticism of *Clarel* began some thirty-five years ago with the rediscovery of Melville as a major American writer. Its gradually lengthening lines of inquiry point toward numerous possibilities for today's reader.⁷⁴

When Frank Jewett Mather in 1919 wrote a brief estimate of Melville's literary achievement for a weekly magazine he was talking about a man most Americans had never heard of. Astonishingly enough Mather had collected and read almost everything of Melville's; of those who had actually read the two volumes of *Clarel* he reported himself as "presumably the only survivor." Admitting "*longueurs* and lapses," Mather insisted that the poem's "vividness, humor, irony, and mind-stuff" made it America's best example of the Victorian faith-doubt literature. Raymond Weaver dramatized who this man Melville was when in 1921 he published the first Melville biography. Reserving only a final hasty chapter for the last thirty-five years of Melville's life, and significantly titling it "The Long Quietus," Weaver commented that now *Clarel* had *two* readers, but predicted that "it would be over-optimistic to presume that there will soon be a third." Though he too found "more irony, vividness, and intellect" (he seems to have missed the humor) than in almost all the contemporary poets put together, Weaver thought "the poem never quite fulfills itself." He liked parts of it well enough, how-

ever, offering three pages of quotations that stressed the social criticism from Part IV.⁷⁵ A passing judgment of Weaver's set the tone for much subsequent criticism: "*Clarel* is by all odds the most important record we have of what was the temper of Melville's deeper thoughts during his long metaphysical period." In 1924 Weaver reissued the poem, which had now become almost unattainable.⁷⁶ Reviewing this English edition, John Middleton Murry thought Melville a rather "clumsy" poet working with "tremendous" materials. He warned that *Clarel* lacked conventional verbal beauties, being "obscure, compressed, craggy"; to be enjoyed it must be read as a whole. Its theme, he maintained rather largely, was nothing less than "the essential mystery of the Christian religion, which is the mystery of the universe." Such claims John Freeman, in his English Men of Letters volume, contradicted brusquely. In both matter and manner Freeman named *Clarel* the worst of Melville's generally interesting poetry, written without imagination and retaining the power only to bore—as if done by "a pious Byron or a travelled and garrulous Wordsworth." Freeman's peremptory decree on *Clarel* is the only unqualified dismissal in modern Melville criticism.

Lewis Mumford in 1929 struck an old tone and two new ones. He granted *Clarel's* "failure as poetry," and began the particularization: the misconceived choice of rhyming iambic tetrameter led Melville into archaic language and ugly rhymes and rhythms in order to fill out his lines, in effect creating "a long, weary poem." But Mumford's broad social humanism was so deeply stirred by this same bad verse that he explicated in some detail the mordant social realism of *Clarel*, commenting eloquently on its perceptive view of nineteenth-century institutions—the church, the new science, revolutionary movements, technology, and the overriding powers of industrialism. On a biographical level Mumford saw the poem as the record of a new "animal faith" in Melville, an undogmatic acknowledgment that life is "not good or bad, malicious or forbearing, true or false," but simply "livable." These two themes—Melville's personal reorientation, and the poem's vigorous social commentary—were to become staples of subsequent criticism.

Two foreign critics took the lead in the thirties. H. K. Sun-

Sundermann cited *Clarel* constantly in his heavily categorical analysis of Melville's religious, philosophical, and historical thought. The merits of this kind of abstraction of an artist's "ideas" are indeed doubtful, but in a general way, perhaps, Sundermann demonstrated the ideological density of the poem. His *Gestaltenanalyse* in a section on *Glaubens- und Konfessionsproblem* was the first fairly intensive study of the individual characters. His thesis here was that each of the major figures projected some aspect of Melville's complex attitudes on belief, minor characters serving as contrast figures. Sundermann saw a consolatory glimmer of light in the Epilogue, but no signs of an acquired belief. Without a knowledge of sacred geography, Sundermann noted in passing, a reader would have difficulties with *Clarel*. The French critic, Jean Simon, put the hazards more forcefully: unless the reader took notes as he read he would be pretty sure to get lost in the labyrinth! For Simon, a romantic critic of some scope, the perils of the labyrinth were worth risking. He found there an extraordinary revelation of a tormented soul, valuable commentary on the major religions, a fine picture of a complex age, and, occasionally, astonishing poetic flashes. "Par rang de huit, les syllabes défilent, régiment après régiment," Simon lamented, noting that *Clarel* is longer than the epics of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, or Milton. Yet Simon was clearly taken by the poem, and had to work hard to keep from overrating it. After a long précis of the narrative (in spite of minor errors the best to that time) Simon took a speculative plunge. The poem breaks roughly in half, he argued, the second volume being marked by a shift in purpose, a reshuffling of the characters, less reliance on the journal, and a notably improved skill in prosody. The break he attributed to Melville's having written most of one volume before *Battle-Pieces* (1866), most of the other, after. Hence two distinct spiritual crises were projected into the poem. The first half reflects Melville's desperate need before 1866 to find a specific religious faith (dreaming even of Rome, of mosques, of synagogues!); then the quest was abandoned. The crisis of the second half was whether to join the social world of men, or accept an isolated life of silent meditation; Melville chose the latter, says Simon. Meanwhile an American scholar,

Willard Thorp, was warning that "the casual reader is sure to be hopelessly bewildered" by the poem's difficulties, for it calls for saturation in the primary images, themes, and allusions of Melville's other writings. He re-emphasized its relevance to central Victorian issues and pronounced it the key to Melville's thought in the later years.

The criticism of the war years opened up some of the difficulties. William Braswell, in a study of Melville's religious thought which made use not only of the published works but of manuscripts, letters, and books read by Melville, and Melville marginalia when available, sharpened considerably the changing and complex patterns of Melville's doubts and beliefs. In his brief comments on *Clarel*, Braswell called attention to doubts of God's benevolence, elements of the Gnostic heresy, increased appreciation of Catholicism, and the continuing influence of Christ's doctrine of love; he concluded that "while Melville yearned for the peace that Catholicism and Protestantism gave to many, his critical nature . . . prevented him from attaining it." Henry Wells came in from a different angle, devoting one chapter to *Clarel* in his study of native elements in the mode and matter of sixteen American poets. In style, symbolism, and intellectual temper, Wells located *Clarel* in a definably native tradition rooted in Emerson, Thoreau, and some of Whittier, and flowering in Dickinson and Robinson. He praised the "economy of expression," the intentional harshness, the "mass, vigor, thought" of the lines. He saw the typical force and restlessness of an American temperament in the prosody and themes, and in certain characters. Though Melville ended without finding a faith, Wells suggested, he came to the view that "only in terms of a religion of some sort is life properly fulfilled." The massive allusiveness of Melville's poem for Wells led "to a fresh and definite purpose and with the most enlivening consequences for his art. He never staggers beneath his burden." Also in 1943, the present writer completed a doctoral dissertation on *Clarel*. This study made an analysis of Melville's Eastern trip and the cultural patterns that lay back of it, examined the years leading to composition, and offered a detailed study of the poem's sources. The major section was an interpretation of the poem and Melville's spiritual his-

tory through close analysis of the characters. The following year Ellery Sedgwick brought a sensitive moral concern and a theological urgency to his chapter on *Clarel*. Sedgwick's version of Melville's dilemma was that he found the nineteenth century "invertebrate, amorphous," as a result of the "process of disfiguration" which began with the Reformation. Melville was "drawn to Catholicism and repelled by Protestantism." Emotionally re-oriented by the Civil War, Sedgwick's argument ran, "Melville has recanted his mind's Promethean role"; the tight rhetoric of the poem, compared to Melville's earlier prose in the high style, expressed Melville's shift away from his radical Protestantism.

The burgeoning of Melville interest after the war has brought five general criticisms of his works all of which include sections on *Clarel*. Geoffrey Stone, writing from an announced Catholic viewpoint, makes it clear that Melville's general sympathy toward the Roman Church is historical only and not based on acquaintance with Catholic apologetics. Melville's rationalization of Rome is on "natural" grounds, and hence, says Stone, "soon open to perversion." His position in the poem, like that of his major characters, is marked by "reluctance to make the full surrender asked by faith," for reasons beyond examination; yet Stone admires his "resolute grappling" with doubt. Stone judges the poem "a second-rate piece of work, in the kindest judgment. Yet . . . almost every page shows the evidences of a first-rate mind." Stone's concern is with the matter of the dialogues; the "description" he would willingly forgo, for the most part, and his opinion of the verse is that the poem means most "if we close our ears as we read it"! Richard Chase's approach also by-passes aesthetic problems, but makes numerous provocative movements in and out of the poem. Taking the sterility of modern life as the central symbolic idea of the poem, he sees the outward theme as "the developing thoughts and emotions of a young American divinity student"; as such the poem is an "education." Internally the major achievement is Rolfe—"Melville's ultimate humanist, the representative figure he had been working toward since he had purged the extremities of his titanism in *Pierre*—the figure, indeed, toward whom the strongest current of Melville's thought had always been flowing. . . . He is the human

core of the high Promethean hero." Thus Chase, whose approach to Melville is through the mythical and symbolical sequences of his psychology, finds the poem a kind of culmination from which *Billy Budd* is in some senses a falling off. Newton Arvin makes the strongest case of any critic for the poem as a poem. Having established in earlier pages the distinctive mode of Melville's verse as being non-lyrical (his view parallels that of Wells), Arvin sees the blemishes as "far from fatal." *Clarel* is "a novel of ideas in verse," in which Melville was aiming at "a middle tone between poetry and prose." Arvin finds "the feeling for scene . . . masterly," and the characters "a remarkable assemblage of distinct and freshly noticed people" who anticipate more literary conventions than they follow. The problem was to dramatize "the spiritual ordeal of an age in which, for many men, religious faith had ceased to be possible on the old grounds without ceasing to be desperately necessary." Melville in the course of the poem reaches a kind of "Middle Way" which is full of paradoxes, involves considerable rejection of the intellect, and can best be described as "a New Manicheanism." Ronald Mason, whose book *The Spirit Above the Dust* studies all the works but takes its title from the Epilogue to *Clarel*, digs up English criticism where Freeman had buried it and has another look. Freeman was right, he says, that the poem fails as art. But Mason "insists" that *Clarel* cannot be so easily dismissed. The poem is "a contemplative recapitulation of all Melville's imaginative life; an impressive intellectual attempt to impose order upon the distresses into which hitherto his incompletely controlled imagination had led him." Mason virtually reverses Arvin's position; his main argument is that in *Clarel* Melville for the first time makes his center of attention not characters but ideas, substituting for the dramatic mode "the historical, even dialectical, approach." The characters, though credible and sufficiently well differentiated, are intentionally "static," designed as "animated heads of discussion. . . . The main action of the poem is not the journey at all, but . . . the analysis of conflicting principles." Somewhat in the exuberant tone of Mumford and Sedgwick, Mason too finds "a new faith." He sees a repudiation of "landlessness" for "the principle of discipline" (this accounts for the sympathy to Rome). His some-

what rapt conclusion is that *Clarel* is "a poem of acceptance, not of rejection," and is the "return journey" from Taji's outward quest in *Mardi*. "The triumph [in the Epilogue] is in fact not Clarel's but Melville's." In the same year Leon Howard puts the outcome quite differently: "His [Melville's] scepticism became, in *Clarel*, the dominant quality of his mind." Coming at Melville's problem of belief in the perspective of the data assembled by Jay Leyda in *The Melville Log*, Howard finds in the poem "a detached interest in the human problem of belief." The "sum of the wisdom Melville acquired" was that "there was no absolute certainty anywhere for a whole man. He could only be what he was made to be." Melville had learned to "face uncertainty without despair." Howard's reading of the characters leaves a good deal to be desired, but his grasp of the biographical context pretty well disposes of the need for erratic speculation as to Melville's motives.

In spite of confusing divergences in the modern criticism significant agreements and disagreements emerge. Most seem agreed that *Clarel* is a major biographical document for the years between *The Confidence-Man* and *Billy Budd*. Melville was trying to make up his mind about many basic religious and historical questions while he was writing *Clarel*, though what he decided seems to vary with the critic. This is a poem in which "ideas" count, though whether or not this is the center of the poem is in dispute. Is the stress on people or propositions? on characters or conceptions? And—this brings us fully into the circle of combat—how good a work of art is it, if indeed it is one at all?

Perhaps the area of greatest agreement is that the poem, though difficult, demanding, and not to be drained off in the course of a summer's afternoon, is very much better than had been supposed. In some corners there is even enthusiasm. No doubt some of this enthusiasm can be attributed to Melville's generally ascending reputation; also biographical and historical study have helped place the poem, and perhaps changing tastes continue to work favorably toward its themes and the manner of the verse. The heart of the matter, however, is simpler: in recent years its critics have begun to read the poem.

It is confusing indeed to encounter, as we have at times, the notion that *Clarel* is full of "bad poetry" but somehow is a "good poem." Of course one section can be good, another bad. But I take it that something else is meant—that somehow *Clarel* is an effective revelation of Melville's spiritual and psychological history, and of the contemporary crisis in general, though unfortunately the "poetry" is bad. The questions raised are complex. In what follows I shall assume that it is not possible for bad poetry to communicate a significant, ordered world of imaginative values. Whatever limitations the poem has are inherent in the poetry; what is not well said never gets into the poem. Whatever is genuinely there is there because of, indeed through, the verse, however often it may be endangered by ineptitudes. The question, then, is what the poem is about.

Any summary of plot will surely convince us at once that *Clarel* is dull going if by plot we mean only the outward narrative. "Clarel himself," one such recital runs, "a young divinity student tormented by doubts, a 'pilgrim-infidel,' has arrived at Jerusalem on his travels. In the midst of the holy places he strikes up a variety of casual acquaintanceships, and falls in love with a young Jewish girl, Ruth, whose father, an immigrant to Palestine from America, is killed by hostile Arab raiders. In the period of mourning that follows, Clarel is forbidden by Jewish custom to see anything of the girl, and in his grief and restlessness he sets out with a group of companions on horseback on a pilgrimage that takes them to the Jordan, the Dead Sea, the Greek monastery of Mar Saba in the mountains, then Bethlehem, and at length Jerusalem again. On his return to the city Clarel finds that Ruth has died of grief in his absence, and his own future seems more uncertain than ever." The passage is from Arvin; although it could be from almost any other of the criticisms, I have chosen this one because it is a plain, easily agreed on statement of the "plot," and also because Arvin's further commentary on the poem is so generally rich and cogent that no thought of invidiousness need occur. As Arvin would be among the first to insist, such a summary simply gets us started.

The love theme is too intermittent to sustain any large architectural purpose. Is it necessary, then, to dismiss the poem as not pretending to significant structure by classifying it simply as a travel narrative, a random sequence of events incurred along a time-space line? The apparent failure of either the love plot or the travel line to provide a sufficient architecture lies at the root of one's initial discomfort before the poem. The poem lacks availability. Only a deeper reading opens an interior order beneath the loose outer form. Clarel's falling out of faith and into love, his particular kind of subsequent journey, the layered context of situation and personality in which the pilgrimage occurs, and the predictable return to tragedy, provide a series of large and powerful movements. It is time to try for a reading that defines these movements.

Symbolic site and situation unlock the poem's resources. We first see young Clarel, an American theological student, alone in his chamber on his first evening in Jerusalem; it is the Feast of the Epiphany, but as he looks out over the Pool of Hezekiah to the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and Mt. Olivet beyond, no manifestation comes. We last see him in his martyrdom and passion, following a procession through St. Stephen's Gate and along the Via Crucis; it is Whitsuntide, but he is visited by no cloven tongues of flame. Between the two scenes lie the long weeks, leading up to an unfulfilled Easter, during which Clarel enacts his symbolic search, making the round of a Night Journey with a pilgrim cavalcade. The tone and quality of that search, the intricate cross-exchanges of talk, action, and subtle gesture among the ten major pilgrims, and the imposing, symbolic monuments and landforms through which they roam, fill out the structure of the poem. There are four primary locations: Jerusalem (at the beginning and the end); the road to Jericho and the Dead Sea area; the Judean Wilderness and the monastery of Mar Saba; and Bethlehem. Through them emerges the wide context of history, theology, and psychology which sustains the four parts of the poem.

In Part I, "Jerusalem," the narrator presents the microcosm of a threatened world. The reader must presuppose the centuries-old, golden image of Jerusalem, fabulous and mythically divine:

"sacred and glorious," wrote a seventeenth-century pilgrim, "elected by God for his seat . . . like a Diadem crowning the head of the mountains; the theatre of mysteries and miracles. . . ."77 But *that* Jerusalem, as well as the Jerusalem of euphoric nineteenth-century evangelists, exists here only as counterimage. The City of the poem—

Like the ice-bastions round the Pole,
Thy blank, blank towers, Jerusalem!— (I.i.60)

is an image from one of Poe's world's-end fantasies. The City is locked up from within—"blind arches," "sealed windows," "portals masoned fast." The City is a labyrinth of narrow, uninhabited by-places, of haunts that hide stowaways, criminals, penitents, anchorites, and kinless ones. There is the story of Emin Bey the Mamaluke, who fled from Cairo, then to the desert,

but, fox-like, on,
And ran to earth in Zion's town;
Here maimed, disfigured, crouched in den,
And crouching died—securest then. (I.xxi.36)

The City is a place of mutilation also for the lepers. Living in "a reptile lane" where "stone huts face the stony wall," these humans whose faces are defacements live on in "voiceless visagelessness" (I.xxv-xxvi). Beneath the City, in a world of "ducts and chambered wells and walls," lies history's rubble, the distintegrated achievements of men; and even though there be some mild domestic scenes—a mother holding her child—

Under such scenes abysses be—
Dark quarries where few care to pry. (I.xvi.33)

Jerusalem is a town of "Dismantled, torn, / Disastrous houses" which "Yawn . . . like plundered tombs" (I.xxi.12). No wonder Clarel is haunted by the night silences, by the cracking and crumbling of walls. He goes to the city walls—for air, for breath, to watch people. Yet beyond the City lies the Desert,

Where baskets of the white-ribbed dead
Sift the fine sand. . . . (I.v.170)

And the Desert is moving in:

'Twas yellow waste within as out,
The student mused: The desert, see,
It parts not here, but silently,
Even like a leopard by our side,
It seems to enter in with us—
At home and amid men's homes would glide.

(I.xxiv.81)

The Zion of *Clarel* is no theater of miracles and mysteries. This Holy City is not the City of God, not even the City of Man. Neither promise nor refuge is here. This is a Fallen City. It is *Città Dolente*, the City of Dis (I.xxxvi.29).

The qualities of the City simultaneously characterize young Clarel. Surrounded by the Desert of the contemporary world, he is lost within the labyrinth of his own doubts. Like Roderick Usher he fears that he and his house are doomed. Like the Ancient Mariner he is becalmed in a world of nightmare. He is Eliot's wastelander confronted with the Unreal City. Like Kafka's K he cannot get to the Castle, or rather he is there and finds no one. In the old legends Jerusalem was the navel of the world's body, the center of the earth, the place where the sun cast no shadow. But for Clarel there is no medieval magic or miracle, no voice, no sign. He cannot pray. His visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher plunges him into a "gulf of dizzying fable" (I.v.221). Reared in the provincialism of American sectarian faith, Clarel is bewildered by the traffic of tribes and sects at this crossroad of world religions. The wild rites of Georgian, Maronite, Armenian, and Greek seem to him a malediction; it prefigures the journey he will take:

O heart profane,
O pilgrim-infidel, begone!
Nor here the sites of Faith pollute,
Thou who misgivest we enthrone
A God untrue, in myth absurd. . . .
We know thee, thou there standing mute.
Out, out—begone! try Nature's reign
Who deem'st the super-nature vain:

To Lot's Wave by black Kedron rove;
 On, by Mount Seir, through Edom move;
 There crouch thee with the jackal down—
 Crave solace of the scorpion! (I.vi.18)

In Part I, Clarel makes two responses to his desolate plight. One is to find some person who can solve his spiritual crisis. So begins a major pattern of the poem: the lost hero in search of a guide. Outside the Jaffa Gate, wandering alone, he suddenly discovers he is on the way to Emmaus (a representative example of the significance of site): would that *he* could meet some stranger who would expound the mysteries to him. So Nehemiah, a sweet old man with the sacred Book, enters the poem (I.vii). A millenarian and irrepressible dispenser of tracts, Nehemiah has left America to be on hand for the Second Coming. Through him Clarel fitfully recaptures the pastoral dream of the Holy City of the Gospels, with apocalyptic colors from Revelation. But he is even more deeply stirred by a second potential guide, the young renegade Catholic, Celio, whom he meets near the demoniac tombs of Lower Gihon (I.xi). Celio is a hunchback; his twisted body is the sign of his inner torments. From him, in two brief wordless encounters with "the Unknown," Clarel wins a flashing insight into the cost of rebellious defiance. One night there is a "piercing cry from out the dark" and Celio, the alienated Christ-defier (I.xiii), is dead (I.xviii.91). Days pass and Clarel meets two more-formidable guides: by "the rifled *Sepulcher of Kings*," Vine (I.xxviii); wandering on the hills above Gethsemane, Rolfe (I.xxxi). Both are Americans, of middle years, mature and sensitive; both are men of genius. In the course of the poem we are given enough covert hints about their backgrounds and temperaments to make clear that Vine is the narrator's fictionalized portrayal of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Rolfe a partial projection of Herman Melville (see Sect. viii). Rolfe and Vine are thus of peculiar biographical interest, but their first function in the poem is simply that of two anonymous men of genius whose merits fascinate and bewilder young Clarel. Rolfe, a sun-browned adventurer who has roamed the world and lived on Pacific isles, read widely and become unafraid of heresy, proves a sturdy good-companion who assumes the role of master of

discourse. Vine is "Admetus' shepherd," a man of "gifts unique" (I.xxix.6); a shy, quiet man of rich sensibilities, he remains untouched by argument. This is Clarel's first contact with "Exceptional natures," the narrator tells us (I.xxxi.45), and they are to cause him much perplexity.

If Clarel's first response to his dilemma is to search for guides, his second is to fall in love. The beautiful young Jewess, Ruth, wakes him from passiveness and stirs in him dreams of the American landscape—green orchards, birds, and woodlands which rise in contrast to the Judean wasteland. Though Clarel feels that love can override his distress, the narrator hints that such innocent dreams are not to be (I.xxxix.49). Events cut in. The murder of Ruth's father temporarily separates the lovers. His friends propose a pilgrimage on horseback to the Dead Sea. Obsessed by fear that something may happen to Ruth in his absence, yet anxious to explore the resources of his three guides—Nehemiah, Rolfe, and Vine—the young seeker finally agrees to enter the symbolic round of descent and return. It will be "Brief term of days," the narrator warns as Part I concludes, "but a profound remove" (I.xliv.50).

The three remaining parts of the poem describe the journey of the hero and his guides, of whom several more join the pilgrimage (II.i). One is Derwent, a broad-church Anglican clergyman of rosy temperament untroubled by the modern dilemma—his motto: "All turns or alters for the best" (III.vi.108). His warmth and affability toward the disturbed young theological student, for whom he feels some professional responsibility, make him a special problem that will test Clarel's acuteness. Open antagonist to Derwent, and perhaps the most memorable character of the poem, is Mortmain, the bitter Swede. Misanthropic and introverted, Mortmain is consumed by the intense perception of the world's evil which finally drove him from revolutionary politics in France. His name and the black skull cap he wears are ominous enough signs of his future. Mortmain is an Empedocles figure (Melville annotated Arnold's poem in 1871) on whom the hand of death is set. Part II, which culminates at the Dead Sea, belongs increasingly to him.

Part II is the Night Journey. From the top of Olivet the pil-

grims had looked far down on "the mystic sea" and felt the loops of Laocoön's serpent coil about them (I.xxxvii.115). Now they begin the descent, after pausing symbolically by Gethsemane (II.iii) and passing the lyric town of Bethany (II.vi). "Down going, down, to Jericho" (II.vii.11), the narrator chants as the cavalcade descends through arid ravines and ugly turns of ground where "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves" (Luke x.30). Alarmed at the prospect, a Greek banker and his rakish son-in-law to be, turn about, and the narrator offers the reader a chance to join them:

They fled. And thou? The way is dun;
 Why further follow . . . ?
 Part here, then, would ye win release
 From ampler dearth; part, and in peace. (II.xiii.116)

Down they go, until Quarantania, the Mount of Christ's temptation, looms above them like a great slag-pile. Here Mortmain in a dangerous gesture leaves the party to spend the night alone under Quarantania. The next morning they watch a Syrian monk ascend Quarantania to undergo the Passion, as Margoth, a Jewish geologist, descends with his hammer and specimens of Jura limestone (II.xix). At Jordan the unpredictable Rolfe leads the pilgrims in the traditional river rite, singing *Ave maris stella*—and from here on star images hover over the poem (II.xxiv). In a representative touch of characterization, Nehemiah drinks the muddy Jordan water pronouncing it sweet as sugar; Margoth, sworn enemy of all myths, tries it too and spews it out (II.xxiv). As the pilgrims cross the slimy Siddim Plain, fog and rack set in, withering the branches plucked by Jordan (II.xxviii). By the Dead Sea Mortmain returns out of the shadows, his veined face like ice streaked with volcanic ash. An Arab guard sings a monitory song:

"Would ye know what bitter drink
 They gave to Christ upon the Tree?
 Sip the wave that laps the brink
 Of Siddim: taste, and God keep ye!
 It drains the hills where alum's hid—
 Drains the rock-salt's ancient bed;

Hither unto basin fall
 The torrents from the steep of gall—
 Here is Hades' water-shed.
 Sinner, would ye that your soul
 Bitter were and like the pool?
 Sip the Sodom waters dead;
 But never from thy heart shall haste
 The Marah—yea, the after-taste." (II.xxxiv.50)

Mortmain has moved to the edge of the sea:

Arrested as he stooped,
 Did Mortmain his pale hand recall?
 No; undeterred the wave he scooped,
 And tried it—madly tried the gall. (II.xxxiv.64)

It is the taste of the Dead Sea, rather than of Jordan, that lingers acridly through the poem.

The two cantos that follow, "Prelusive," and "Sodom," bring Part II to climax. Tension flows from the narrator's preliminary exploitation of the subconscious in an intricate image of the labyrinthian world of Piranesi's prints, concluding:

The thing implied is one with man,
 His penetralia of retreat—
 The heart, with labyrinths replete. . . .
 (II.xxxv.20)

Again the reader is given a choice: either reflect on St. Paul's "mystery of iniquity," or, if he would preserve "childhood's illusion," pass by what follows. It is night; 1300 feet below the Mediterranean the pilgrims crouch at the edge of the Sea of Death and Wickedness. The legendary poisonous haze hangs over the water. Relentlessly Mortmain takes possession; seated on a salt-slagged camel's skull he has a premonition of his coming death as he looks up through the murk:

"It is the star
 Called Wormwood. Some hearts die in thrall
 Of waters which yon star makes gall." (II.xxxvi.22)

He leads the pilgrims on to consider the subtle nature of the sins of the Five Cities whose drowned ruins lie, as they feel, at their feet. They sit enchanted by the mephitic bubbleings of the water and the divine madness of Mortmain. That night the saintly, deluded Nehemiah, in a final somnambulistic act, walks toward an ecstatic vision of the New Jerusalem. In the morning his corpse floats at the water's edge, near the camel's skull on which Mortmain had sat the night before and pointed at "the star / Called Wormwood."

The Dead Sea embodies variously the risk of annihilation, absolute evil, and the unbearable limits of introspection. Melvillean sea-images reinforce the meanings of the site, stressing that the Siddim Plain is beneath ocean level—"a lead-line's long reach down" (II.xiv.3)—and that "the sunken slimy plain" is like "the quaking sea-bed bared":

All was still:
 So much the more their bosoms thrill
 With dream of some withdrawn vast surge
 Its timed return about to urge
 And overwhelm them. (II.xxiii.35)

But the overriding emphasis, a major implication of the poem, is implied by references to Acheron, Hades, Orpheus, and Eblis. Though relieved from utter blackness by rainbows which on two occasions hover tantalizingly for a moment over the dread scene (II.xxix, xxxix), the Siddim Plain is a Dante-world of the soul's eternal torment.

Part III, "Mar Saba," is a Purgatorio to the Inferno of Part II. As the pilgrims ascend the wild Judah ridge, some 1800 feet above the valley, they move from a site of absolute evil; though chaos reigns along the ridge, it is the chaos of oppositions. The bleak, riven landforms stress this dual world, apparent scene of some ancient Armageddon. The pilgrims pass "Two human skeletons inlaced / In grapple as alive they fell" (III.i.84). In a memorable scene on the High Desert, under "the clear vault of hollow heaven," they sit and argue over the Gnostic heresy, and Zoroastrian themes of "Ormuzd involved with Ahriman / In deadly lock" (III.v.208, 36).

Meanwhile mellow chimes entice the pilgrims on to Mar Saba, a fifth-century Greek monastery whose twin towers rise over the Judah Wilderness. That night in temporary release they revel until dawn, with songs and stories and ample flasks of St. Saba wine. It is a ceremonial assertion of manly brotherhood and good-fellowship, a "forgetting" of death and debate in which only the innocent Clarel and the exhausted Mortmain do not participate (III.xi-xiv). Though Mar Saba's towers rise triumphantly over the Wilderness, their base lies 600 feet down in the bed of the Black Brook, Kedron, which we are reminded flows into the Dead Sea. At Saba, once the revels are over, there is a balance of effects. A palm tree, the one Melville had seen growing on an upper ledge of the monastery, emerges as a central symbol of the hope of immortality, or grace, or at least peace (III.xxvi-xxix); there is also an inner cell where a mad monk guards heaps of bones, and demands from visitors the password: "*Death*" (III.xxiv.67). A choir of monks on a crag renders a long chant about the fall of Jerusalem that turns into a hymn to God's mercy (III.xvii), but other monks present a masque of the unforgiven Wandering Jew which is acted deep in the ravine by the light of red torches (III.xix). So in complex strophe and antistrophe the poem moves on. Part III concludes when Mortmain's psychic exhaustion merges into death; he is found, eyes fixed upon the Palm, an eagle feather at his lips (III.xxxii).

What meanwhile of the reluctant hero? Since leaving Jerusalem, Clarel has moved in the shadows, a brooding observer of the life-ways of his associates: "Learning, unlearning, word by word" (II.xiv.54). Even in life, Nehemiah's goodness was perhaps too simple, Mortmain's passion too complex, to be usable patterns for Clarel; in any case both men are now dead. Derwent's campaign at last overextends itself, and Clarel turns savagely in attack (III.xxi). Clarel's emotional overtures toward Vine have been firmly rebuked (II.xxvii); the discovery of Vine in a moment of lonely weakness of his own brings Clarel to a troubled perception:

Ill hour (thought he), an evil sign:
No more need dream of winning Vine
Or coming at his mystery.

O, lives which languish in the shade,
 Puzzle and tease us, or upbraid;
 What noteless confidant, may be,
 Withholds the talisman, the key!
 Or if indeed it run not so,
 And he's above me where I cling;
 Then how these higher natures know
 Except in shadow from the wing?— (III.vii.37)

Perhaps Rolfe is the one who has retained most stature during the journey. Yet

How reconcile Rolfe's wizard chord
 And forks of esoteric fire
 With common-place of laxer mien?
 May truth be such a spendthrift lord? (II.xxxii.105)

Though baffled by Rolfe's "Manysidedness" (III.xvi.266), Clarel finds himself increasingly imitating his views and language (IV.iii.121). Young Clarel's spiritual state while he is at Mar Saba is accurately reflected back to him by the Wilderness:

All the mountain-land
 Disclosed through Kedron far withdrawn,
 Cloven and shattered, hushed and banned,
 Seemed poised as in a chaos true,
 Or throe-lock of transitional earth
 When old forms are annulled, and new
 Rebel, and pangs suspend the birth. (III.xxi.13)

Clarel aches for a rebirth that is denied him. On the last evening at the monastery he feels "Suspended 'twixt the heaven and hell" (III.xxxi.63)—and this is the key to Part III.

Part IV brings the pilgrims on to Bethlehem for their last three days before returning to Jerusalem. Bethlehem of Judaea, with its lovely vineyards, olive groves, green terraces—surely the lyric mountain town will offer some hint of Paradise to these weary travelers? But they are no mitred kings led on by a miracle. "Let man lament the foundered Star" (IV.i.18), the narrator says, and later Rolfe echoes:

"The rule, the Magian rule is run,
And Mythra abdicates the sun!" (IV.xvi.215)

In due time they stand inside the Church of the Nativity: at their feet, set in the pavement, a silver star, directly over the Manger. An ardent Franciscan monk, Salvaterra, tells them of its "shining grace"; standing silently in a circle—

They comment none;
Not voicing everything they know. . . . (IV.xiii.65)

The sense of what the pilgrims "know"—their long predicament, the grim happenings of their journey thus far—has been heightened by two new pilgrims who joined their ranks at Mar Saba. One, who leaves them soon after they reach Bethlehem, is Agath, an old Greek pilot "schooled by the inhuman sea" (IV.xiii.7) and beaten by men. Illiterate and by preference uncommunicative about his private tragedies, Agath survives in a brutal world by animal tenacity. He is succeeded by Ungar, "a wandering Ishmael from the West" (IV.x.189). Ungar is an American refugee from the defeated South who has become a wandering professional soldier. Ungar's memories of "personal pain monotonous" (IV.v.9) have made him a bitter judge of man and society, the most articulate social critic of the poem. His monomania marks him kin to Mortmain, though with the hardness to survive, and his brief but impassioned formulations in "Of Wickedness the Word" (IV.xxii) take us from the Bethlehem hillsides back to Mortmain's theme in "Sodom" (II. xxxvi). Even in the town of the nativity, Ungar's discourse points to "The ever-upbubbling wickedness!" (IV.xxii.18). Before so "wild" a nature, Clarel is "at loss" (IV.xvii.50).

In these final days of the pilgrimage Clarel is tempted toward two new extremes: the ascetic ideal of a Celibate (III.xxx) and the apostasy of a Prodigal (IV.xxvi). Confused, he finally decides to confront whatever awaits him at journey's end, and on the tenth night of the pilgrimage begins his ride back to Jerusalem, the "deicide town" (IV.xxix.130). So at last he enters "The Valley of Decision" (IV.xxx). Clarel's many premonitions of this moment are now fulfilled; as the horsemen round the southern City wall:

The valley slept—
 Obscure, in monitory dream
 Oppressive, roofed with awful skies
 Whose stars like silver nail-heads gleam
 Which stud some lid over lifeless eyes. (IV.xxix.151)

There by lantern light he sees the men at work with mattocks, burying the bodies of Ruth and her mother. The discovery is the enactment of a ritual. It is not a plot disclosure so much as a recognition scene. Ruth—as somehow he has constantly feared—is dead. So after the “profound remove” of the night journey, Clarel is back to the “complex passion.” And now his guides depart, leaving him alone in Jerusalem.

We may use the phrase “complex passion” to signify the total historical, theological, and psychological dilemma which permeates the poem. So Clarel had phrased it that day at the Holy Sepulcher when he supposed the rites were a malediction toward himself (I.v.219). The complexity he had then felt as a generalized emotion he now knows through experience. With “gods declined to heraldries,” as Mortmain once memorably phrased it (II.xxxi.59), new problems of infinite complexity are at hand; the thesis of the poem is that they can neither be solved nor escaped. It had been Clarel’s hope, in the early days, that by winning Ruth he could enter an Eden where

tales abstruse
 Of Christ, the crucified, Pain’s Lord,
 Seem foreign—forged—incongruous. (I.xxviii.9)

The essence of his journey is that these tales are not abstruse; whether the world is of nature or super-nature the Cross is the one unmistakable reality. The Cross as a tragic symbol dominates the imaginations of the four monomaniacs. Celio faced its paralyzing power at the Arch of Ecce Homo (I.xiii). Mortmain scrawled his bitter lament to The Slanted Cross on a great rock overlooking the Dead Sea (II. xxxi). Agath wore a sailor’s “crucifixion in tattoo” on his forearm (IV.ii.51). Ungar’s sword, his primary symbol, becomes a double emblem: “‘Tis true; / A cross, it is a cross,’ he said” (IV.xiv.29). Even Vine, in one of his

few moments of verbal "unconstraint," stresses the "beauty in that sad conceit" of passion-flowers as "Emblems of Christ's last agony" (IV.xv.8). For Rolfe the grace of the Greek cross, which Derwent prefers, cannot match "the true semblance" of the Latin cross:

"that's the one
Was lifted up and knew the nail;
'Tis realistic—can avail" (III.xviii.48)

Each of these pilgrims is outside the church, and for all of them the Cross is a symbol of pain, not hope. Just before he returned to Jerusalem, Clarel had been able to phrase his problem:

"What! fall back on clay commonplace?
Yearnest for peace so? sick of strife?
. how live
At all, if once a fugitive
From thy own nobler part, though pain
Be portion inwrought with the grain?"
(IV.xxviii.79)

The recognition at last of the tragic view is Clarel's major insight. He too must endure the Passion.

The poem concludes ritualistically. After the Ash Wednesday of Ruth's death, Clarel endures the Passion Week of his own despair (IV.xxxii). Easter dawns with no jubilation for him (IV.xxxiii). We see him last at Whitsuntide, unspoken to by tongues of flame. He is following a train of pilgrims:

Cross-bearers all, alike they tend
And follow, slowly follow on. (IV.xxxiv.43)

Entering the Gate of St. Stephen the martyr, Clarel moves up the Via Crucis and vanishes in the City. The dream of Eden has been transformed to Gethsemane. The rites of initiation are over.

Like a compassionate father talking to his hurt son, the narrator speaks in the Epilogue (IV.xxxv), reminding Clarel to keep his courage "though yet but ill-resigned." In a baffling world—who knows?—even stoics may at the last "be astounded into heaven."

V

No reading can give the whole poem. The one above omits the multiplicity of incidents which both particularize and obscure the main effects. It skips lightly over the winding flow of discussion and debate, by-passing conceptualized argument and skirting dense thickets of historical allusion. It neglects that tone of the "picturesque" by which some of the lighter passages are colored. It merely types major characters whose intricacies of temperament are constantly unfolding. It ignores the parade of minor characters. And except through citations, it only hints at the language, images, and verse movements by which the poem exists. Yet perhaps the reading does give us what has proved so hard to come by—a sense of the primary design.

The characters and major images are so central to meaning that we shall soon want to look closely at them. But first we might ask how language, prosody, and formal structure relate to this primary design.

The language of the poem is in part genteel and weakly traditional. Where it is, it vitiates the sense of real crisis. In the first canto, for example, we encounter a series of dusty old words, the second-hand stock of a long run of English poets, at about the rate of one every ten lines: *anon*, *fro*, *boon*, *oft*, *lorn*, *paynims*, *Afric's*, *needs be*, *opes*, *lo*, *visage*, *thereat*, *e'en*, *flaw* (sudden gust of wind), *o'er*, *main* (sea), *portals* (ordinary doors), *wends*. Too often we meet with "Ah!"—that tedious Romantic-Victorian syllable from which Arnold drained all the poignancy. Again, words or phrases are abused to meet the tight line-and-rhyme pattern. We find *pard*, *wildered*, and *bide*, chopped-off substitutes for *leopard*, *bewildered*, and *abide*. We are often aware that an article (*a*, *an*, or *the*) has been expunged to make the beat work—aware because both practices occur. On the other hand, to fatten lines, we find unfelt repetitions, unnecessary particles, or spread-out words like *bewrinkled*, *ungladsome*, *arborous*, *chanceful*, and *cascatelle*. One notes the archaic *sate* (for *sat*) in order to get rhymes with *gate*, *state*, *eight*, *late*, *fate*, and *mate*. These loppings and stretchings, this dredging up of what

is needed, may be skillful or crude. One feels a poet who sensed the violence with which at times language must be ripped and cut and jammed into place, but who was not always able, like the good poet, to make one feel the rightness of the result. If one margin of the verse is softened by the worn-out language of the contemporary genteel tradition, the opposite margin is hardened by crudeness.

At the successful center there is a curious mixture of the archaic and the contemporary both in language and materials. Melville may well have had some notion that his ancient setting justified, even called for, a measure of antiquarianism. Thus we find forms of *kern*, *scrip*, *carl*, *tilth*, *caitiff*, *dizzard*, *wynd*, *cruze*, *ken*, *wight*, *boon*, *gat*, *hap*, *fane*, *ingle*, and scores more like them. Clearly he relished the sound and weight of such words. One suspects, too, a good cut of willful pedantry, as if to say the light-minded *could* not, rather than would not, read on: the problems of the poem were to be denied those for whom the past was non-existent. Yet the poem also speaks for the contemporary crisis, the abrasive present: and so we find modern words, modern idiom, and modern referents for metaphor. Arvin's excellent analysis of the "powerfully prosaic vocabulary" of Melville's shorter poems, particularly *Battle-Pieces*, notes how they reflect the terminology of a new age, an age of business, technology, and professional services.⁷⁸ In *Clarel* we find words from shop and factory, from the laboratory, from trading, seafaring, and war. We encounter wires, tools, chemicals, business and law terms, an elaborate vocabulary of seamanship, Civil War language, etc. For example, the Elder, a fierce Scottish churchman turned even fiercer positivist,

bore

A pruning-knife in belt; in vest
 A measuring-tape wound round a core;
 And field-glass slung athwart the chest;
 While peeped from holsters old and brown,
 Horse-pistols. . . . (II.i.96)

Or we get a colloquial image of Mortmain in his conspiratorial, pamphleteering days:

Wear and tear and jar
He met with coffee and cigar. . . . (II.iv.46)

Such passages are meant to collide with the archaic world of sepulchers and flamens through which the pilgrims move. The same effect comes from words like *balloon*, *trombone*, *iron plated*, *football*; or from half-slang words such as *pippin*, *Hog-Latin*, *riff-raff*, *hullabaloo*, and *hee-haw*, often enough occurring in the midst of passages of Biblical tone. A good example of this wide variety of language, stepped up by a nervous dialogue of fast give-and-take, may be examined in "The Fog" (II.xxviii). Though Melville was unable to realize fully a style based on the interplay of harmony and dissonance, he made a strong try for it. As Robert Penn Warren suggests, even his failures are often interesting and instructive.

The choice of an iambic tetrameter line, rhyming at irregular intervals, was odd for a poem of such length. What models influenced Melville—Butler's *Hudibras*, Byron's oriental *The Giaour*, or Arnold's short poem on faith-doubt, "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse"—is less important than how the chosen form operates in *Clarel*.⁷⁹ One can dislike the cramping effect of endless octosyllabic lines inevitably linked one to the other, as a good share of the critics do. But there can be no question of appropriateness. It is an essential part of the poem that the verse form is constricting and bounded, that the basic movements are tight, hard, constrained. This is an unbannered verse, without processional possibilities. Only under high emotion (Celio at the Arch, Mortmain by Sodom, the narrator's Epilogue) do the lines flow forward with a sustained sense of destination. Typically the verse movements are short, exploratory, sometimes jerky. To wish that *Clarel* had been written in blank verse, for example, is simply to wish for a completely different poem. In earlier years Melville had often set Shakespearean rhythms echoing through his high-keyed prose with extraordinary effect. But now the bravura mood was gone. Melville did not propose a broad heroic drama in the Elizabethan manner. Pentameter—especially blank verse—was too ample and flowing for his present mood and theme. The tragedy of modern man, as Melville now viewed it, was one of constriction.

The tight rhyme-scheme of the poem hooks every line to one or more other lines. They may be bound in couplets, held in quatrain, or set in looser patterns; but the rhyme inevitably comes. No one could possibly have kept so tight a scheme interesting through thousands of lines, writing in English. Whenever the poetic metabolism sinks, the reader becomes overconscious of rhymes and meter and gets bored. But a quite different matter is the calculated effect, when poetic energies are high, whereby the reader gets uneasy and restless under the confining bonds of the short, rhymed lines. In one variety of successful passage there is a kind of internal ricochet along the hard walls of the end-rhymes. It is an attribute of the prosody as well as the psychology of the poem that all possibilities are locked in, that there is no broad release for either poetry or self. Variations from the basic prosodic pattern are so infrequent as to keep the movement along an insistent narrow corridor.⁸⁰

Language, prosodic effects, and poetic imagination come together with startling force at regular intervals in this poem. Take, for example, the opening fifteen lines of "Night in Jericho" (II.xvi). They divide exactly in half to give two images: the bandit crow and the lawless sheik; though the first is meant to serve the second, in fact each makes the other memorable. The "fires autumnal" are literal, and not a poeticism for fall foliage; the "luckless land" has been the site of a forest fire, say in New England. The analogy is part of an insistent metaphor (cf. the opening of II.xxix) about the Siddim Plain as a burnt-over region, a part of hell, and the mythic scene of the divine "blastment" (a beautifully archaic yet also technological word). From top of tower and pine, in ominous, lawless power, sheik and crow cry out. Repeated *l* sounds of the first line start a flow of liquid, incantatory tone that carries through to the weird climax of "Lord" and "wild hullabaloo." Against this plays a concatenation of *k* sounds, some thirteen in all. They begin with the peremptory opening word; rise to the haunting, mutinous "—killed, not overthrown" (the *c* of "gigantic" doubling the *k* sound); are reasserted in "captain-crow," which sets up the full onomatopoeia for "caws." Continuing, "scar" (placed for emphasis) echoes in "Crusaders'" and "sheik" and comes to the climax of the strophe

—"Kings it"—a bold, cawing, homemade verb that summarizes all. This is one of several kinds of exciting poetry one encounters in *Clarel*.

The four-part structure of *Clarel* provides a firm, even rigid, base for the prosodic pattern. The 150 cantos are divided with sufficient evenness. Individual cantos vary somewhat in length but average out at three to four pages each.⁸¹ Each canto ordinarily divides into several sections (they are not formal enough to be called stanzas) which mark slight shifts of subject matter, space the dialogue, or simply break the visual monotony. When the last line of one section is less than four beats, the first line of the next makes it up. Usually the form of one canto is like that of another; with each turn of the kaleidoscope, one more symmetrical pattern falls into view. Thus meter, rhyme, canto, and part, restrict the flow of experience, keeping it not only ordered, as all art does, but limited. Typically the cantos cluster in units of from two to five, giving a series of nine or ten movements to each Part. This internal rhythm of action is evident only after considerable familiarity with the poem, as some rhythms overlay others or are interrupted by diversions.

Several devices slightly relieve the prosodic and structural rigidity. The most notable divergence is the sizable number of short poems, or fragments of poems, which are sung, spoken, or read by one of the characters or the narrator in the course of events. If the count includes mere snatches of song, there are some forty-five such pieces in a variety of forms. Nineteen are lighthearted songs sung by the gay blades—Glaucón, the Cypriote, the Mytilene, the Lyonesse; these are love lyrics, drinking songs, fragments after the Persian manner, mimic songs-from-the-dramatists. Yet their genuine levity never threatens the poem's center of gravity. Another group—about a third—are religious pieces, ranging from short hymns, invocations, or a bit of doggerel, to a four-voiced chant on the fall of Jerusalem (III.xvii) and a long masque on the Wandering Jew (III.xix).⁸² In addition to the short poems there is a scattering of elaborate Homeric similes, which at intervals offer quick looks out the window at other times and places.⁸³ Thus the songs and similes give prosodic and thematic relief, or pictorial refreshment. Yet

they are but pellets which scarcely dent the armor of rhyming tetrameters. Even the Epilogue, whose opened five-beat lines are a most welcome and effective coda, restates in close rhyme the fundamental complexity, the agnostic pro and con. This final counterpoint of major themes, rather than the concluding images of possible rebirth, is the final "summary."

To a meaningful degree, then, the language, prosody, and formal structure reflect the central tensions of the poem between what was and what is, between what might and what must be.

vi

Soon after leaving Jerusalem, where he phrased his "problem" as a series of questions about faith, dogma, and creeds, Clarel's concern shifts toward the study of personalities. Put bluntly, he goes increasingly from asking whose beliefs are right to asking who is the right kind of man. Though he clings to his original hope of finding an Answer, the search becomes in effect an effort to judge why the others believe as they do, and what their beliefs or doubts do to them. Although questions of belief continue throughout the poem, even reaching a tone of insistence in the final cantos, the inner movement, as defined by Clarel's experience, is away from theology towards a kind of pragmatic humanism, or speculative psychology. Thus character analysis becomes itself a theme of the narrative.

The narrator is the presiding intelligence in this quest for character evaluation. Since the poem is not pure drama he makes the transpositions between speeches, gets the pilgrims to horse or to bed, as the case may be, and keeps things going. Usually he opens the canto with some allusion or extended metaphor, sometimes coming on stage from unexpected angles; and as the canto ends he often remains behind for a private word with the reader. During the "scenes" he not only manipulates the movement but often gives the sense of sitting invisibly among his characters, carefully noting the give and take, recording the gestures, speculating on their dynamics. For his ability to read and voice unspoken thoughts of the characters does not extend to an assured sense of what is meant by them. He is watching the cards as they

are played, and no one ponders more deeply than he how the game will go. His powers extend to taking over cantos completely for himself, inserting a "Dirge" (IV.xxxi), presenting little essays-in-verse on stones (II.x), on deserts (II.xi), on monasteries (III.ix). Nor does he hesitate to pre-empt a pilgrim's story in order to tell it more effectively (IV.ii-iii). The narrator lacks interest in keeping himself consistently in, or consistently out of, the narrative, but he is in general arbiter of the point of view. He is often more tangible as a sensibility than the nominal hero, for Clarel's passivity, inarticulateness, and baffling tendency to "disappear" (as if captured by Bedouins), make for a vaporous rather than real presence; Clarel is more problem than person.

The major characters other than Clarel are vigorously and subtly drawn, however, and in terms of their attitude toward the complex passion may be thought of as falling into three clusters.⁸⁴ First are Rolfe and Vine who, along with the narrator, are rational and imaginative observers of the common plight. Rolfe, as a more visible master of discourse than the narrator, not only broaches the subject matter for many of the discussions but sees that the exchange keeps going. Sometimes he takes sides for the purpose of argument—to the annoyance of Mortmain and Ungar, and to the bafflement of Clarel. His intermediary role includes arbitration between the benign Derwent, whom he dislikes as a mind but likes as a person, and the bitter monomaniacs, with whom he has important affinities. Vine, in contrast, seems hardly to participate at all in the group; yet his status is very high, and his presence is deeply felt by the pilgrims in spite of his reticence. Abstract ideas and theorizings interest him but little, so that he seems to have no personal stake in the arguments over faith and doubt. People do interest him, however, and a keen sense for moral psychology makes him a shrewd judge of motivations. Lurking quietly at the edge of the group, Vine registers his usually unspoken evaluations obliquely, through gesture, glance, or symbolic act (as at the end of III.v). The sense of his approval or disapproval bears considerable weight with pilgrims and narrator.

To the left of this central cluster lies the ominous sequence of monomaniacs: Celio-Mortmain-Agath-Ungar. Rolfe and Vine

are harmoniously balanced men compared to these passionately distraught figures, who successively cast their shadows over the pilgrim train. The ultimate motivations of these monomaniacs, the first two of whom court and win annihilation, is necessarily masked, but bitter outpourings at intervals reveal their inner rage. They are beyond compromise or peace. Their best hope is not adjustment to the complex passion (as with Rolfe, Vine, and someday, perhaps Clarel) but sheer survival beneath the weight of it. Overwhelmed, or nearly so, by an intense recognition of evil, they are not themselves evil men. Their function is to state the condition of things, seen from the dark side. To Clarel they constitute a warning of what he must cope with, rather than any hint of a way out of his dilemma.

To the right of the central cluster stand the major figures of Nehemiah and Derwent. Both characters are strongly conceived and have high individuality. From several points of view they seem contrasting rather than comparable; how could the fanatic old beggar man, dispensing his millennial tracts, be less like the urbane English cleric with his suave and conciliatory gifts? They may be paired, however, as far as the key question of the pilgrims is concerned: there is no theological crisis for either of them. For Nehemiah this is because his evangelical orthodoxy, as a sectarian, Bible-Christian, is inviolate; he cannot conceive that his faith might be illusion. For Derwent there is no crisis simply because he refuses to see any; a rainbow-watcher from way back, he does not propose to have either his digestion or his professional equilibrium upset. At times Clarel cherishes both men, responding genuinely to their different kinds of humanity. But to share either kind of serenity he would have to be able to ignore the monomaniacs, and temperament and events remind him that he cannot do that. Clarel belongs increasingly in the middle group with those sceptical humanists, Rolfe, Vine, and the narrator.

Grouping the major characters this way helps keep first things first, thematically. It helps too with the minor characters, many of whom are variants on the left, center, or right groups. For example, the mad monk Cyril of Mar Saba exaggerates the monomaniac position; so do the cell inscriptions left by the long-dead Habbibi; and Don Hannibal, the jolly-bilious Mexican cripple,

is a sport of the same species. To the right belongs an interesting sequence of antagonists to the passion—the dour Scotch Elder, the craven mammonist Banker, and the materialist and geologist, Margoth—all of whom the narrator limns with a touch of savage glee. To this group belong also such gay blades as Glaucon and the Lyonese, as well as that older epicurean, the Lesbian—extensions in a way of Derwent's essentially glandular optimism. A variety of unquestioning believers also extend Nehemiah's narrowly sectarian position into Hebraic, Mohammedan, and various Christian dogmas; many of these religious figures are so intense that extreme right joins with extreme left, and the line becomes a circle.

Such groupings of course are purely diagrammatic, and need to be erased as soon as they have been drawn. Only minor characters of the poem are clear types. It is in fact a major premise of the narrative that the individual life is invariably complex and buried. To see what a sizable proportion of the verse consists in delicate or bold probings toward the inner world of some character is to come close indeed to a major value of the poem. How does one or another of the pilgrims respond to the physical danger of Bedouins, the symbolic threat of the Dead Sea, or the joys of wine and song after travail? What motivates a Mortmain when he announces he will spend the night alone by Quarantania, the bleak Mount of Temptation? Where is Vine when brooding in his bemused silences? How can Rolfe lead the attack on the church one moment and defend the church another? Why should the quiet Agath, who has endured many violences, suddenly shriek out at the sight of a tiny scorpion on the rocky trail? Such talismans are seized on avidly in an effort to come at the "mystery."

This esoteric concept of personality is worth exploration, for one of the relevances of *Clarel* to our time is the narrator's concern with the kind of threshold materials out of which modern depth psychology has been constructed. Even minor acts relate meaningfully to fundamental commitments and tensions within the self. There is close attention to the symbolic role of gesture: the meaning of a glance, a pause in speech, a facial flush, a turn-

ing toward or away from, absence as well as presence. And always, an effort to capture the special tone of the gesture.

Out of the narrator's attitude toward individual psychology grows the almost awkward force of the group interchanges. At regular intervals throughout the poem the pilgrims square off against, or circle round, one another for "talk." Now the subject of the argument that usually ensues is often bookish, even quaintly archaic, to the modern ear. But the manner is something again. The real interest in these discussions (if one feels any) lies in the exchange of private tensions. A good test for the reader might be, for example, the first exchange among the pilgrims when, with the journey just begun, they pause at Gethsemane (II.iii). Such "events"—and the poem is a long, rhythmic chain of them—resemble modern experiments in group dynamics. By more literary terms, Eliot's proposition that Hawthorne was "the one English-writing predecessor of James whose characters are *aware* of each other," helps establish the lineage of this particular aspect of *Clarel*.⁸⁵

To the narrator's sense of the pressure of personality on personality, and to his acute feeling for individual gesture, we may add a third psychological resource. At intervals within the poem there are moments of sudden, unconscious, self-revelation. There is, for example, the moment when Clarel comes upon the well-controlled Vine with "reserves laid bare"; the Vine who seemed to scorn the recent desperate debate ("The High Desert") now sits alone, quivering:

He wore that nameless look
About the mouth—so hard to brook—
Which in the Cenci portrait shows, . . .
A trembling over of small throes
In weak swoll'n lips, which to restrain
Desire is none, nor any rein. . . .
Reserves laid bare? and can it be?
The dock-yard forge's silent mound,
Played over by small nimble flame—
Raked open, lo, the anchor's found
In white-heat's alb.

(III.vii.17)

A comparable exposure of Nehemiah occurs when he falls asleep in his Jerusalem hermitage, and his "tranced" face reveals him for a moment unmasked: "Death freezes, but sleep thaws." Whatever the meaning of his sleep-naked face—"Be it sealed," says the narrator—Clarel leaves quickly and in terror (I.xxii). Or we have the vivid night-scene of Mortmain locked in some "mad dream," and gnawing away at one of his own hands "as the wolf-hound the bone." Rolfe shakes him, turning to throw open a casement:

"God help thee, and may such ice make
Except against some solid? nay—
But thou who mark'st, get thee away,
Nor in such coals of Tarturus rake." (III.xv.28)

Such tropes and situations stress the latent aspects of personality. We note banked fires (twice), the apocalyptic word "sealed," and the intensity of the fire-ice polarity.

The chief characters, including of course the disturbed Clarel who is undergoing a series of self-confrontations, live in a world of subliminal tensions. As the young hero puts it in the opening canto:

Ah!
These under-formings in the mind.
Banked corals which ascend from far,
But little heed men that they wind
Unseen, unheard—till lo, the reef—
The reef and breaker, wreck and grief. (I.i.74)

The starkly symbolic landforms through which they move serve as magnets on their buried lives. Between the routine acts of horseback travel, the staged exchanges of rational discourse, a dream-world of psychic reality swirls about them.

Shadowy figures they are on first acquaintance, some of these pilgrims, drifting about like phantoms at a seance. With some the lighting is kept purposely low. Vine, for instance, is a twilight figure. In the end, however, almost all have hard, clean contours, and in part it is possible to see the means by which this is accomplished.

Most characters enter the poem at a significant site. We have already noted Nehemiah discovered on the way to Emmaus, Celio by the demoniac caves at Gihon, and Vine in the porch of the Sepulcher of Kings. Rolfe first appears wandering on Olivet, above Gethsemane, a hint of his role as the restless explorer of the Passion. Margoth, with gross pertinence, is first seen down amidst the filth by the Dung Gate. Shortly after such first appearances there comes, usually, a canto of personal ecology—earnest fragments of fact and speculation about the kind of man he may be in terms of the kind of experience he may have had.

Strong hints often lie in the names; they may be allegorical or allusive. Celio (heaven) and Mortmain (dead hand) have direct linguistic equivalents. Nehemiah (the rebuilder of Jerusalem) is Biblical—here in a pathetic-ironical sense. Derwent's name is fittingly traditional and literary (the pastoral English river, the name of Coleridge's son). More heavily allegorical is Margoth (to mar like a Goth), and deeply symbolic is Vine (at once wine-source, the true vine, the Way).

Some characters also have simple equivalents in body, costume, or possession. Celio has a humped back but a fair head; Mortmain wears a black cap; Ungar carries his sword (Cross). Or there is Nehemiah's Bible, open in his hand, inseparable from him, buried with him. The considerable attention given to the mounts of the pilgrims and other travelers goes beyond routine description. The humble, stubborn ass is ridden by the meek-militant Nehemiah, afterwards by the enduring, penalty-ridden Agath. The magnificent mare, Zar, is the mount of the Druse, Djalea, head guide and one of the top figures in the spiritual hierarchy of the poem. More subtly the rider's seat may suggest the inner life: the vigorous Rolfe sits his high saddle like an Osage scout or South American Gaucho, and Vine, even when absorbed in reveries, exhibits his "lurking will" in the way he reins his mount.

Such indirections of delineation never cease during the pilgrimage. Site, sign, and symbol forecast configurations that are filled in as the narrative develops. The characteristic responses accumulate, the individual idiom gets heard. Bodily appearance merges with meaningful presence: Rolfe's bronzed face and

intense blue eyes, Vine's waving Lydian hair, the pale features of young Clarel, Mortmain's burning eyes.

Certain conditions shared by the pilgrims establish their group attributes. These are rootless men. Of the five Americans (Clarel, Rolfe, Vine, Nehemiah, Ungar) the last two are emigrés; Vine seems to be an American artist or writer who has spent time in Italy, but his "kin, tribe, estate" are expressly denied the reader (I.xxix.3); Rolfe is a traveler and adventurer; and whether or not Clarel will return home after his tragedy we do not know. Ruth's family are American Zionists, and mother and daughter yearn for home. Of the five other major figures only the plump Englishman, Derwent, is tied to country; Margoth's nationality we never learn; Agath is a wandering Greek sailor; Celio is an Italian expatriate; and Mortmain, the wild Swede, is in flight from all civilization. Overwhelmingly these are *hommes déracinés*. They have, or had, their trades or professions, but if a single one of the major figures has wife, children, or relatives, or in any nameable sense belongs to a specific community, we do not know it; the absence of surnames expresses this. The sense of being "cut off"—a key phrase of the poem—is an arranged condition of the narrative. In turn this is supplemented by an aura of apostasy hovering about the group as a whole, and specifically, through canto titles, enwrapping two marginal characters (Margoth—"An Apostate"; the Lyonese—"The Prodigal").

Again, almost all have experienced disaster. For the monomaniacs life has been crippling (Celio—his hump), overwhelming (Mortmain—his intolerable sense of evil), brutal (Agath—shipwrecked, and beaten by robbers), devastating (Ungar—defeated in war). Nehemiah's terrorizing "secret" is partially explained through analogies of shipwreck (later retracted) and betrayal in friendship. Rolfe and Vine have been sensitized to tragic experience in undefined ways. And the whole "point" of the love plot is that Clarel may enter the community of men only after loss. Thus Derwent, with his temperamental optimism, and Margoth, with his denial of nonmaterial values, are antagonists to the central condition. The decisive weight of past experience lies within the world of pain and penalty. The six

deaths that occur within the brief time-span of the narrative keep it there.

If abdication from family, community, country, and creed has set most of the pilgrims loose from the institutions which ordinarily give men definable social roles, what is left? Personality, character, self, soul—these suggest the remnant. The preferred term of the poem is “self,” and the profusion of compound words built on “self” defines one of the energy centers of the poem.⁸⁶ At odds with the societies to which they belonged, they have variously mutinied or been shipwrecked. We have here an assortment of Western men, cast away, as it were, on the Palestinian beach, jointly engaged in the struggle for moral and psychic survival.

vii

This sea metaphor brings us into position to examine selected images of the poem. We have already seen that the Palestinian landforms serve as both stimulus and equivalent to the pilgrims' dilemma. The image of the Fallen City (thrown against memories of the Holy City) expresses the condition that *is* the complex passion. The dangerous road going down to Jericho is the Descent into Darkness. The Dead Sea area, a nightmare world of loss and evil, is that Darkness. The toiling effort to return by the Judah mountains marks an Ascent, for Mar Saba is a temporary Refuge; the great stone hive, large enough to encompass revelry and remorse, a layered citadel of ascending and descending stairs, is a place for reassessment. The lyric mountain-town of Bethlehem proffers Beatitude, but in reaction the pilgrims enter renewed complexity. And so the Return to the wrecked city, now more deeply known through experience and articulation.

In a more general sense the entire landscape of the poem, except for Bethlehem, is to be taken as wilderness. This wilderness is an actual world of rocks and sand. As the root metaphor of the poem, it is also the radical equivalent of that wasteland of the spirit which the protagonists have entered; the pilgrimage is simultaneously a journey in inner and outer worlds. So large a metaphor necessarily exfoliates in many different ways

in the course of the narrative. The archetype is of course the Old Testament story of the forty years in the wilderness, whose setting is just to the south of where the pilgrims travel. Rimming the immediate wilderness of the narrative (Melville uses the term to designate the area between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, and later the Judah Wilderness about Mar Saba) are a series of famous Biblical wilderness-deserts which cast their spell across the pilgrimage—among them Zin, Obi, Paran, the Libyan waste, and “El Tih, the great, the terrible” (I.v. 179).

Nathalia Wright, exploring recurrent images of the wilderness in Melville's writings, finds it “the symbolic scene of mature experience throughout Melville,” the place of truth, revelation, and vision, as in the Bible. Thus in *Clarel*, it becomes not only an image of the faithless contemporary world but once again the place that “must be visited if the riddle of existence is at all to be solved.” Miss Wright also shows how the wilderness-figure of Ishmael is the prototype of most of Melville's heroes, and suggests that in *Clarel* “all the characters are Ishmaels of a sort, for all have forsaken society to dwell temporarily in the desert.”⁸⁷

It is to this redeeming aspect of the wilderness that Mortmain in his agony turns; as Rolfe says,

“Man sprang from deserts: at the touch
Of grief or trial overmuch,
On deserts he falls back at need;
Yes, 'tis the bare abandoned home
Recalleth then.” (II.xvi.109)

Mortmain's “wild plunge” beyond civilization the night he spends alone at Quarantania is clearly his Passion. “Mad John,” Rolfe sympathetically calls him (II.xxxiv.39); and elsewhere the narrator says of desert and wilderness:

But to pure hearts it yields no fear;
And John, he found wild honey here. (II.xi.95)

And at Mar Saba we learn of celibates who

In the pure desert of the will
Chastised, live the vowed life austere. (III.xxx.123)

The paradox of the desert is that it may bring either beatitude or annihilation; to Mortmain it brings, at last, both.

Counterimage to the wilderness is the garden. Through Part I, clustering chiefly about Ruth and her mother Agar, rise memories and metaphors of rural America—"June in some far clover land" (I.xvi.188); morning glories by the kitchen door (I.xxvii.57); serenely rolling prairies, golden with tawny lilies (I.xvii.16). Sifting through the hot sands come memories of "green uplands" and "gala orchards" (I.xxviii.2), of summer evening showers with robins singing at sunset (I.xxxix.1). During the stony descent the narrator remembers coming down a (New England) mountain, where open pastures lead to orchards and on to little villages (II.vii.1). Down on the sterile Siddim Plain the momentary bow suddenly recalls to Nehemiah his past world of scythes, orchards, hay-cocks, and mossed roofs under the homestead trees at evening (II.xxix.138). On the Judah ridge the pilgrims, broken by the recent loss of Nehemiah, sit down on the High Desert (here, a desert of nerveless weariness):

To these there comes,
As down on Siddim's scene they peer,
The contrast of their vernal homes—
Field, orchard, and the harvest cheer. (III.v.27)

The garden of these passages suggests not only longing for nature's health and beauty, but envy of the warm, communal life of man which the pilgrims have abandoned.

In Part IV the American-countryside images fall off, partly in keeping with the mounting theme that "No New World to mankind remains!" (IV.xxi.169), and partly because the lush fields and flocks of Bethlehem are now at hand. Only Derwent fully gives himself to the pastoral beauty of Bethlehem; the rest, "in dubious keeping with the dale" (IV.xxiv.15), find themselves caught up in the most sustained dawn-to-dusk debate of the poem. Bethlehem reminds Rolfe of Eden (IV.ix.87) and of Tahiti (IV.xviii.36)—two extensions of the garden image, and a reappearance (here and elsewhere in the poem) of the Paradise-Pacific theme of Melville's journal. A remembered America across the seas, Pacific isles, far-off Asiatic oases, the ancient palmy days

of Palestine—of all such lost gardens the prototype is Eden. In the far background of the poem, as in Rolfe's memory, lies the haunting dream of a garden of original innocence.⁸⁸

In the close foreground stands Gethsemane, site of the Passion.

Yes, memory
Links Eden and Gethsemane, (I.xxx.10)

says the narrator. It is here among the gnarled olives that Clarel feels the leopard-spring of the Passion's narrative, though Nehemiah falls asleep (I.xxx). It is here, just as the pilgrimage gets under way, while the Banker and Glaucon look for olive-wood trinkets, that Mortmain, beginning his long feud with Derwent, names man's viciousness as the lesson of Gethsemane and recalls Christ's suffering:

"This day, with some of earthly race,
May passion similar go on?" (II.iii.158)

The ever-cheerful Derwent, man of "sound digestion" and "good spirits," ignores the site; he turns his back on Gethsemane, as the aroused Mortmain pointedly remarks, and talks about a canter across English sod (his kind of garden), as later he luxuriates in the pastoral beauty of the Bethlehem countryside. But for the agonizers the only garden left is Gethsemane. Eden may be the hope; Gethsemane is the reality.

The sea is persistently used as an analogy for the wilderness throughout the poem. As openly stated in the canto "Of Deserts":

Sands immense
Impart the oceanic sense:
The flying grit like scud is made:
Pillars of sand which whirl about
Or arc along in colonnade,
True kin be to the water-spout. (II.xi.38)

The constancy with which this analogy unrolls throughout the narrative is astonishing, and at first, grotesque. From direct allusions, similes, and buried metaphors can be compiled a considerable list of nautical words—kinds of craft, parts of a ship and ship's gear, personnel, navigation aids, harbor and customs terms,

sea terms, phenomena and weather, ship handling, etc.⁸⁹ In the opening canto, for example, occur a dozen or more sea references of typical variety: direct allusion to landing at Jaffa, and to gazing seaward from a tower; Ramleh as a "sail-white town," a piece of wasteland as a "stony strait," Jerusalem as "ice-bastions round the Pole"; the view down on Hezekiah's pool as if from the stern-lights of a three-decker, and a convent as lighthouse; a full metaphor of the unconscious mind in terms of coral reefs; a metaphoric aphorism: "To avoid the deep saves not from storm"; and half-buried figures on the moon's light at low tide, evening at full tide, "time's vast sea," and a hum "half drowned." After this introduction the sea allusions fall off in concentration but continue to appear.

There are only two mariners among the characters. Rolfe has been round the Horn, and Agath, who does not appear until late, is a timoneer (pilot) in Mediterranean waters. One gets the illusion, however, that most of the pilgrims have sailed before the mast because of the way the narrator weaves sea images about the group as a whole. For an omniscient narrator so to personalize himself by this special vocabulary is disconcerting; it almost throws him over into a first person role. One gets used to it, though it is an egregious example of the difficulties that flow from Melville's loose practice in point of view. There is no alternative except to grant that the narrator is an ex-sailor.

In spite of some technical ineptness the sea symbolism is a genuine force in the poem. There are conventional enough traveler's analogies—the coming and going of a person is like a ship sighted, spoken, and passed; caravans are fleets; a stopping place becomes an island or a huge ship. The blind muezzin calls to prayer from "the marble mast-head" of his minaret (I.xv.38), and Clarel watching the stars from his Jerusalem terrace is a "ship-boy at mast-head alone" (I.xviii.41). But the narrator's images are restless, and usually move beyond primness to larger meanings. Jerusalem's "wild solitudes" are "like shoals in seas / Unsailed" (I.xvi.26): an extension of the City-as-Wilderness to the City-as-Sea. The Mar Saba monks ascend the twin towers to look for marauding Bedouins as sailors set watches against the canoes of Malay pirates (III.xxi.1): a double view of the dan-

gers of Wilderness-Sea. As the pilgrims leave the monastery the towers go down like a brig's masts, and a few minutes later, Agath, the "pickled old sea-Solomon," with "Slant palm to brow against the haze," cries out dramatically, "Wreck, ho—the wreck!"; far across the mountains he has sighted Jerusalem (IV.i.176): an epitome of the central theme. The straggling cavalcade comes up to the massive convent at Bethlehem like "shipwrecked men adrift" coming alongside the stained hull of a great armed, foreign ship of battle—"Black cloisters of the god of war" (IV.vii.1): a metaphoric cannonade against the garden symbol. Such passages are not mere grace notes; they do thematic work.

The most emotionally concentrated section of the poem, the Descent (Part II), toys with two sea analogues. One, relating to an ominous-haggard-horrible crag by the Dead Sea, is undeveloped, but sufficiently hints of Cape Horn to blend one kind of ordeal—rounding the Horn—with the pilgrims' crisis by the Dead Sea (see note to II.xxx.71). The other, a haunting sense of the Siddim Plain as the sea-bed of withdrawn oceans, is a really furious trope in terms of the brimming waters of Melville's sea tales; conscious and unconscious elements mingle in the imagery. The theme is foreshadowed by Clarel's meditation in Jerusalem:

see, day and night
The sands subsiding from the height;
In time, absorbed, these grains may help
To form new sea-bed, slug and kelp. (I.xxiv.74)

After the descent—at lead-line depth on the sunken slimy plain and bared sea-bed—comes the "dream" that the sea might roll back (II.xxiii.35). Panic is implied by the sudden breaking and running of one of the horses—Mortmain's: "Horse too run mad?" cries the ever-sane Derwent (II.xxiii.42). In the climactic canto "Sodom" the Dead Sea becomes a sort of giant stagnant pool, the brine-thick remnant of ocean, from which

bubbling air-beads mount and break
As charged with breath of things alive. (II.xxxvi.8)

If one may risk an extension of the conscious imagery here, under the water lie not only the victims of the wicked cities (who

after all were destroyed by *fire*) but all the drowned of ocean.
These only half-dead "sinners" (sailors?) are

whirled in shoals
Of gurgles which your gasps send up. . . .

The canto concludes with a metaphor of the *innocent* heart that

Moves as along the ocean's bed
Amid the dragon's staring crew.

This is the place, as it were (drawing on a later image),

Where the sexton of the vaulted seas
Buries the drowned in weedy grave,
While tolls the buoy-bell down the breeze. . . .

(III.vii.58)

This whole situation on the Siddim Plain is very complex indeed; one source of its psychic power is the sub-rational sensation of being dead at the bottom of the sea.

Four sea tales of varying length incorporated in the poem all have the theme of disaster. Rolfe's sketch of the twice-wrecked ship's master, who after going aground on a hidden rock that broke his ship went back to sea only to be stove by a whale, is the parable of a man made meek by grim disaster (I.xxxvii). Of the three tales associated with Agath, one recounts his betrayal by a man whom he smuggled aboard; a spinning compass, gales, corposants, pursuing birds, and a mutinous crew put the ship on the rocks, the timoneer alone escaping (III.xii). A second tells how a great devil-bird once attacked him at the masthead with such violence as to hurl him into the sea, where, pursued by a shark, he nearly drowned before being dragged aboard (III.xxvii). And a third sketch recalls "that isle which haunteth me," a drear, cindered isle, god-forsaken and vacant of all but giant tortoises who drag themselves endlessly about like lost souls ("The Encantadas" theme); and this isle, says Agath, is the only place on earth that rivals Palestine—"the stricken land" (IV.ii-iii). All four episodes echo earlier sea tales by Melville.

The effect of such abundant sea references is to create the fragments at least of a second voyage—by sea, to parallel the

one by land. The "fit" is not close or overt but loose and buried. Its effect is to complement and extend the meanings of the wilderness image. By treating the Wilderness as Sea, Melville was able to bring an immense amount of precise details into the poem from that profession he knew best (next to writing)—to draw on its gear, and events, and mythology. Many of the Homeric similes are nautical. And rippling in and out of the verses are hundreds of half-images of the sea, some tritely conventional (the "heaving sea / Of heads"), some awkwardly exact (the "trade wind" of his thoughts), some powerfully mythic ("the foundered star"). Overwhelmingly the images limn a savage sea, a massive crippling force to be endured by men if possible. The sea here is not a place of adventure but of misadventure. Successive images create a rhythm of disaster. Ships are dismasted, they toil under gales, they roll helplessly in fog amid tolling bells, they send up rockets, they drag anchor, they run in shoal water, they crack on submerged reefs. Captains are wrecked, crews are cast away, sailors mutiny or drown. Whereas the fresh-water images—fountains, streams, wells, rivers, and lakes—speak of an unrealizable Garden where there is life, bloom, and growth, the Sea-Wilderness is pitiless. These pilgrim-mariners are "wrecked" men to whom the port would not be pitiful if an adequate one could be found.

viii

Clarel is a personal poem. The filaments of self spread through it everywhere, so much so that one feels Melville welcomed it as a chance for sorting out some old entanglements in his own history. Three of the larger configurations concern us here: Rolfe as a self-projection, the relation of the Mortmain-Agath-Ungar sequence to Rolfe and to Melville, and Vine as Hawthorne.

There are tangible though scattered hints that Rolfe is a partial self-portrait. He looks like an adventurer, the narrator tells us early, who might have plied his business "On waters under tropic sky" (I.xxxi.7). Toward the briny old mariner, Agath, he has "A frater-feeling of the sea" which leads him to exchange sea stories with him (IV.i.122). Rolfe knows a tale of a mariner

wrecked once and later stove in by a whale, so that he was forced to take to the land and resign himself to a customs job as night inspector (I.xxxvii). In telling Clarel the story of the Easter Fire, Rolfe turns for an analogy to the Polynesians and "some groves of bloom / In mid Pacific" (III.xvi.231); another time he recalls guarded altars deep in the woods of "far island-chains" (II.x.68). The mild loveliness of early evening on a hillside near Bethlehem also takes Rolfe back, in his musings, "to Tahiti's beach" (IV.xviii.36). The nearest thing we have to a life-history of Rolfe is his reverie by the palm at Mar Saba: he remembers how he jumped ship in the Pacific, and on an island let himself down by dangerous climbing into a lovely valley where priest and people, hailing him as a descended God, begged him to remain with them forever; but abjuring "the simple joy," Rolfe returned to civilization, only to be haunted by the memory ever after (III.xxix). Rolfe has experienced Pacific adventures such as young Melville experienced and then translated into *Typee* and *Omoo*; yet it is interesting that Rolfe paints them with the hues of the older Melville's Mediterranean *Journal*. The general contours of Rolfe's appearance, manner, speech, and mind, bear surprising resemblance to the outward image of Melville that letters and biographical data of the period 1845-1851 suggest. Rolfe's relation to the world is hearty and vigorous. There is about him an implied physical power. In the pilgrim train he rides "Indian-like" in his high-pommel saddle, like an Osage scout or Gaucho (II.i.226).⁹⁰ Something of a *bon-vivant*, he is as fond of fellowship, song, and revelry as was the Melville who sparkled so at the Duyckinck parties in New York, or at the early Pittsfield picnics. In spite of the sober context of the pilgrimage, Rolfe's expansive humanity and occasional facetiousness are in the early Melville vein, as are his general flow of speech, intellectual curiosity, critical boldness, and wide range of allusion. Entering the poem as both student and "messmate of the elements," a man of "genial heart" and "brain austere" (I.xxxi.14), Rolfe is a not unreasonable idealization of the vigorous young Melville.

The tendency to self-romanticization in the portrait—the bronzed face, the "marble brow," the air of a fine gentleman—is amusing and validating (I.xxxi.11,22). The self-image here

has the overtones of an Elizabethan or Renaissance figure of modestly heroic proportions. Bearing in mind that the portrait is a secret one (the hints are carefully fragmentary), the reader will find special interest in the narrator's canto "Of Rama" (I. xxxii), a cryptic self-fantasy on a major scale in which Rolfe is likened to one of the incarnations of Vishnu, who was born a god though he knew it not. The analogy is excessive, for the Rolfe of the poem is fortunately quite un-divine, but the idea does recur in Rolfe's soliloquy to the Palm when he recalls being "hailed for a descended god" by island natives (III.xxix.58). On the other side of the coin from the Rama image is an equally interesting design of self-criticism. Rolfe's major weakness by the narrator's terms is a tendency to be too outspoken:

Too frank, too unreserved, may be,
And indiscreet in honesty. (I.xxxi.24)

For example, the symbolic Dead Sea crag strikes Derwent as merely "queer"; to Rolfe it "Looks horrible—and I *say so*" (II.xxx.72). But Rolfe frequently himself regrets his determination to "*say so*," as when he insists on "that truth no type shall set" and then chides himself with "Earnest again!—well, let it go" (II.xxxii.68). Or again, finding his dark talk about desert places interrupted by Derwent's placid comments on the rising moon, Rolfe refuses to continue:

"No matter," Rolfe said; "let it go.
My earnestness myself decry;
But as heaven made me, so am I." (II.xvi.133)

So hypersensitive is Rolfe to his own earnestness that on one occasion, after insisting on the grounds for religious doubt, he makes a self-conscious renouncement of his fundamental impulse to probe:

"Nay,"
Starting abrupt, "this earnest way
I hate. Let doubt alone; best skim,
Not dive." (II.xxi.102)

Rolfe's embarrassment at over-extending himself—"You let me prate" (I.xxi.130) or "Why prate I here?" (IV.xiii.56)—is a problem for him, and the key word is *earnest*. When we see that Melville in a letter of 1863 wrote a flowing criticism of "this dishonorable epoch" only to break in with "But don't let us become too earnest. A very bad habit,"⁹¹ we get not only some confirmation of the general Rolfe-Melville parallel but recognize that the recurrent focus on this problem of Rolfe's throws light into Melville's own self-doubts.

Though Rolfe is plagued by his own "earnestness," it is precisely this element of temperament which is too mild to round out Melville's self-projection. The vigorous sallies and withdrawals of Rolfe, though tempered by fear of over-extension, are those of a thoroughly sociable being, an intellectual man-of-the-world well in command of his psychic energies. Biographical data on the younger Melville generally parallels this image, and there is evidence that even in his middle years he still occasionally flowered in social interchange. We have seen, however, that in the two decades after *Moby-Dick* his descent into self had made him acquainted with an underworld of recalcitrant shades: the sense of defeat, willful isolation, unmanageable moods, fear of death, and anxiety over his own physical and mental health. Rolfe knows of such things, but he does not exhibit them. These darker elements of Melville's sensibility are channeled into the striking series of monomaniacs who follow one another so ominously through the poem: Celio, Mortmain, Agath, and Ungar.

The case of Celio is separate and prelude; appearing and disappearing early, he is an alter ego for the young Clarel, just awakening to "under-formings in the mind" (I.i.75). Celio's rage, though eloquent, is pure and child-like; condemned from birth to a misshapen body, he vents his anguish and dies. As the poem moves into the pilgrimage Mortmain appears and opens the complex and unified cycle of monomania embodied in Mortmain-Agath-Ungar. It is worth noting at once that none of this group in any way belong to Clarel. From first to last he looks on them as characters from another world, attending their commentary with painful determination, but unable to comprehend. He turns rather to the relative stability of the other pilgrims, and

what little he ever understands about the monomaniacs comes by way of them, especially Rolfe. For Rolfe is their chief interlocutor and apologist. Not distraught himself, Rolfe is the prime link between their distress and the world; no pariah, Rolfe imagines himself "host to all that stray / In desert" (II.xv.35). It is Rolfe who knows Mortmain's history (though the narrator tells it: II.iv.6), who movingly justifies his "wild plunge" into the desert (II.xvi.109), who sees him asleep in the moonlight torn with nightmare (III.xv.6), and who lingers behind after Mortmain's death to raise an invocation (III.xxxii.52). As Celio was "a second self" to Clarel (I.xix.27), so Mortmain is to Rolfe. Sitting by Elisha's Fountain near Jericho, Rolfe, in a genial fantasy about himself says:

"Perchance set down it is in fate
That fail I must ere we fulfill
Our travel. Should it happen true . . .
Bury me by the road, somewhere
Near spring or brook." (II.xv.25)

To this oblique jest add the pointed observation of Vine during the revels at Mar Saba:

Mortmain aloof and single sat—
In range with Rolfe, as viewed from mat
Where Vine reposed, observing there
That these in contour of the head
And goodly profile made a pair,
Though one looked like a statue dead. (III.xi.224)

Mortmain dies that Rolfe may live. It is Mortmain, not Rolfe, who madly tries the gall of the Dead Sea water as Melville had when he "carried the bitter in my mouth all day."⁹² Mortmain bears the role of "madness" and self-annihilation vicariously for both; he is the night side of Rolfe.

Agath is a transitional figure. He marks the beginnings of a way back from Mortmain's self-destruction, first appearing at Mar Saba when Mortmain is far down the steps to oblivion. Mortmain "died" by the Sea; only the shade of him hovers about Mar Saba, to which he has ascended for a hero's transfiguration

by the Palm. It is interesting that for a type to withstand extinction Melville turned back to the sea. Bearded, wrinkled, and deafened by tempests, this "pickled old sea-Solomon" (III.xxv.155) is a briny ancient from the bottom of the sea. His penalty-ridden body has been beaten by man and nature until he survives as do the giant island-tortoises of which he tells, by drawing into his shell—not dead, but in a "feint of death."⁹³ Inarticulate and uncomprehending, Agath wears

Nature's own look, which might recall
Dumb patience of mere animal,
Which better may abide life's fate
Than comprehend. (IV.iii.105)

Like Mortmain's, his cap has been stolen by a giant bird (III.xxv.123; xxvii.2). The mere sight of a scorpion brings a shriek from him, so raw is he before the touch of evil (IV.iv.1). But "schooled by the inhuman sea," preserved as it were in brine, Agath lives on.⁹⁴

Ungar completes the cycle with a human rather than animal endurance: Ungar's strength is both physical and intellectual. After standing quietly aside during the opening cantos of the last Part, when Agath dominates the scene, he moves in and carries the final version of monomania. His rancor at the southern defeat spurs him to fierce attacks on modern civilization. His quarrel is with history, and back of that with the nature of man. For him the fall of the South, and all the cruel deprivations attending it, is a re-enactment of the fall of man; historically it marks for him an end to man's last great free chance to build a New World:

"Know,
Whatever happens in the end,
Be sure 'twill yield to one and all
New confirmation of the fall
Of Adam." (IV.xxi.129)

Rolfe is the one who understands the roots of Ungar's bitterness (IV.v.37), who conjures up arguments, as Ungar realizes, "To draw my monomania out" (IV.xxi.106). If Rolfe is embarrassed

by his own earnestness, he is willing father to the impeachments of this man, "earnest as the earnest tomb" (IV.ix.160). Rolfe's satisfaction with Ungar as "Brave soldier and stout thinker both," includes the subtle characterization of him as "An armed man in the Druid grove" (IV.xvii.69). His meaning lies, as the narrator says, in his "slouched reserve of strength" (IV.i.83). Rolfe's final judgment is precise: "He's wise" (IV.xxiii.32).

The cycle of monomaniacs gave Melville his opportunity to review some of his own private tensions of the past twenty-five years, and in part, as the calculated sequence suggests, make some resolution of them. He had long been plagued by images of self-destroying types—the purely evil Jackson of *Redburn*; the "grand, ungodly, god-like man, Captain Ahab" (*Moby-Dick*, Chap. 16); Pierre, the fool of virtue; the gentle man of preferences, Bartleby; and the self-exhausting Benito Cereno. The distance between Mortmain and Ungar is crucial. Mortmain's descent becomes unmanageable; he is seized by what divers call the rapture of the depths. Ungar's mania is not toward self-extinction, but the eradication of evil. War is his business; he is a professional. Ungar is Mortmain with a resuscitated will, Agath with a mind. Quietly, between days of toil as an inspector of customs, Melville made his reappraisal.

We are not to have Vine's "history" from the narrator or his own reticent lips. Introducing him (I.xxix), the narrator refuses to tell anything about his home, kin, tribe, or estate, on the grounds that "gifts unique" are not thus explainable. Other than his being a middle-aged American, we know only one biographical particular—he has spent some time in an artist's studio in Florence.⁹⁵ Djalea's instinctive deference toward Vine is explained by Rolfe: he may well have a notion that Vine is "some lord" who is traveling "For delicate cause, incognito" (II.x.84). The sense of genius is matched by an air of cover-up. We get shadows from the flame, with Melville in his right as commentator playing the moth. We get also the almost prurient curiosity of young Clarel about both Vine and Rolfe. From such dartings and peerings there slowly emerges a character that strikingly

resembles Hawthorne's personality and the fictional world he created.⁹⁶

Even at the first meeting, Vine withdraws as "one who would keep separate" (I.xxviii.51), and the descriptive canto allotted him (I.xxix) is named "The Recluse." At Gethsemane (I.xxx) he sits swallowed up in meaningful reverie while the others talk. Typically he is mute, passive, reserved. Of this aloofness Vine is himself aware and as he begins his soliloquy to the Palm the narrator has him think of his separateness and his addiction to the past as a kind of problem (III.xxvi). If this line in the portrait at first seems excessive, one does well to recall that all who knew Hawthorne well, including himself, have testified to his almost fierce shyness.⁹⁷ Its leavening counterpart in Vine is an "Ambiguous elfishness" as of "an Ariel unknown" (I.xxix.51). The sight of a brisk tourist in Gethsemane awakens him to "freakish mockery, elfin light" (I.xxx.110). There is a Puckish twist of unpredictability in him, a "tropic eye / Freakishly impish."⁹⁸ Vine's humor is not genuinely gay but, as in Hawthorne's fictions, ironic. For beneath Vine's shyness and elfish humor is a deep-grained moral force. Austere self-control underlies his "opulent softness" (I.xxix.32), and he reins his mount with a "lurking will," even though

He seemed to be
In reminiscence folded ever,
Or some deep moral fantasy. . . .⁹⁹ (II.i.236)

The signs and symbols of evil do not antagonize (as with Mortmain-Ungar) so much as entrance him. At his first sight of the Dead Sea, from Olivet,

With wordless look intent
As if the scene confirmed some thought
Which in heart's lonelier hour was lent,
Vine stood at gaze. (I.xxxvi.48)

To Nehemiah's reverential account of the good Samaritan's deed Vine whispers an aside: "There was a Levite and a priest" (II.ix.85). It is he who first catches sight of the tormented ascetic

on Quarantania (II.xiv.106), and he who imagines the Jordan willows saying to the merrily bubbling river:

“Ah, tarry, for at hand’s a sea
Whence ye shall never issue out
Once in.”¹⁰⁰ (II.xxvii.30)

Vine sits entranced by a palm tree cast up by the Dead Sea, “free from decay / But dead” (II.xxxiii.1–22). The one who discovers the drowned body of Nehemiah, he remains internally calm,

Since many a prior revery grave
Forearmed against alarm’s control. (II.xxxix.27)

Vine eagerly prompts Ungar to his diatribe, “Of Wickedness the Word” (IV.xxii). Derwent is acute in judging Vine a “black but juicy one” (III.xiv.26)—and that word *black* throws us back at once to Melville’s impassioned essay on Hawthorne in which he reiterates that it is “that blackness in Hawthorne . . . that so fixes and fascinates me.”¹⁰¹

Vine’s interest in character study makes him an observer rather than a participator—another persistent problem-theme of Hawthorne’s fiction. He has “the zest / Of a deep human interest,” for example, in a story told to explain Nehemiah (I.xxxvii.15). Even more he is aroused by the suicidal Mortmain, eager to know for example what Rolfe thinks of him (II.xvi.136). Ungar’s bitterness also fascinates him, and for Vine it is so exciting a moment when Ungar’s sword is called, by a fanatic monk, a cross, that he breaks his reserve and cries: “How he transfigured Ungar’s sword!” (IV.xv.13); still under this excitement Vine himself develops the passion flower as a symbol of the monk’s burning zeal. When Vine is not absorbed in “some deep moral fantasy” of his own he is observing motivations; he is a student of sin and morality; his imagination works in symbols. Though we are not told Vine is a writer, it is quite clear that he is some kind of artist absorbed in moral-aesthetic values and deeply committed to the past.

It seems likely that Melville used the composition of *Clarel* as an opportunity to brood privately and at length over the man who had meant most in his own life. Their six-year friendship,

especially the neighborly fifteen months from August, 1850 to November, 1851, when Arrowhead and the little red house at Pittsfield held them only six miles apart, had been psychologically intense. Meeting at a time when both men were at the height of their powers, Melville had formed a reckless emotional attachment for Hawthorne, fifteen years his senior and an authoritative craftsman. Hawthorne's *The American Notebooks* and hints from their correspondence graph the outlines—the magic of endless words, the rituals of drinking and smoking far into the night, the exchange of life images. The older man—handsome, passive, outwardly reserved but passionate within—elicited deep emotional vibrations from Melville. In all of Melville's writings there are few chapter sequences that rival in emotional eloquence his letters to Hawthorne, with "Hawthorne and His Mosses" as magnificent prelude and the brief poem "Monody" as afterword. When Melville wrote "In Token Of My Admiration For His Genius This Book Is Inscribed To Nathaniel Hawthorne" and made it part of the manuscript of *Moby-Dick*, he did the most that could be done. Before all this Hawthorne responded, for a shy man, with remarkable warmth. Yet what response could be adequate to insatiable hunger?

In the *Mosses* review Melville, having written of Hawthorne's "depth of tenderness," "boundless sympathy," and "omnipresent love," went on to confess: "But already I feel that this Hawthorne has dropped germinous seeds into my soul. He expands and deepens down, the more I contemplate him; and further and further, shoots his strong New England roots in the hot soil of my Southern soul."¹⁰² In his letters to Hawthorne the same impassioned tone alternates with embarrassed jocularity, culminating in the breathless on-running letter acknowledging Hawthorne's appreciation of *Moby-Dick*: "your heart beat in my ribs and mine in yours, and both in God's"; he talked of their drinking from one another's "flagon of life," and concluded the first of two postscripts with: "The divine magnet is on you, and my magnet responds. Which is the biggest? A foolish question—they are *One*."¹⁰³ Melville's "foolish question" was not to be rid of so quickly, as we shall see in a moment; but first to the business of being "*One*."

In the poem the hunger for full reciprocation from Vine is turned over to Clarel. The young student has become so enamored of Vine's personal attributes that by the time the pilgrims reach the Jordan he wants a lover's affection.¹⁰⁴ In a moment of wine-warmed intimacy they lie in a bower on the river bank, separated by a screen of leaves "As were Venetian slats between." The scene is a Sybaritic one, Vine luxuriating in the shadows, "Light sprays above his temples blown." As Vine goes murmuring on in conversation—a rare moment of release for him—young Clarel is suddenly overwhelmed by Vine's presence:

O, now but for communion true
And close; let go each alien theme;
Give me thyself!

But Vine, with no suspicion of "Clarel's thrill / Of personal longing," keeps on talking while the younger man yearns for "confidings that should wed / Our souls in one." As Clarel lets fall "inklings" of his mood, a shadow passes over Vine. The youth has gone too far; Vine rejects him. At this moment the narrator moves in and imagines Vine's thoughts: Clarel will have to make his own resolution of doubts, and not count on Vine for help; "The negatives of flesh" prevent ultimate reciprocation between man and man, as Hawthorne had always known, and as Melville found out.¹⁰⁵ The canto remains, however, a confession of the personal attractiveness of Vine to the narrator. The shift of roles here—with Clarel rather than Rolfe being protagonist—is a transference of the onus of guilt from Rolfe to the innocent young man.

Clarel is a poem in which no absolutes of heart or head go unscrutinized. If Rolfe's strength is endangered by earnestness, Vine's is compromised by anti-intellectualism. Sometimes after the pilgrims' debates Vine openly expresses his ennui, pulling a weed and carefully picking it apart (I.xxxiv.68), plaiting a wreath of thorns (II.xviii-xix), or flinging dead driftwood back into the Sea at the close of discussion (II.xxxiii). One such instance is not only Hawthornesque; it is Hawthorne's. From a cliff's edge on the High Desert, when grave issues are being

pondered, Vine responds to the "weary length of arguing" by crushing porous stones,

or one by one,
Through the dull void of desert air,
He tossed them into valley down;
Or pelted his own shadow there. . . . (III.v.189)

In Hawthorne's *Passages From the American Note-Books* we read: "An idle man's pleasures and occupations and thoughts during a day spent by the sea-shore; among them, that of sitting on the top of a cliff, and throwing stones at his own shadow, far below."¹⁰⁶ The image is too precise to be coincidental. When the pilgrims move on, a heap of stone is left by Vine—"A monument to barrenness" (III.vii.88).

In a poem that makes much of personal interactions, none are more intricate than those involving Vine. Vine's judgments of Rolfe and the narrator's own response to them, for example, are intricately documented. Just after they meet, Rolfe launches into an impassioned analysis of man's need for God:

Intense he spake, his eyes of blue
Altering, and to eerie hue
Like Tyrrhene seas when overcast;
The which Vine noted, nor in joy,
Inferring thence an ocean-waste
Of earnestness without a buoy:
An inference which afterward
Acquaintance led him to discard
Or modify, or not employ. (I.xxxi.201)

Here Vine is the one critical of Rolfe's earnestness, but it is the narrator's subtle gradations of concern—the uncertain *decre-scendo* of the last three lines—that betray the real stakes. If this blue-eyed Rolfe is surrogate for the blue-eyed Melville who so often poured out his speculations to an ultimately diffident Hawthorne, then this passage and similar ones give us Melville's anxious guesses, though now somewhat bemused, as to what Hawthorne had actually felt about him.¹⁰⁷ And well Melville might have wondered! Hawthorne's published account of their

last long talk together on the sand hills at Southport probably lay within arm's reach as Melville composed. What could be more tantalizing than to read about oneself: "Melville, as he always does, began to reason of Providence and futurity, and of everything that lies beyond human ken"—and then to run into Sophia Hawthorne's prudent ellipses? Melville's suspicions were well founded, as the restored text shows; to Hawthorne these questions were "dismal and monotonous as the sand hills amid which we were sitting."¹⁰⁸ Though Hawthorne seems genuinely to have loved and respected Melville, the younger man's special brand of "ontological heroics"¹⁰⁹ simply were not his style.

The narrator is not content to let Vine go as an anti-intellectual. Vine's "settled neutral frame," he suggests, may be "assumed" (I.xxx.86), and back of this "coyness" may there not be "fear— / Fear or an apprehensive sense?" (I.xxix.47). Could there be some design in his neutrality, his retreats into his "dumb castle"? (I.xxxi.59). These questions are put just after Rolfe and Vine meet, before the reader quite knows what is afoot; they indicate that the narrator has pretty well decided Vine bars the gate from fear of invasion. Shortly after Vine rejects Clarel by the Jordan comes a dramatic sequel—amusingly transparent in its psychology—in which Clarel discovers a hidden weakness in Vine (III.vii.13–47). The narrator's ambiguous description of what Clarel sees in Vine's face, there among the crags when Vine thinks he is alone, is explosive. For the Cenci theme had long been dynamite to both Hawthorne and Melville.¹¹⁰ Taken severely it would support Julian Hawthorne's notion that Melville really believed there was "some secret"—presumably a sin—in Hawthorne's past;¹¹¹ short of that it suggests unnameable private terrors and sufferings (not a casual surmise, considering the complexity of Hawthorne's final crack-up). In either case young Clarel has found some ambiguous and discrediting weakness in the noble Vine. If one accepts the Hawthorne identification, then here is Melville's secret conviction: beneath his shy and opulent serenity Hawthorne was scared.

A recurrent theme of the poem, explicable in terms of the Melville-Hawthorne identification and not easily otherwise, is the tournament of merits which from the beginning is set up be-

tween Rolfe and Vine. Clarel's first judgment that they are "peers" gives way before Rolfe's opening barrage of speculations, and he decides the reserved Vine is "choicer treasure" (I.xxxi.42,289). After Rolfe contends that Nehemiah's belief in the second coming of Christ is either "craze" or "simplicity," Clarel wonders if there can be truth in such "bluntness" and if this man Rolfe is going to be helpful or harmful (II.x.242). Then one night when he can't sleep Clarel suddenly begins to realize that Rolfe's frankness may be important for him, and that Vine, though attractive, is so far "a fountain sealed"; suddenly he has a quick intuition: there is in Rolfe "A gleam of oneness more than Vine's" (II.xvii.13-34). Shortly afterward Clarel again decides (this time without reference to Vine) that Rolfe is "sterling" in spite of his "illogical wild range," and that he, Clarel, simply must learn to endure this kind of strength (II.xxi.123). Meanwhile, however, he has been so overwhelmed by the personal attractiveness of Vine that he tries to "wed . . . souls" with Vine by the Jordan (II.xxvii), resulting, as we have seen, in Vine's rebuke and Clarel's subsequent discovery of Vine in a state of trembling weakness. With Vine unmasked, there now seems no use of expecting either of "winning" him or "coming at his mystery" (III.vii.38). The whole force of the contest now seems drained off. Rolfe's long talk with Clarel on the night following the revels again bewilders Clarel:

Earnest he seems: can union be
 "Twixt earnestness and levity?
 Or need at last in Rolfe confess
 Thy hollow, Manysidedness! (III.xvi.263)

Yet by the time they are on the way to Bethlehem, Clarel recognizes he is now using Rolfe's agnostic idiom (IV.iii.121). Thus Rolfe's victory is quietly completed, as is Melville's act of self-justification.

Significantly Vine retains his original prestige during the rest of the journey. He continues to communicate his special sense of power and grace almost as if the unmasking had not occurred. When the pilgrimage is over the narrator dismisses the travelers abruptly; only Vine receives a passing tribute—through him

Clarel, in the light of his recent tragedy, catches some kind of "new sense" (IV.xxxii.11). As to the relations of Rolfe and Vine, they have been satisfactory enough, though not at all what Clarel had hoped that first time he saw the two together and predicted such great things from "contact true— / Frank, cordial contact of the twain." For "Clarel was young," the narrator wryly notes (I.xxxi.43). The dominant psychological thesis of *Clarel* is that individual lives are infinitely complex, men do and think as they must, self-knowledge is hard won and limited, and full understanding between man and man is more than can be expected. By these terms Clarel got all that was due from his two mentors; Rolfe and Vine leave, after friendship, intact.

Some four years after Nathaniel Hawthorne at the age of sixty died quietly in his sleep in a hotel room in Plymouth, Melville wrote on the title page of his own copy of *Our Old Home*: "(May 19, 1864)," the date of death. Then or sooner he wrote the lyric "Monody":

To have known him, to have loved him
 After lonesome long;
 And then to be estranged in life,
 And neither in the wrong;
 And now for death to set his seal—
 Ease me, a little ease, my song!

By wintry hills his hermit-mound
 The sheeted snow-drifts drape,
 And houseless there the snow-bird flits
 Beneath the fir-trees' crape:
 Glazed now with ice the cloistral vine
 That hid the shyest grape.

The tribute was to the man who had excited and sustained him at his own ripest time, to whom he had written: "A sense of unspeakable security is in me this moment, on account of your having understood the book. . . . Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality." The letters to Hawthorne had always had such apocalyptic touches laced in between bits

of literary and barnyard gossip. His fundamental vision of the two of them was somehow sacramental. Writing to Duyckinck in the early days he spoke of one of Hawthorne's works as "an earlier vintage from his vine." In his eloquent fantasy of the two of them in a champagne heaven, he concluded with a symbolic allusion to "the vine which is to bear the grapes that are to give us the champagne hereafter."¹¹² Then when Hawthorne was gone, he put it down again: ice glazed "the cloistral vine / That hid the shyest grape." He could not forget this man who had so twined himself about him. As Melville turned inward for the re-enactment of the Palestine experience, there he saw him again:

But who is he uncovered seen,
 Profound in shadow of the tomb
 Reclined, with meditative mien
 Intent upon the tracery?
 A low wind waves his Lydian hair:
 A funeral man, yet richly fair—
 Fair as the sabled violets be.¹¹³ (I.xxviii.37)

Evoked literally from the tomb, this "funeral man" is resurrected out of the "rifled *Sepulcher of Kings*" for one more journey; he sits "where beauty clings, / Vining a grot how doubly dead" (I.xxviii.22), in meditation over an ancient frieze. "Name him—Vine." During the weary months and years of composition Melville could not resist subjecting Vine to analysis, as he did the others. As the narrator says when Clarel is at Celio's grave:

Whom life held apart—
 Life, whose cross-purposes make shy—
 Death yields without reserve of heart
 To meditation. (I.xl.32)

If Vine's motives are at times ruthlessly linked with passive ennui, overt anti-intellectualism, pride, and some ambiguous hidden fear, on the whole the criticisms are secondary. Vine retains to the end a sovereignty, not by present act or word, but as if by decree given years ago.

Clarel is a historical poem. The only *visualized* history of the poem is a documentary view of two cities, one monastery, and the countryside between them, in Palestine. This is not without interest in its own right as the report of a sensitive Western observer of the polyglot world of the Near East in the mid-nineteenth century. The poem provides a close-up of a fragmented social world of sub-cultures, variously defined by an intricate criss-cross of national, racial, and religious affiliations. Our concern here, however, is with that historical phase of the poem which is not visual but verbal: the projection in debate of the ethos of the contemporary Western World as Melville saw it. In particular we shall note his version of what was happening to postbellum America, and his view of the science-versus-religion controversy.

The culture in which Melville had matured as man and artist before the Civil War was marked by unlimited enthusiasm for the possibilities of democracy. The primary configuration of Young America was a widely shared faith in which political and religious ideals merged in predicting the unique role assigned America. This faith, especially as phrased by an Emerson or Whitman, transcended common experience, and yet it seemed generally valid in terms of the newly discovered bounty of the land and the energies and ingenuity of an ambitious people drawn here by its promise. America was building itself at a phenomenal rate. Settlers followed the frontiersmen west so rapidly that the continent was spanned almost within a generation; simultaneously merchantmen and whalers boldly opened a second frontier on the seas of the world. At home mechanics and farmers worked in an open-ended economy where land and materials were plentiful and man-power was at a premium. The young clerk bent over his Blackstone at night and dreamed of the city of Washington. The lyceum speaker with his "philosophical apparatus" (air pumps) or his cabinet of geological specimens demonstrated that the new science was handmaiden to the arts and the solid base for useful knowledge. The reformer moved about from one community to another, the draft of a third hang-

ing from his coat pocket. The preacher taught the everyday virtues, pointed out an uncomplicated road to personal salvation, and hazarded a prophecy on the fullness of time that was just ahead. Labor struggles, the economic crisis that began in 1837, worries about foreigners, deepening sectional conflicts, the war with Mexico, the rising menace of the slavery issue—somehow these were borne along on a general wave of euphoria and patriotism that most shared. In the America in which Melville spent his youth, invention, success, and prophecy ran riot; social faith was unbounded.

In the middle of the fifth decade of the century, just at the moment when the democratic faith was nearing the crest of the wave, Melville returned from his global wanderings and began the self-development which he himself placed at his twenty-fifth year (1844–1845). His reactions to what he now saw were divided: he experienced the emotional power of the age, yet at the same time he felt a temperamental opposition to its buoyant optimism. In his writings through *Moby-Dick* one sees the chiaroscuro of his own social faith and doubt. In *Mardi* (Chaps. 158–162) the section on Vivenza (the United States) offers both satiric oratory and serious invocations to the lusty and independent young America—"the foremost and goodliest stripling of the Present," a land which "brims with the future." The major event in the visit to Vivenza is the reading by a fiery youth of an anonymous scroll in which America is reminded of its great good fortune in land and space and warned of the "recoil" that may come with its exhaustion, is admonished that "Each age thinks its own is eternal," and is advised that "freedom is only good as a means; is no end in itself." The lessons of the past are urged on a nation concerned only with the present and its own future: "And though all evils may be assuaged; all evils cannot be done away. For evil is the chronic malady of the universe; and checked in one place, breaks forth in another." In particular Melville cites the anomaly of slavery in a free country and takes the South bitterly to task. Yet in *Redburn* (Chap. 33) his young narrator eloquently speaks the American dream: "We are the heirs of all time, and with all nations we divide our inheritance. . . . The other world beyond this, which was longed for by the devout

before Columbus' time, was found in the New. . . . Not a Paradise then, or now; but to be made so at God's good pleasure, and in the fulness and mellowness of time." In *White-Jacket* (Chap. 36) he picked up again the analogy that the New England settlers had cherished: "And we Americans are the peculiar, chosen people—the Israel of our time; we bear the ark of the liberties of the world." This sense of a divine destiny for America runs in and out of his writing; among the complexities of *Moby-Dick* one of young Ishmael's assurances (Chap. 26) is of "that democratic dignity which, on all hands, radiates without end from God; Himself! The great God absolute! The centre and circumference of all democracy! His omnipresence, our divine equality!" Melville in his early writings was as much an enraptured advocate of the democratic dream as he was shrewd critic of particular American institutions. Thus in "Hawthorne and His Mosses" he called on American writers to assert themselves through "that unshackled, democratic spirit of Christianity in all things."¹¹⁴ It was not by chance that Melville's greatest writing coincided with the highest wave of democratic faith. In later years he marked a famous passage in Arnold which exactly explained what had happened: "for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, *the power of the man and the power of the moment*, and the man is not enough without the moment."¹¹⁵ Romantic democracy had been midwife to *Moby-Dick*.

During the twenty-five years that elapsed between the publications of *Moby-Dick* and *Clarel* profound changes took place in the American democratic process. Qualifying that "democratic spirit of Christianity in all things," the nation plunged into civil war, forsook its humanitarian traditions in a brutal Reconstruction, and entered an orgy of economic self-exploitation. For the first time the acquisitive spirit and its vocabulary became the dominant one in American life. In the center of things was a visible island of brazenly corrupt practices. The spiritual exhortations of Emerson were pinned on roll-top desks to sanction aggrandizement. American democracy as reported by Lord Bryce in 1888 was scarcely recognizable as the same philosophy De Tocqueville had so generously described in 1835; and in

practice it was not the same. An unregulated capitalism which preserved the ideal of a Christian democracy chiefly in its philanthropic concessions was transforming the nation into a mighty machine for production and, at worst, exploitation.

During the same period Melville had gone through psychic exhaustion and a subsequent long period of depression. Thus in some measure, and mostly by chance, his own disillusionment corresponded with an American historical cycle. By the time he went to the Holy Land his essentially romantic apprehension of the world had crumbled at the foundations; and within four years after his return the guns at Fort Sumter were pounding at the base of romantic democracy. The sense of a "Sad arch between contrasted eras" which the narrator defines in *Clarel* (IV.v.80) is everywhere apparent in his later writings. Whereas in *Mardi* he had warned of dangers confronting a democracy in which he felt a stake, in *Clarel* he stood hostile to the whole spirit of the age. He was not alone. The formerly buoyant Whitman in *Democratic Vistas* (1871) turned savagely on the business classes, the government, the People: "society, in these States, is canker'd, crude, superstitious, and rotten." Mark Twain made his indictment in *The Gilded Age* (1873) sufficiently graphic to brand it permanently. Henry Adams' retrospective account in *The Education* (1907) was scathingly ironic. Though recent scholarship has somewhat modified criticism of the quarter century before 1900, partly in support of the current conservatism, no case has been made for the decade after the Civil War, nor does one seem possible; and that is the decade out of which *Clarel* grew. The publicists of 1876, the centennial year, of course did their job undaunted, conveniently taking the long view backwards and forwards. But to men of sensibility the era was a rotten time unsweetened by the encomiums amid the flimsy architecture of the Philadelphia Exposition.

Two direct contacts with realistic democracy had influenced Melville. One was the lyceum. Up to about 1850 the lyceum movement had genuinely meant something by its motto, "Knowledge is power," but by the time Melville came to its platform it had lost much of its early seriousness of purpose to the star system which was already beginning to predominate. At the time

of his lectures Melville was full of the Mediterranean, and seems to have wanted more than anything else to convey to his audiences some sense of the enormous reaches of history and his own newest sense of the human immediacy of classical civilization.¹¹⁶ Looking out over the gas-lighted auditoriums of the nation, he felt little response to the things he had to say; there was such a thing, he learned, as “a theme / From which the club and lyceum swerve” (III.iii.49). His second and severer experience was through the customs job which he held at \$4.00 a day all during the writing of *Clarel*. Had he been in search of the particular experience most likely to reveal the corruption, intrigue, and materialism of America after the Civil War he could not have chosen a better vantage point than the New York customs. A dozen years before Melville began his duties there in 1866, Stoddard, an acquaintance of Melville’s, had found its employees “incapable ‘fogies’ of all ages,—the mentally lame, halt, and blind,—for the Custom-House was an asylum for nonentities.”¹¹⁷ The fact that New York handled five-sixths of the total imposts of the United States made the post of collector the most famous political plum in America. Nowhere else did the spoils system and political racketeering flourish with such unchecked gusto. When the President of the United States found it necessary to suspend from the customs two nationally known figures, C. A. Arthur and A. B. Cornell, he did so because for several years they had made the customs a center of dirty political manipulations. At the customs—though he was mainly assigned to wharf duties—Melville surely learned first hand the penalties of unchecked democratic license.

Rolfe, Mortmain, and Ungar lead in the critical attack on the modern age; as the pilgrims note more than once, two of them are Americans. Mortmain’s bitter version of the successive failures of revolutionary politics in France may also be taken as Melville’s; the evidence of the poem is that Melville was thoroughly disillusioned with radical political action, that the adventures of the Paris Commune in 1871 increased them, and that as he grew older all experience seemed to support the essentially republican-aristocratic philosophy which his family had stood for. All three critics accuse the age of being content with

superficial knowledge, shrewdly concerned with the main chance only, arrogantly humanistic, worshipful of Mammon, and indifferent towards art, philosophy, and religion. That these charges had come to represent Melville's primary response to contemporary society, particularly American society, is corroborated by hints from his letters of the period,¹¹⁸ by his marginalia in the books he was reading,¹¹⁹ and by the miscellaneous verse he was writing.¹²⁰ The scattered attacks of the poem culminate toward the end of *Clarel* in Ungar's tirade against democracy (IV.xix-xxi). He denounces democracy as the "Arch strumpet of an impious age," and in the heated argument with Derwent which this provokes chastizes contemporary society for its collapse of spiritual power. Led on by Rolfe, Ungar lashes the New World for its capitulation to speed and demagogism, predicting a "Thirty Years (of) War." His forecast for democracy is bleak:

"Myriads playing pygmy parts—
Debased into equality:
In glut of all material arts
A civic barbarism may be:
Man disennobled—brutalised
By popular science—Atheized
Into a smatterer—"

"Oh, oh!"

"Yet knowing all self need to know
In self's base little fallacy;
Dead level of rank common-place:
An Anglo-Saxon China, see,
May on your vast plains shame the race
In the Dark Ages of Democracy." (IV.xxi.135)

It was not a page of *Clarel* to be left open in the case of Putnam exhibits at Philadelphia, "a pretty and modest case, in which Washington Irving is the star."¹²¹ The whole theory of America's divine origins—that a continent was preserved on purpose for the American millennial Eden—strikes Ungar as having come down to a humanistic riot "in satire of the heaven" (IV.xxi.57). The myth has come full circle, Rolfe thinks:

Our New World bold
Had fain improved upon the Old;
But the hemispheres are counterparts. (IV.v.62)

In her fratricidal war and her "misrule after strife" (IV.v.49) and particularly in her surrender to "King Common-Place" (I. xxxiv.23) America had forfeited her claims to divine origin and destiny. Only a deep sense of irony could have prompted Melville's introduction of the character Don Hannibal into the last section of the poem: this boisterous Mexican, having lost an arm and a leg in his fight for democracy, has now fled the curses of progress and reform and has come seeking asylum from the New World in the Old! Melville was bitter about the loss of the social myth which he had often criticized but which had nourished his life and art.

Related to the changes in American social philosophy after the War was the crisis in religious thought. The upheaval generally followed the pattern of controversy being enacted abroad. Inherited beliefs were struggling especially with three successive developments in science: geology, with its implicit attack on Genesis and hence revelation; higher criticism, advocate of a new approach to Sacred History in keeping with scientific methods; and evolution, exponent of biological process as the explanation of man's history. As the century developed, the church was increasingly hard pressed to square its dogma and traditions with the new knowledge provided by Lyell, the English disciples of Continental scholars, and Darwin. The American churches felt the blow at second hand but none the less severely soon after the country emerged from the War. During the seventies and eighties there was much internal conflict. Huxley and Tyndall crossed the water to confront vast audiences of bewildered Americans with the new theories. In defense of the churches an army of great evangelical preachers rose to meet the challenge—Beecher, Talmadge, Moody, Chapin, Bellows, and Brooks. Within a twenty-year period the religious magazines of the country doubled in number, many of them created especially to defend the faith. Leading secular magazines carried symposiums on such subjects as immortality, evolution, God, hell, Sabbatarianism.

Theological liberals like John Fiske, John W. Draper, James Freeman Clarke, and Andrew Dickson White were popularizing comparative religion and minimizing dogma, while all over the country local clergymen dug in and defended or modified their commitments. The intellectuals were discussing *Essays and Reviews*, Renan, Strauss, and Darwin; for the educated it was hard to be indifferent.

It is in terms of such controversy that much of the foreground of *Clarel* is to be understood. Apparently an avid skimmer of current journals and newspapers Melville became saturated with the vocabulary of the debate. He dramatized the Victorian suspicion that science was the confirmed enemy of revealed religion and the prime antagonist in the struggle. Beneath Mortmain's Slanted Cross, scrawled on the sea-face of a giant rock that faces the Dead Sea, Margoth, the geologist, triumphantly chalks:

*I, Science, I whose gain's thy loss,
I slanted thee, thou Slanting Cross.*

(II.xxxi.102)

But both Rolfe and the narrator take a more complex view of science. Spurred by Margoth's presence Rolfe argues that modern science is merely a supplement to the great conceptions of early thinkers, that Newton did not once and for all solve the world's riddle, and that the lapse of the Christian dream leaves man islanded:

"Where stretched an isthmus, rolls a strait:
Cut off, cut off! Canst feel elate
While all the depths of Being moan,
Though luminous on every hand,
The breadths of shallow knowledge more expand?
Much as a light-ship keeper pines
Mid shoals immense, where dreary shines
His lamp, we toss beneath the ray
Of Science' beacon. This to trim
Is now man's barren office."

(II.xxi.93)

It is a memorable image of science as an aid to navigation but not a port. Science elucidates man's ignorance, Rolfe says, but

also deepens and enlarges it (I.xxxi.195). So with the narrator, who takes the position that since "truth requires strong retinue," poetry, science, and instinct should all be brought to bear (II. xi.17). The theme of his "Epilogue" is that science is a party of the feud and not an umpire; we know more, but the more light, the more shadow.

Melville was a religious type. Long since he had rebelled against the stern Calvinism in which he had been reared, but he needed a myth of comparable force to take its place. His prose writings are those of a fabulist whose need for myth-making was almost a matter of survival. Perhaps this is why he turned from short poems to the writing of *Clarel*, where he could have scope for his drama of paradise lost. Over and again there runs through it the double vision: the world of miracle and divine event on the one hand, the world of broken monuments and scattered stone on the other. Scarcely a canto fails to make the point, outrightly or through buried image or allusion, that the gods of Christendom parallel the gods of Greece and Rome, and *both* are gone. Whether or not the first will return is not answered, though Rolfe's instinct is that time and God are inexhaustible:

"Though some be hurled
From anchor, nor a haven find;
Not less religion's ancient port,
Till the crack of doom, shall be resort
In stress of weather for mankind.
Yea, long as children feel affright
In darkness, men shall fear a God;
And long as daisies yield delight
Shall see His footprints in the sod." (I.xxxi.186)

Melville was like one of William James' case histories for *The Varieties of Religious Experience*; the need to be twice-born was in his blood stream. The kinds of questions to which the great religions addressed themselves were precisely those Melville's temperament and training would not let him do without. It was the same problem that Clough, Arnold, and Tennyson wrote into many of their poems, that underlay Lowell's lament in "The Cathedral" (1869), and that motivated scores of Dickin-

son's brilliant, fractured inquiries. Hawthorne hit it almost right about Melville: "He can neither believe, nor be comfortable in his unbelief; and he is too honest and courageous not to try to do one or the other." The loss of faith is the basic assumed fact of the poem, and its largest problem is how to endure the overwhelming sense of a shattered vision.

NOTES

¹ Pronounced *Clār' ēl* according to family tradition; the metrical demands of the poem generally support the first-syllable accent.

² *Redburn*, Chap. 1.

³ *Journal of a Visit to London and the Continent by Herman Melville, 1849-1850*, ed. Eleanor Melville Metcalf (Harvard University Press, 1948), pp. 9-10.

⁴ Sealts, Nos. 54, 282: Merton M. Sealts, Jr., *Melville's Reading: A Check-List of Books Owned and Borrowed* (Offprinted from *Harvard Library Bulletin*, 1948-1950). For some emendations of titles, including the two above, see Sealts' Supplement in *HLB*, VI (1952), 239-247.

⁵ Quoted from the original MSS in the possession of Mrs. Metcalf.

⁶ Jay Leyda, *The Melville Log: A Documentary Life of Herman Melville, 1819-1891*, 2 vols. (New York, 1951), II, 524. Biographical aspects of the present study have been drawn mainly from original MSS, but ordinarily only the *Log* will be cited—for simplicity, and because of the valuable contextual setting the *Log* provides for any document. Biographical facts or citations from letters that are dated in my text (and for which no reference is given) may quickly be found in the *Log*.

⁷ *The English Notebooks by Nathaniel Hawthorne*, ed. Randall Stewart (New York, 1941), pp. 432-433, 437. Only those portions I have italicized were printed in Mrs. Hawthorne's 1870 edition of *Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne* which Melville owned and no doubt read while composing *Clarel* (Sealts, No. 251). Her edition used 5 sets of ellipses in this entry of 30 November—surely an infinitely tantalizing fact to Melville. Mrs. Hawthorne said in her "Preface" that she had omitted some of Hawthorne's remarks that were "too personal with regard to himself or others"—as indeed was the case here, by her terms.

⁸ *Log*, II, 530, 531, 560.

⁹ *Journal of a Visit to Europe and the Levant, October 11, 1856-May 6, 1857*, by Herman Melville, ed. Howard C. Horsford (Princeton University Press, 1955). This new edition completely replaces Raymond Weaver's pioneering *Journal Up the Straits* (New York, 1935) as a text, and its scholarly introduction and detailed annotations provide for the first time a proper context. Horsford keeps Melville's weird spellings. Subsequent references to the *Journal* always refer to the Horsford edition.

¹⁰ *Journal*, p. 65.

¹¹ *Journal*, p. 109.

¹² *Journal*, p. 111.

¹³ *Journal*, p. 164.

¹⁴ *Journal*, p. 165.

¹⁵ *Journal*, pp. 166–167.

¹⁶ *Journal*, pp. 75–105.

¹⁷ *Journal*, pp. 113–124.

¹⁸ One recalls the image of the descent into the pyramid in *Pierre* (Bk. XXI); the chimney-pyramid images of “I And My Chimney”; and the problem of sanity in his short poem, “The Great Pyramid.”

¹⁹ This theme of annihilation through introversion is the context in which Mortmain, a major character of the poem, is best understood.

²⁰ *Collected Poems of Herman Melville*, ed. Howard P. Vincent (Chicago, 1947), pp. 254–255.

²¹ Bayard Taylor, *The Lands of the Saracen* (New York, 1855), p. 58.

²² *Journal*, p. 145, in the Jerusalem section (pp. 140–155). Only 4 days before, while waiting for his ship to Jaffa, he had sat all day in the Victoria Hotel in Alexandria reading “a book on Palestine” (*Journal*, p. 114).

²³ *Journal*, p. 127.

²⁴ *The Modern Judaea* (Glasgow, 1841), p. 57.

²⁵ *Journal*, pp. 142, 154.

²⁶ *Journal*, pp. 147–150.

²⁷ Stephens, *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land* (New York, 1854), II, 197–218. Browne, *Yusef; or the Journey of the Franji* (New York, 1853), pp. 359–390. Curtis, *The Howadji in Syria* (New York, 1852), pp. 192–203. Taylor, *op. cit.*, pp. 60–71. Bryant, *Letters from the East* (New York, 1869), p. 185. DeForest, *Oriental Acquaintance; or, Letters from Syria* (New York, 1856), pp. 91–107. Twain, *The Innocents Abroad*, Stormfield Edition (New York, 1929), II, 333–352. Kinglake, *Eöthen, or, Traces of Travel Brought Home from the East* (New York, 1845), pp. 104–109, 129–132. Warburton, *The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel* (New York, 1848), II, 103–113. Martineau, *Eastern Life, Present and Past* (Philadelphia, 1848), pp. 415–429. M. A. Titmarsh [Thackeray], *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo* (New York, 1852), pp. 127–129. F. A. de Chateaubriand, *Travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt, and Barbary*, trans. F. Shoberl (New York, 1814), pp. 249–276. Alphonse de Lamartine, *A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land* (New York, 1848), I, 285–301. Gustave Flaubert, *Correspondance* (Paris, 1926–1933), II, 225–234.

²⁸ *Journal*, pp. 127–129.

²⁹ *Journal*, pp. 134–139.

³⁰ *The Innocents Abroad*, I, 1; II, 342. Twain went on: “I cannot describe the hideous afternoon’s ride from the Dead Sea to Mars [*sic*] Saba. It oppresses me yet, to think of it. . . . The ghastly, treeless, grassless, breathless cañons smothered us as if we had been in an oven” (II, 345).

³¹ *The Howadji in Syria*, p. 199; italics mine.

³² Melville had evoked Dead Sea images several times as the root metaphor of the first sketch in “The Encantadas,” transferring Hebraic attributes of penalty, curse, and barrenness to the unmythical Galapagos. He summoned the Sea itself, apples of Sodom, “lords of Asphaltum,” and “split Syrian gourds”; and as his theme culminated, asserted that “in my time

I have indeed slept upon evilly enchanted ground." This was about three years before the Palestinian adventure.

³³ *Journal*, p. 136.

³⁴ Murray's *A Handbook for Travellers in Syria and Palestine*, 2 vols. (London, 1858), I, 204.

³⁵ *Journal*, pp. 137-138. Italics indicate penciled underlinings probably made during composition of *Clarel*.

³⁶ *Journal*, pp. 129-134.

³⁷ Sealts, *Melville's Reading*, is indispensable for any study of Melville's intellectual development. Data on volumes cited may be found there. Excerpts from Melville's marginalia may be found in Leyda's *Log*. Melville's own copies have been consulted for the present study.

³⁸ For a detailed study, see my "Melville's Reading of Arnold's Poetry," *PMLA*, LXIX (1954), 365-391. I have drawn there the contours of Melville's poetic sensibility and concern for craft during the apprenticeship for *Clarel*. Numerous specific debts to Arnold are suggested.

³⁹ Melville's use of his Mediterranean journal for ideas and particulars in his lectures and writings is ably summarized by Horsford (*Journal*, pp. 29-41).

⁴⁰ VIII (November, 1856), 544.

⁴¹ Disraeli drew on the Eastern phase of his grand tour of 1828-1831 for the setting of *Tancred*.

⁴² *Journal*, pp. 133, 220, 254; note also the manner, as if plotting a story, at p. 187. Horsford cites others in his Introduction.

⁴³ *Log*, II, 581-582, 694.

⁴⁴ For example: John Pierpont, *Airs of Palestine and Other Poems* (Boston, 1816; 1840); Richard Monckton Milnes, *Palm Leaves* (London, 1844); Bayard Taylor, *Poems of the Orient* (Boston, 1855); William Rounseville Alger, *The Poetry of the East* (Boston, 1856). After the War there was still time for the Reverend Edward Payson Hammond's *Sketches of Palestine* (London, 1868)—very popular in America—and Richard Henry Stoddard's *The Book of the East and Other Poems* (Boston, 1871). Melville knew most of these people, possibly all of these books, and certainly some similar books.

⁴⁵ Of the 25 or more passages in *Clarel* which are either probably or certainly based on Arthur Penrhyn Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine in Connection with their History* (New York, 1863), acquired by Melville in April, 1870, almost all occur in the last two-thirds of the poem. See my unpublished dissertation, "Herman Melville's *Clarel*" (Yale, 1943), pp. 354-355.

⁴⁶ Fragments of his poetic writings before and during the War probably went into *Clarel*. However I see no evidence for Simon's speculation (cited later) that the general plan and much of the first volume were worked out before *Battle-Pieces*.

⁴⁷ The only known fragment of the poem in Melville's own hand is a copy of one of its songs (see note to III.iv.1).

⁴⁸ All borrowings from the journals are cited in the Explanatory Notes. For general discussions of these borrowings see Horsford in *Journal*, pp. 38-40, and Bezanson in "Herman Melville's *Clarel*," pp. 108-113; the latter also carries a fairly complete listing of parallel passages (Appendix F).

⁴⁹ *Melville's Use of the Bible* (Duke University Press, 1949).

⁵⁰ Howard Vincent has suggested in *The Trying-Out of Moby-Dick* (Boston, 1949), pp. 271–272, that Melville was a user of John Kitto's *A Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature*, 2 vols. (New York, 1846). Miss Wright's study, pp. 13–14, suggests further possibilities. In the course of annotating *Clarel*, I have found no single Biblical commentary adequate, though Kitto is often useful.

⁵¹ As early as 1859 Melville ordered for his brother Allan a handsome gift-copy of William Thomson's *The Land and the Book* (New York, 1859). In January, 1870, he bought for himself William Bartlett's *Forty Days in the Desert* (New York [186–?]); and at some unknown time his *The Nile Boat* (New York [186–?]); both volumes he marked in some detail. April, 1870, he bought Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* and marked it heavily. November, 1870, he ordered John Macgregor's *The Rob Roy on the Jordon, Nile, Red Sea, and Gennesareth* (New York, 1870); Melville's copy has been lost, but examination of other copies shows the book was not a source. For Christmas, 1870, he gave his wife Bartlett's popular table-book, *Walks about the City and Environs of Jerusalem* (London [186–?]); to his credit the pages are unmarked, but for considerable evidence that both the text and illustrations affected *Clarel*, see Explanatory Notes. June, 1872, he purchased Edward Palmer's *The Desert of the Exodus* (New York, 1872); the copy is lost, the book was not a source. Location of these books, when known, is given in Sealts.

⁵² However he checked in *Sinai and Palestine* a reference to a 30-page bibliographical article on the Holy Land previously published by Stanley in the *Quarterly Review*, and may have used it for guidance. I find no evidence that he used either of the 2 most formidable triumphs of contemporary scholarship in historical geography—Edward Robinson's *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, 3 vols. (Boston, 1841), or the English abridgment to 4 vols. of Carl Ritter's massive *Erdkunde von Asien* (trans. 1866).

⁵³ Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (1815–1881), famous Rugby boy and the biographer of Arnold's father, became Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford in the year his book on Palestine came out (1856). To his own graphic narrative of a trip from Egypt through the Wilderness and up into Palestine he added critical commentaries based on the entire available literature of the Levant, documenting and sifting evidence with a master's hand.

⁵⁴ Nathalia Wright, "A Source for Melville's *Clarel*: Dean Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*," *MLN*, LXII (1947), 110–116. A more extensive study of Melville's use of Stanley may be found in my "Herman Melville's *Clarel*," pp. 114–133.

⁵⁵ The Bohn volume was *Early Travels in Palestine*, ed. Thomas Wright (London, 1848); for the legend see *Clarel* I.xxxv. Sandys' *Relation*, 6th ed. (London, 1670), has an account, p. 124, of the Jerusalem Cross; this was probably the germ of *Clarel* IV.ii.

⁵⁶ M. C-F Volney, *Travels through Syria and Egypt, in the Years 1783, 1784, and 1785*, 2nd ed. of English trans. (London, 1788); Chateaubriand and Lamartine are cited above; all 3 are mentioned in *Clarel* (II.xvi), as is the Knight of the Leopard—"Scott's dreamed knight." Examples of Eastern words from William Beckford's *Vathek: An Arabian Tale*, ed. Richard Garnett (London, 1893), include: *Giaour*, *Mani*, *Muezins*, *Koran*, *Bis-*

mallah, *Santons*, *Brahmins*, *Eblis*; from Thomas Hope's *Anastasius, or, Memoirs of a Greek: Written at the Close of the Eighteenth Century* (London, 1836): *Arnaoot*, *Spahee*, *Osmanlee*, *Mamluke*, *Emir*, *Ramadan*, *Bedauee*, *Simoom*, *Santon*, *Franks*, *Bey*; all these words occur in *Clarel*, though spellings may vary. Whether or not Melville read John Lewis Burckhardt's badly written but informed *Travels in Syria and the Holy Land* (London, 1822), he knew something of his death and life (*Clarel* I.x1; II.xxx).

⁵⁷ Hon. Robert Curzon, *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant* (New York, 1849).

⁵⁸ *Collected Poems*, p. 231.

⁵⁹ Letter, 26 May 1873, in *Family Correspondence of Herman Melville, 1830-1904*, ed. Victor Hugo Paltsits (New York, 1929), p. 29.

⁶⁰ Heavily marked in Melville's copy of Arnold's *Essays in Criticism* (Boston, 1865), p. 102, and annotated: "This is the first verbal statement of a truth which every one who thinks in these days must have felt." Acquired in 1869, but probably marked in 1871.

⁶¹ *Log*, II, 748.

⁶² The delays may have been: 1) a late decision on the dedication: in all copies of the first edition examined, the dedication page is not part of a signature, but is tipped in; 2) some confusion over proofs: Melville's own proof corrections were never used (see Textual Notes); and 3) a last minute decision on the title: in all family correspondence before publication *Clarel* was referred to merely as "the book." Only "a small edition . . . was printed," according to the later testimony of Melville's wife, "and was withdrawn from circulation by Mr. Melville on finding that it commanded but a very limited sale, being in strong contrast to his previous popular works." John T. Winterich, "The Compleat Collector," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, VIII (1932), 531.

⁶³ Reproduced in the Explanatory Notes (IV.ii.54).

⁶⁴ At least no copy of an English issue has been found. The *Westminster Review*, CV (1876), 282, however, in listing *Clarel* gave as place and date of publication: "London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876."

⁶⁵ "This copy is specially presented to my wife, without whose assistance in manifold ways I hardly know how I could have got the book (under the circumstances) into shape, and finally through the press." Dated 6 June 1876; in possession of Mrs. Metcalf.

⁶⁶ *Log*, II, 786, 789.

⁶⁷ Between 1867 and 1872 there appeared, among others, a complete *Divina Commedia* by Longfellow, an *Inferno* by Parsons, a *Vita Nuova* by Norton; Bryant's *Iliad and Odyssey*; and Taylor's complete *Faust*.

⁶⁸ *Log*, II, 750-751.

⁶⁹ *Nation*, XXII (15 June 1876), and "Register of Books Received During the Half-Year Ending June 30, 1876." *Independent*, XXVIII (6 July 1876).

⁷⁰ *Atlantic*, XXXVIII (July-November, 1876). A further episode, "Saunterings About Constantinople," appeared in *Scribner's*, XIII (December, 1876). And as soon as Warner's book, *In the Levant* (2 vols.) came out it was enthusiastically reviewed in *Harper's*, LIV (March, 1877).

⁷¹ *Library Table*, I (August, 1876); *Galaxy*, XXII (August, 1876); *Lippincott's*, XVIII (September, 1876).

⁷² CV (October, 1876).

⁷³ X (19 August 1876). The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* of 8 September reprinted part of this review noting that Melville's poem "receives kindlier countenance in England than it has in his own land." The *Republican's* own brief notice of 18 July had not been flattering. I am indebted to Jay Leyda for both *Republican* notices.

⁷⁴ Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., "Herman Melville," *The Review*, I (1919), 276-278, 298-301. Raymond M. Weaver, *Herman Melville: Mariner and Mystic* (New York, 1921), pp. 357-365. John Middleton Murry, a review in the *New York Times Book Review* (10 August 1924), p. 7. John Freeman, *Herman Melville* (New York, 1926), pp. 166-169. Lewis Mumford, *Herman Melville* (New York, 1929), pp. 307-325. K. H. Sundermann, *Herman Melville's Gedankengut: Eine kritische Untersuchung seiner weltanschaulichen Grundideen* (Berlin, 1937), pp. 37-57. Willard Thorp, *Herman Melville: Representative Selections, with Introduction, Bibliography, and Notes* (New York, 1938), pp. lxxxviii-xciii. Jean Simon, *Herman Melville: Marin, Métaphysicien, et Poète* (Paris, 1939), pp. 467-490. William Braswell, *Melville's Religious Thought: An Essay in Interpretation* (Duke University Press, 1943), pp. 109-113ff. Henry W. Wells, *The American Way of Poetry* (Columbia University Press, 1943), pp. 78-88. Walter E. Bezanson, "Herman Melville's *Clarel*," unpub. diss. (Yale, 1943), *passim*. William Ellery Sedgwick, *Herman Melville: The Tragedy of Mind* (Harvard University Press, 1945), pp. 198-230. Geoffrey Stone, *Melville* (New York, 1949), pp. 275-298. Richard Chase, *Herman Melville: A Critical Study* (New York, 1949), pp. 242-257. Newton Arvin, *Herman Melville* (New York, 1950), pp. 269-278, 283-287. Ronald Mason, *The Spirit Above the Dust: A Study of Herman Melville* (London, 1951), pp. 224-244. Leon Howard, *Herman Melville: A Biography* (University of California Press, 1951), pp. 297-309.

⁷⁵ Evidently it was here that Parrington picked up the page and a half of quotations which he threw in at the end of his account of Melville in the second volume (1927) of his widely read *Main Currents in American Thought*.

⁷⁶ Vols. XIV-XV in Constable and Company's Standard Edition, *The Works of Herman Melville* (London, 1922-1924).

⁷⁷ Sandys, *Relation*, p. 120.

⁷⁸ In the present section I am indebted to Arvin's highly original analysis of Melville's language, both in his *Herman Melville*, pp. 262-269, and in the somewhat ampler version, "Melville's Shorter Poems," *Partisan Review*, XVI (1949), 1034-1046. Another excellent piece on the manner of the short poems is Robert Penn Warren's "Melville the Poet," *Kenyon Review*, VIII (1946), 208-223. Laurence Barrett has commented more generally in "The Differences in Melville's Poetry," *PMLA*, LXX (1955), 606-623.

⁷⁹ See my "Melville's Reading of Arnold's Poetry," pp. 388-390, for possible specific indebtedness to the "Stanzas" in general theme, kinds of events, actual vocabulary, technical devices, and rhythmic patterns.

⁸⁰ The only notable and effective divergences occur in the varied forms of the short lyrics and in the expanded 5-beat line of the Epilogue. For the

rest, one encounters an occasional 5-beat line at the end of a section of a canto (as in III.i.24 and IV.xii.85-86), or simply when the line gets out of hand (II.xxi.97). Such special effects as 2-beat lines in the middle of a section, for example, are rare (III.xix.64,68).

⁸¹ The shortest canto is but 19 lines ("Dirge": IV.xxxi); the longest is one of 4 that exceed 300 lines ("Nathan": I.xvii). The term *canto*, by the way, is used by the narrator (IV.xxv.59).

⁸² Four of these religious "complaints" are especially effective: Hymn to the Slanted Cross (Mortmain), II.xxxi; Salt-Song (Beltha), II.xxxiv; Invocation (Rolfe), III.xxxii; Persian Rhyme (Rolfe), IV.xvi.

⁸³ The window is usually a porthole. Some examples of these brilliant sea similes begin at I.xli.70, III.ii.59; III.vii.58; III.xxix.11; IV.iv.42. Similes (or songs) often open cantos; they fracture reader complacency (as with II.xvi, analyzed above, or IV.vii).

⁸⁴ Summary descriptions and analyses of major and minor characters will be found in the Critical Index preceding the Notes.

⁸⁵ T. S. Eliot, "Henry James," in *The Shock of Recognition*, ed. Edmund Wilson (New York, 1947), p. 863.

⁸⁶ Here are 21 examples: *self-asserted, self-center, self-considerings, self-control, self-derived, self-devotion, self-exiled, self-given, self-hood, self-knowledge, self-love, self-possessed, self-querying, self-rebukeful, self-respect, self-restraint, self-satisfied, self-sufficing, self-surprised, self-sustained, self-taxings*.

⁸⁷ Melville's *Use of the Bible*, pp. 47-60. W. H. Auden has a very provocative discussion of the Sea and the Desert in the first essay of his *The Enchafed Flood, or The Romantic Iconography of the Sea* (New York, 1950).

⁸⁸ R. W. B. Lewis's *The American Adam* (Chicago, 1955) brilliantly draws the contours of this important image of the American imagination.

⁸⁹ *Ship, frigate, brig, barque, ship-of-the-line, seventy-four, three-decker, battleship, ship of steel, boat, proa, cutter, raft, sailboat, fleet; hull, keel, kelson, hold, porthole, cabin, stern-light, taffrail, bulwarks, rigging, sail, mast, mast-head, spar, jib-boom, prow, rope, anchor, cable, tackle, ballast; watch, mid-watch, crew, tars, sailor, stowaway, messmate, topman, rower, ship-boy, boatswain, pilot, captain, mate, mariner, mutineer, castaway; glass, compass, chart, rocket, signal-gun, bell, bell-buoy, buoy, light-ship, light-house; port, harbor, haven, wharf, ship's manifest, channel, road, dock-yard forge, quay, night-patrolman; wave, surge, billow, wake, flood, current, drift, calm, swell, tide, ebb, flow, foam, spray, roller, surf, spray-cloud, sea, ocean, main, sea-bed, ocean-bed, island, strait, isthmus, cape, cove, shallow, deep, shoal, reef, rock, bar, sandbar, coral, iceberg, beach, strand, sand, undertow, shell, kelp, weed, coast, coastline, lee; waterspout, corposant, phosphorus, fog, mist, scud, rack, wind, storm, tempest, trade-wind; to anchor, to steer, to moor, to sail, to speak, to hail, to wreck, to founder, etc.* Also references to a variety of fish and seabirds; and to whales (I.xxxvii.83; II.x.224; III.xiv.130; III.xxi.10; IV.iii.3).

⁹⁰ *The American Notebooks By Nathaniel Hawthorne*, ed. Randall Stewart (New Haven, 1932), p. 220, report an interesting parallel: "a cavalier on horseback came along the road, and saluted me in Spanish; to which I replied by touching my hat, and went on with the newspaper. But the

cavalier renewing his salutation, I regarded him more attentively, and saw that it was Herman Melville!"

⁹¹ *Log*, II, 658. Or see in his letter to Hawthorne of 29 June 1851, quoted in Weaver, *Herman Melville*, pp. 318–320, the sudden apology: "But I am falling into my old foible,—preaching."

⁹² *Journal*, p. 136.

⁹³ IV.iii.98. Agath's anonymous "island" is clearly in the Galapagos, the site of Melville's "The Encantadas." It is quite as desperate a world as that of the Chola widow, Hunilla.

⁹⁴ IV.xiii.7; cf. Melville's cluster-poem called "Pebbles," (VII): "Healed of my hurt, I laud the inhuman sea."

⁹⁵ III.xiv.29. Hawthorne's experiences among the artists in Italy are fictionalized in *The Marble Faun* (Sealts, No. 247); accounts of his visits to Powers' studio in Florence are in his *Passages From the French and Italian Notebooks* (Sealts, No. 252), acquired in 1872.

⁹⁶ Sealts lists 19 different works by or about Hawthorne which Melville or members of his family owned (Nos. 244–261, 387). Many of them are marked; at least 6 of these were acquired during 1868–1872 when Melville was well into *Clarel* and buying books for it. Some general identification of Vine as Hawthorne has been accepted by most recent critics. I discussed it with F. O. Matthiessen just before his book appeared; he did not feel he knew *Clarel* well enough at that time to be sure of it, but in *American Renaissance* (New York, 1941), p. 490, he noted it in passing as "possible." Bezanson, "Herman Melville's *Clarel*," pp. 175–215, is an earlier version of the above. Sedgwick, p. 206, is "convinced" of the parallel. Stone, pp. 156–158, generally accepts it. Chase, p. 247, thinks it "very probable." Mason, p. 235, considers it "possible" but prefers Vine as an attribute of Melville. Howard, p. 300, sees "a good deal of Hawthorne in the character of Vine," but specifically denies the relevance of the Vine-Clarel scene.

⁹⁷ Elizabeth Peabody, in Julian Hawthorne, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife* (Boston, 1884), I, 178f., said "he looked, at first, almost fierce with his determination not to betray his sensitive shyness, which he always recognized as a weakness." Julian himself put it directly: "if he chatted with a group of rude sea-captains . . . or talked metaphysics with Herman Melville on the hills of Berkshire, he would aim to appear in each instance a man like as they were; he would have the air of being interested in their interests and viewing life by their standards. Of course, this was only apparent; the real man stood aloof and observant. . . ." (I, 88f.) In his preface to *The Scarlet Letter* Hawthorne speaks of keeping "the inmost Me behind its veil," and even his letters to Sophia, though warm, admit reticences.

⁹⁸ II.xxxiii.81. The cluster of phrases that catch this attribute of Vine are similar to many applied to little Pearl in *The Scarlet Letter*; their mood also appears often in Hawthorne's children's stories.

⁹⁹ In his preface to *The Marble Faun* Hawthorne explained that he "proposed to himself merely to write a fanciful story, evolving a thoughtful moral. . . ." His short stories can be accurately called "moral fantasies."

¹⁰⁰ Compare with Hawthorne's favorite theme of the absorptive power of sin.

¹⁰¹ Thorp, *Representative Selections*, p. 333.

¹⁰² Thorp, pp. 331, 341.

¹⁰³ Thorp, pp. 394–396.

¹⁰⁴ II.xxvii. Arvin, pp. 206–208, also sees this scene as a Melville-Hawthorne projection.

¹⁰⁵ Kenyon says, in *The Marble Faun*, Chap. 31: "I am a man, and between man and man there is always an insuperable gulf. They can never quite grasp each other's hands; and therefore man never derives any intimate help, any heart sustenance, from his brother man, but from woman, —his mother, his sister, or his wife."

¹⁰⁶ P. 87. Acquired by Melville in 1870 (Sealts, No. 250).

¹⁰⁷ I.xxxi.276; II.xv.42. Melville wrote to Hawthorne regarding *The House of Seven Gables*: "finally, in one corner, there is a dark little black-letter volume in golden clasps, entitled 'Hawthorne: A Problem.'" Letter of March [?] 1851; Thorp, p. 387.

¹⁰⁸ See Sect. i above and note 7. Reasoning "of Providence and futurity" of course echoes the derogation of the hell scene in *Paradise Lost*, II, 555ff; Hawthorne and Melville both knew the passage.

¹⁰⁹ *Log*, I, 415.

¹¹⁰ See note to III.vii.19.

¹¹¹ *Hawthorne and His Circle* (New York, 1903), p. 33.

¹¹² Thorp, pp. 394, 396; 385–386; 391.

¹¹³ This violet turns up again even more pointedly at the end of II.xxii, where Vine's "heart's shadow" is called "the Violet of the Dead." Ardent symbolists may wish to extend this death theme to Vine's second quatrain sung at Mar Saba (III.xiv.37); here the rose-leaves (life) blow down about him; but on their "death-bed" grow amaranths (an immortality symbol in *Pierre*); sad but hopeful, says Derwent, "Like purple in a royal mourning."

¹¹⁴ Thorp, p. 339.

¹¹⁵ *Essays in Criticism* (Sealts, No. 17), p. 5; Melville underlined the italicized phrase.

¹¹⁶ Especially in "Statuary in Rome," a new transcription of which has been uncovered by Sealts in the *Detroit Daily Free Press*, 14 January 1858.

¹¹⁷ R. H. Stoddard, *Recollections Personal and Literary* (New York, 1903), p. 137. For a cautious description of customs procedures 5 years after Melville began work there see T. B. Thorpe, "The New York Custom-House," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XLIII (1871), 11–26.

¹¹⁸ As in his comment of 1863 on "this dishonorable epoch" (*Log*, II, 658); his brusque characterization of the Centennial of 1876, after visiting it, as "a sort of tremendous Vanity Fair" (*Log*, II, 756); his remarks in 1877 about "these 'degenerate days'" (*Log*, II, 756); and his evident disgust with the Hayes fiasco of 1876–1877 (*Log*, II, 759).

¹¹⁹ For example his extensive markings in Arnold's *Essays in Criticism* include some 20 passages on mediocrity in England and America.

¹²⁰ Among the short poems, "The Ravaged Villa," "The Enthusiast," "The Age of the Antonines," "The American Aloe on Exhibition," "In the Hall of Marbles," "Angel o' the Agel" and "Gold in the Mountain."

¹²¹ *The Independent*, XXVIII (20 July 1876), 11.

[MELVILLE'S DEDICATION]

By

A S P O N T A N E O U S A C T ,

NOT VERY LONG AGO,

MY KINSMAN, THE LATE

Peter Gansevoort,

OF ALBANY, N. Y.,

IN A PERSONAL INTERVIEW PROVIDED FOR THE PUBLICA-
TION OF THIS POEM, KNOWN TO HIM BY REPORT,
AS EXISTING IN MANUSCRIPT.

JUSTLY AND AFFECTIONATELY THE PRINTED BOOK IS

Inscribed with his name.

[MELVILLE'S NOTE]

If during the period in which this work has remained unpublished, though not undivulged, any of its properties have by a natural process exhaled; it yet retains, I trust, enough of original life to redeem it at least from vapidty. Be that as it may, I here dismiss the book—content beforehand with whatever future awaits it.

PART I

JERUSALEM

PART I

JERUSALEM

i

THE HOSTEL

In chamber low and scored by time,
Masonry old, late washed with lime—
Much like a tomb new-cut in stone;
Elbow on knee, and brow sustained
All motionless on sidelong hand,
A student sits, and broods alone.

The small deep casement sheds a ray
Which tells that in the Holy Town
It is the passing of the day—
The Vigil of Epiphany.

10

Beside him in the narrow cell
His luggage lies unpacked; thereon
The dust lies, and on him as well—
The dust of travel. But anon
His face he lifts—in feature fine,
Yet pale, and all but feminine
But for the eye and serious brow—
Then rises, paces to and fro,
And pauses, saying, "Other cheer
Than that anticipated here,
By me the learner, now I find.

20

Theology, art thou so blind?
What means this naturalistic knell
In lieu of Siloh's oracle
Which here should murmur? Snatched from grace,
And waylaid in the holy place!

Not thus it was but yesterday
 Off Jaffa on the clear blue sea;
 Nor thus, my heart, it was with thee
 Landing amid the shouts and spray;
 Nor thus when mounted, full equipped,
 Out through the vaulted gate we slipped
 Beyond the walls where gardens bright
 With bloom and blossom cheered the sight.

30

“The plain we crossed. In afternoon,
 How like our early autumn bland—
 So softly tempered for a boon—
 The breath of Sharon’s prairie land!
 And was it, yes, her titled Rose,
 That scarlet poppy oft at hand?
 Then Ramleh gleamed, the sail-white town
 At even. There I watched day close
 From the fair tower, the suburb one:
 Seaward and dazing set the sun:
 Inland I turned me toward the wall
 Of Ephraim, stretched in purple pall.
 Romance of mountains! But in end
 What change the near approach could lend.

40

“The start this morning—gun and lance
 Against the quarter-moon’s low tide;
 The thieves’ huts where we hushed the ride;
 Chill day-break in the lorn advance;
 In stony strait the scorch of noon,
 Thrown off by crags, reminding one
 Of those hot paynims whose fierce hands
 Flung showers of Afric’s fiery sands
 In face of that crusader-king,
 Louis, to wither so his wing;
 And, at the last, aloft for goal,
 Like the ice-bastions round the Pole,
 Thy blank, blank towers, Jerusalem!”

50

60

Again he droops, with brow on hand.
 But, starting up, “Why, well I knew

Salem to be no Samarcand;
’Twas scarce surprise; and yet first view
Brings this eclipse. Needs be my soul,
Purged by the desert’s subtle air
From bookish vapors, now is heir
To nature’s influx of control;
Comes likewise now to consciousness 70
Of the true import of that press
Of inklings which in travel late
Through Latin lands, did vex my state,
And somehow seemed clandestine. Ah!
These under-formings in the mind.
Banked corals which ascend from far,
But little heed men that they wind
Unseen, unheard—till lo, the reef—
The reef and breaker, wreck and grief.
But here unlearning, how to me 80
Opes the expanse of time’s vast sea!
Yes, I am young, but Asia old.
The books, the books not all have told.
“And, for the rest, the facile chat
Of overweenings—what was that
The grave one said in Jaffa lane
Whom there I met, my countryman,
But new-returned from travel here;
Some word of mine provoked the strain;
His meaning now begins to clear: 90
Let me go over it again:—
“‘Our New World’s worldly wit so shrewd
Lacks the Semitic reverent mood,
Unwordly—hardly may confer
Fitness for just interpreter
Of Palestine. Forego the state
Of local minds inveterate,
Tied to one poor and casual form.
To avoid the deep saves not from storm.’
“Those things he said, and added more; 100

No clear authenticated lore
 I deemed. But now, need now confess
 My cultivated narrowness,
 Though scarce indeed of sort he meant?
 'Tis the uprooting of content!"

So he, the student. 'Twas a mind,
 Earnest by nature, long confined
 Apart like Vesta in a grove
 Collegiate, but let to rove
 At last abroad among mankind,
 And here in end confronted so
 By the true genius, friend or foe,
 And actual visage of a place
 Before but dreamed of in the glow
 Of fancy's spiritual grace.

110

Further his meditations aim,
 Reverting to his different frame
 Bygone. And then: "Can faith remove
 Her light, because of late no plea
 I've lifted to her source above?"
 Dropping thereat upon the knee,
 His lips he parted; but the word
 Against the utterance demurred
 And failed him. With infirm intent
 He sought the house-top. Set of sun:
 His feet upon the yet warm stone,
 He, Clarel, by the coping leant,
 In silent gaze. The mountain-town,
 A walled and battlemented one,
 With houseless suburbs front and rear,
 And flanks built up from steeps severe,
 Saddles and turrets the ascent—
 Tower which rides the elephant.
 Hence large the view. There where he stood,
 Was Acra's upper neighborhood.
 The circling hills he saw, with one
 Excelling, ample in its crown,

120

130

Making the uplifted city low
By contrast—Olivet. The flow
Of eventide was at full brim; 140
Overlooked, the houses sloped from him—
Terraced or domed, unchimnied, gray,
All stone—a moor of roofs. No play
Of life; no smoke went up, no sound
Except low hum, and that half drowned.

The inn abutted on the pool
Named Hezekiah's, a sunken court
Where silence and seclusion rule,
Hemmed round by walls of nature's sort,
Base to stone structures seeming one 150
E'en with the steeps they stand upon.

As a three-decker's stern-lights peer
Down on the oily wake below,
Upon the sleek dark waters here
The inn's small lattices bestow
A rearward glance. And here and there
In flaws the languid evening air
Stirs the dull weeds adust, which trail
In festoons from the crag, and veil
The ancient fissures, overtopped 160
By the tall convent of the Copt,
Built like a light-house o'er the main.

Blind arches showed in walls of wane,
Sealed windows, portals masoned fast,
And terraces where nothing passed
By parapets all dumb. No tarn
Among the Kaatskills, high above
Farm-house and stack, last lichened barn
And log-bridge rotting in remove—
More lonesome looks than this dead pool 170
In town where living creatures rule.

Not here the spell might he undo;
The strangeness haunted him and grew.

But twilight closes. He descends
And toward the inner court he wends.

ii

ABDON

A lamp in archway hangs from key—
 A lamp whose sidelong rays are shed
 On a slim vial set in bed
 Of door-post all of masonry.

That vial hath the Gentile vexed;
 Within it holds Talmudic text,
 Or charm. And there the Black Jew sits,
 Abdon the host. The lamp-light flits
 O'er reverend beard of saffron hue
 Sweeping his robe of Indian blue.

10

Disturbed and troubled in estate,
 Longing for solacement of mate,
 Clarel in court there nearer drew,
 As yet unnoted, for the host
 In meditation seemed engrossed,
 Perchance upon some line late scanned
 In leathern scroll that drooped from hand.

Ere long, without surprise expressed,
 The lone man marked his lonelier guest,
 And welcomed him. Discourse was bred ;
 In end a turn it took, and led
 To grave recital. Here was one
 (If question of his word be none)
 Descended from those dubious men,
 The unreturning tribes, the Ten
 Whom shout and halloo wide have sought,
 Lost children in the wood of time.

20

Yes, he, the Black Jew, stinting naught,
 Averred that ancient India's clime
 Harbored the remnant of the Tribes,
 A people settled with their scribes
 In far Cochin. There was he born
 And nurtured, and there yet his kin,
 Never from true allegiance torn,
 Kept Moses' law.

30

Cochin, Cochin
(Mused Clarel), I have heard indeed
Of those Black Jews, their ancient creed
And hoar tradition. Esdras saith
The Ten Tribes built in Arsareth—
Eastward, still eastward. That may be.

40

But look, the scroll of goat-skin, see
Wherein he reads, a wizard book;
It is the Indian Pentateuch
Whereof they tell. Whate'er the plea
(And scholars various notions hold
Touching these missing clans of old),
This seems a deeper mystery;
How Judah, Benjamin, live on—
Unmixed into time's swamping sea
So far can urge their Amazon.

50

He pondered. But again the host,
Narrating part his life-time tossed,
Told how, long since, with trade in view,
He sailed from India with a Jew
And merchant of the Portuguese
For Lisbon. More he roved the seas
And marts, till in the last event
He pitched in Amsterdam his tent.

"There had I lived my life," he said,
"Among my kind, for good they were;
But loss came—loss, and I was led
To long for Judah—only her.
But see." He rose, and took the light
And led within: "There ye espy
What prospect's left to such as I—
Yonder!"—a dark slab stood upright
Against the wall; a rude grave-stone
Sculptured, with Hebrew ciphers strown.

60

"Under Moriah it shall lie—
No distant date, for very soon,
Ere yet a little, and I die.
From Ind to Zion have I come,

70

But less to live, than end at home.
 One other last remove!" he sighed,
 And meditated on the stone,
 Lamp held aloft. That magnified
 The hush throughout the dim unknown
 Of night—night in a land how dead!

Through Clarel's heart the old man's strain 80
 Dusky meandered in a vein
 One with the revery it bred;
 His eyes still dwelling on the Jew
 In added dream—so strange his shade
 Of swartness like a born Hindoo,
 And wizened visage which betrayed
 The Hebrew cast. And subtle yet
 In ebon frame an amulet
 Which on his robe the patriarch wore—
 And scroll, and vial in the door, 90
 These too contributed in kind.

They parted. Clarel sought his cell
 Or tomb-like chamber, and—with mind
 To break or intermit the spell,
 At least perplex it and impede—
 Lighted the lamp of olive oil,
 And, brushing from a trunk the soil—
 'Twas one late purchased at his need—
 Opened, and strove to busy him
 With small adjustments. Bootless cheer! 100
 While wavering now, in chanceful skim
 His eyes fell on the word *JUDÆA*
 In paper lining of the tray,
 For all was trimmed, in cheaper way,
 With printed matter. Curious then
 To know this faded denizen,
 He read, and found a piece complete,
 Briefly comprised in one poor sheet:

"The World accosts—
 'Last one out of Holy Land,

What gift bring'st thou? Sychem grapes?
 Tabor, which the Eden drapes,
 Yieldeth garlands. I demand
 Something cheery at thy hand.
 Come, if Solomon's Song thou singest,
 Haply Sharon's rose thou bringest.'

"The Palmer replies:

'Nay, naught thou nam'st thy servant brings,
 Only Judæa my feet did roam;
 And mainly there the pilgrim clings
 About the precincts of Christ's tomb.
 These palms I bring—from dust not free,
 Since dust and ashes both were trod by me.'

120

O'er true thy gift (thought Clarel). Well,
 Scarce might the world accept, 'twould seem.
 But I, shall I my feet impel
 Through road like thine and naught redeem?
 Rather through brakes, lone brakes, I wind:
 As I advance they close behind.—

Thought's burden! on the couch he throws
 Himself and it—rises, and goes
 To peer from casement. 'Twas moonlight,
 With stars, the Olive Hill in sight,
 Distinct, yet dreamy in repose,
 As of Katahdin in hot noon,
 Lonely, with all his pines in swoon.

130

The nature and evangel clashed,
 Rather, a double mystery flashed.
 Olivet. Olivet do I see?

The ideal upland, trod by *Thee*?

140

Up or reclined, he felt the soul
 Afflicted by that noiseless calm,
 Till sleep, the good nurse, deftly stole
 The bed beside, and for a charm
 Took the pale hand within her own,
 Nor left him till the night was gone.

iii

THE SEPULCHER

In Crete they claimed the tomb of Jove
In glen over which his eagles soar;
But through a peopled town ye rove
To Christ's low urn, where, nigh the door,
Settles the dove. So much the more
The contrast stamps the human God
Who dwelt among us, made abode
With us, and was of woman born;
Partook our bread, and thought no scorn
To share the humblest, homeliest hearth,
Shared all of man except the sin and mirth.
Such, among thronging thoughts, may stir
In pilgrim pressing through the lane
That dusty wins the reverend fane,
Seat of the Holy Sepulcher,
And naturally named therefrom.

10

What altars old in cluster rare
And grotto-shrines engird the Tomb:
Caves and a crag; and more is there;
And halls monastic join their gloom.
To sum in comprehensive bounds
The Passion's drama with its grounds,
Immense the temple winds and strays
Finding each storied precinct out—
Absorbs the sites all roundabout—
Omnivorous, and a world of maze.

20

And yet time was when all here stood
Separate, and from rood to rood,
Chapel to shrine, or tent to tent,
Unsheltered still the pilgrim went
Where now enroofed the whole coheres—
Where now through influence of years
And spells by many a legend lent,
A sort of nature reappears—

30

Somber or sad, and much in tone
Perhaps with that which here was known
Of yore, when from this Salem height,
Then sylvan in primeval plight,
Down came to Shaveh's Dale, with wine
And bread, after the four Kings' check, 40
The Druid priest Melchizedek,
Abram to bless with rites divine.

What rustlings here from shadowy spaces,
Deep vistas where the votary paces,
Will, strangely intermitting, creep
Like steps in Indian forest deep.
How bird-like steals the singer's note
Down from some rail or arch remote:
While, glimmering where kneelers be,
Small lamps, dispersed, with glow-worm light 50
Mellow the vast nave's azure night,
And make a haze of mystery:
The blur is spread of thousand years,
And Calvary's seen as through one's tears.

In cloistral walks the dome detains
Hermits, which during public days
Seclude them where the shadow stays,
But issue when charmed midnight reigns,
Unshod, with tapers lit, and roam,
According as their hearts appoint, 60
The purlieus of the central Tomb
In round of altars; and anoint
With fragrant oils each marble shelf;
Or, all alone, strange solace find
And oratory to their mind
Lone locked within the Tomb itself.

Cells note ye as in bower a nest
Where some sedate rich devotee
Or grave guest-monk from over sea
Takes up through Lent his votive rest, 70
Adoring from his saintly perch
Golgotha and the guarded Urn,

And mysteries everywhere expressed;
 Until his soul, in rapt sojourn,
 Add one more chapel to the Church.

The friars in turn which tend the Fane,
 Dress it and keep, a home make there,
 Nor pass for weeks the gate. Again
 Each morning they ascend the stair
 Of Calvary, with cloth and broom, 80
 For dust thereon will settle down,
 And gather, too, upon the Tomb
 And places of the Passion's moan.
 Tradition, not device and fraud
 Here rules—tradition old and broad.
 Transfixed in sites the drama's shown—
 Each given spot assigned; 'tis here
 They scourged Him; soldiers yonder nailed
 The Victim to the tree; in jeer
 There stood the Jews; there Mary paled; 90
 The vesture was divided here.

A miracle-play of haunted stone—
 A miracle-play, a phantom one,
 With power to give pause or subdue.
 So that whatever comment be—
 Serious, if to faith unknown—
 Not possible seems levity
 Or aught that may approach thereto.

And, sooth, to think what numbers here,
 Age after age, have worn the stones 100
 In suppliance or judgment fear;
 What mourners—men and women's moans,
 Ancestors of ourselves indeed;
 What souls whose penance of remorse
 Made poignant by the elder creed,
 Found honest language in the force
 Of chains entwined that ate the bone;
 How here à Becket's slayers clung
 Taking the contrite anguish on,
 And, in release from fast and thong, 110

Buried upon Moriah sleep;
With more, much more; such ties, so deep,
Endear the spot, or false or true
As an historic site. The wrong
Of carplings never may undo
The nerves that clasp about the plea
Tingling with kinship through and through—
Faith child-like and the tried humanity.

But little here moves hearts of some;
Rather repugnance grave, or scorn 120
Or cynicism, to mark the dome
Beset in court or yard forlorn
By pedlars versed in wonted tricks,
Venders of charm or crucifix;
Or, on saint-days, to hark the din
As during market day at inn,
And polyglot of Asian tongues
And island ones, in interchange
Buzzed out by crowds in costumes strange 130
Of nations divers. Are these throngs
Merchants? Is this Cairo's bazaar
And concourse? Nay, thy strictures bar.
It is but simple nature, see;
None mean irreverence, though free.

Unvexed by Europe's grieving doubt
Which asks *And can the Father be?*
Those children of the climes devout,
On festival in fane installed,
Happily ignorant, make glee
Like orphans in the play-ground walled. 140

Others the duskiness may find
Imbued with more than nature's gloom;
These, loitering hard by the Tomb,
Alone, and when the day's declined—
So that the shadow from the stone
Whereon the angel sat is thrown
To distance more, and sigh or sound
Echoes from place of Mary's moan,

Or cavern where the cross was found;
 Or mouse-stir steals upon the ear
 From where the soldier reached the spear—
 Shrink, much like Ludovico erst
 Within the haunted chamber. Thou,
 Less sensitive, yet haply versed
 In everything above, below—
 In all but thy deep human heart;
 Thyself perchance mayst nervous start
 At thine own fancy's final range
 Who here wouldst mock: with mystic smart
 The subtle Eld can slight avenge.
 But gibe—gibe on, until there crawl
 About thee in the scornors' seat,
 Reactions; and pride's Smyrna shawl
 Plague-strike the wearer. Ah, retreat!

150

160

But how of some which still deplore
 Yet share the doubt? Here evermore
 'Tis good for such to turn afar
 From the Skull's place, even Golgotha
 And view the cedarn dome in sun
 Pierced like the marble Pantheon:
 No blurring pane, but open sky:
 In there day peeps, there stars go by,
 And, in still hours which these illumine,
 Heaven's dew drops tears upon the Tomb.

170

Nor lack there dreams romance can thrill:
 In hush when tides and towns are still,
 Godfrey and Baldwin from their graves
 (Made meetly near the rescued Stone)
 Rise, and in arms. With beaming glaives
 They watch and ward the urn they won.

180

So fancy deals, a light achiever:
 Imagination, earnest ever,
 Recalls the Friday far away,
 Re-lives the crucifixion day—
 The passion and its sequel proves,
 Sharing the three pale Marys' frame;

Through the eclipse with these she moves
 Back to the house from which they came
 To Golgotha. O empty room,
 O leaden heaviness of doom—
 O cowering hearts, which sore beset
 Deem vain the promise now, and yet
 Invoke him who returns no call;
 And fears for more that may befall.
 O terror linked with love which cried:
 “Art gone? is’t o’er? and crucified?”
 Who might foretell from such dismay
 Of blank recoilings, all the blest
 Lilies and anthems which attest
 The floral Easter holiday?

iv

OF THE CRUSADERS

When sighting first the towers afar
 Which girt the object of the war
 And votive march—the Saviour’s Tomb,
 What made the red-cross knights so shy?
 And wherefore did they doff the plume
 And baldrick, kneel in dust, and sigh?

Hardly it serves to quote Voltaire
 And say they were freebooters—hence,
 Incapable of awe or sense
 Pathetic; no, for man is heir
 To complex moods; and in that age
 Belief devout and bandit rage
 Frequent were joined; and e’en to-day
 At shrines on the Calabrian steep—
 Not insincere while feelings sway—
 The brigand halts to adore, to weep.
 Grant then the worst—is all romance
 Which claims that the crusader’s glance

Was blurred by tears?

But if that round

20

Of disillusion which accrue

In this our day, imply a ground

For more concern than Tancred knew,

Thinking, yet not as in despair,

Of Christ who suffered for him there

Upon the crag; then, own it true,

Cause graver much than his is ours

At least to check the hilarious heart

Before these memorable towers.

But wherefore this? such theme why start?

30

Because if here in many a place

The rhyme—much like the knight indeed—

Abjure brave ornament, 'twill plead

Just reason, and appeal for grace.

V

CLAREL

Upon the morrow's early morn

'Clarel is up, and seeks the Urn.

Advancing towards the fane's old arch

Of entrance—curved in sculptured stone,

Dim and defaced, he saw thereon

From rural Bethany the march

Of Christ into another gate—

The golden and triumphal one,

Upon Palm Morn. For porch to shrine

On such a site, how fortunate

10

That adaptation of design.

Well might it please.

He entered then.

Strangers were there, of each degree,

From Asian shores, with island men,

Mild guests of the Epiphany.

As when to win the Paschal joy
And Nisan's festal month renew,
The Nazarenes to temple drew,
Even Joseph, Mary, and the BOY, 20
Whose hand the mother's held; so here
To later rites and altars dear,
Domestic in devotion's flame
Husbands with wives and children came.

But he, the student, under dome
Pauses; he stands before the Tomb.
Through open door he sees the wicks
Alight within, where six and six
For Christ's apostles, night and day,
Lamps, olden lamps do burn. In smoke 30
Befogged they shed no vivid ray,
But heat the cell and seem to choke.

He marked, and revery took flight:
"These burn not like those aspects bright
Of starry watchers when they kept
Vigil at napkined feet and head
Of Him their Lord.—Nay, is He fled?
Or tranced lies, tranced nor unbewept
With Dorian gods? or, fresh and clear,
A charm diffused throughout the sphere, 40
Streams in the ray through yonder dome?
Not hearsed He is. But hath ghost home
Dispersed in soil, in sea, in air?
False Pantheism, false though fair!"

So he; and slack and aimless went,
Nor might untwine the ravelment
Of doubts perplexed. For easement there
Halting awhile in pillared shade,
A friar he marked, in robe of blue
And round Greek cap of sable hue: 50
Poor men he led; much haste he made,
Nor sequence kept, but dragged them so
Hither and thither, to and fro,
To random places. Might it be

That Clarel, who recoil did here,
 Shared but that shock of novelty
 Which makes some Protestants unglad
 First viewing the mysterious cheer
 In Peter's fane? Beheld he had,
 In Rome beneath the Lateran wall,
 The Scala Santa—watched the knees
 Of those ascending devotees,
 Who, absolution so to reap,
 Breathe a low prayer at every step:

60

Nay, 'twas no novelty at all.
 Nor was it that his nature shrunk
 But from the curtness of the monk:
 Another influence made swerve
 And touched him in profounder nerve.

70

He turned, and passing on enthralled,
 Won a still chapel; and one spake
 The name. Brief Scripture, here recalled,
 The context less obscure may make:
 'Tis writ that in a garden's bound
 Our Lord was urned. On that green ground
 He reappeared, by Mary claimed.
 The place, or place alleged, is shown—
 Arbors congealed to vaults of stone—
 The Apparition's chapel named.
 This was the spot where now, in frame
 Hard to depict, the student came—
 The spot where in the dawning gray,
 His pallor with night's tears bedewed,
 Restored the Second Adam stood—
 Not as in Eden stood the First
 All ruddy. Yet, in leaves immersed
 And twilight of imperfect day,
 Christ seemed the gardener unto her
 Misjudging, who in womanhood
 Had sought him late in sepulcher
 Embowered, nor found.

80

90

Here, votive here—

Here by the shrine that Clarel won—
A wreath shed odors. Scarce that cheer
Warmed some poor Greeks recumbent thrown,
Sore from late journeying far and near,
To hallowed haunts without the town:
So wearied, that no more they kneeled,
But overnight here laid them down,
Matrons and children, yet unhealed 100
Of ache. And each face was a book
Of disappointment. “Why weep’st thou?
Whom seekest?”—words, which chanceful now
Recalled by Clarel, he applied
To these before him; and he took,
In way but little modified,
Part to himself; then stood in dream
Of all which yet might hap to them.
He saw them spent, provided ill—
Pale, huddled in the pilgrim fleet, 110
Back voyaging now to homes afar.
Midnight, and rising tempests beat—
Such as St. Paul knew—furious war,
To meet which, slender is the skill.
The lamp that burnt upon the prow
In wonted shrine, extinct is now—
Drowned out with Heaven’s last feeble star.
Panic ensues; their course is turned;
Toward Tyre they drive—Tyre undiscerned:
A coast of wrecks which warping bleach 120
On wrecks of piers where eagles screech.
How hopeful from their isles serene
They sailed, and on such tender quest;
Then, after toils that came between,
They re-embarked; and, though distressed,
Grieved not, for Zion had been seen;
Each wearing next the heart for charm
Some priestly scrip in leaf of palm.
But these, ah, these in Dawn’s pale reign
Asleep upon beach Tyrian! 130

Or is it sleep? no, rest—that rest
Which naught shall ruffle or molest.

In gliding turn of dreams which mate

He saw from forth Damascus' gate

Tall Islam in her Mahmal go—

Elected camel, king of all,

In mystic housings draped in flow,

Silk-fringed, with many a silver ball,

Worked ciphers on the Koran's car

And Sultan's cloth. He hears the jar

140

Of janizaries armed, a throng

Which drum barbaric, shout and gong

Invest. And camels—robe and shawl

Of riders which they bear along—

Each sheik a pagod on his tower,

Cross-legged and dusky. Therewithal,

In affluence of the opal hour,

Curveting troops of Moslem peers

And flash of scimeters and spears

In groves of grass-green pennons fair

150

(Like Feiran's palms in fanning air),

Wherefrom the crescent silvery soars.

Then crowds pell-mell, a concourse wild,

Convergings from Levantine shores;

On foot, on donkeys; litters rare—

Whole families; twin panniers piled;

Rich men and beggars—all beguiled

To cheerful trust in Allah's care;

Allah, toward whose prophet's urn

And Holy City, fond they turn

160

As forth in pilgrimage they fare.

But long the way. And when they note,

Ere yet they pass wide suburbs green,

Some camp in field, nor far remote,

Inviting, pastoral in scene;

Some child shall leap, and trill in glee

"Mecca, 'tis Mecca, mother—see!"

Then first she thinks upon the waste

Whither the Simoom maketh haste;
Where baskets of the white-ribbed dead
Sift the fine sand, while dim ahead
In long, long line, their way to tell,
The bones of camels bleaching dwell,
With skeletons but part interred—
Relics of men which friendless fell;
Whose own hands, in last office, scooped
Over their limbs the sand, but drooped:
Worse than the desert of the Word,
El Tih, the great, the terrible.

170

Ere town and tomb shall greet the eye
Many shall fall, nor few shall die
Which, punctual at set of sun,
Spread the worn prayer-cloth on the sand,
Turning them toward the Mecca stone,
Their shadows ominously thrown
Oblique against the mummy land.

180

These pass; they fade. What next comes near?
The tawny peasants—human wave
Which rolls over India year by year,
India, the spawning place and grave.

190

The turbaned billow floods the plains,
Rolling toward Brahma's rarer fanes—
His Compostel or brown Loret
Where sin absolved, may grief forget.
But numbers, plague-struck, faint and sore,
Drop livid on the flowery shore—
Arrested, with the locusts sleep,
Or pass to muster where no man may peep.

That vision waned. And, far afloat,
From eras gone he caught the sound
Of hordes from China's furthest moat,
Crossing the Himalayan mound,
To kneel at shrine or relic so
Of Buddha, the Mongolian Fo
Or Indian Saviour. What profound
Impulsion makes these tribes to range?

200

Stable in time's incessant change
 Now first he marks, now awed he heeds
 The intersympathy of creeds,
 Alien or hostile though they seem—
 Exalted thought or groveling dream. 210

The worn Greek matrons mark him there:

Ah, young, our lassitude dost share?
 Home do thy pilgrim reveries stray?
 Art *thou* too, weary of the way?—

Yes, sympathies of Eve awake;
 Yet do but err. For how might break
 Upon those simple natures true,
 The complex passion? might they view
 The apprehension tempest-tossed 220
 The spirit in gulf of dizzying fable lost?

vi

TRIBES AND SECTS

He turned to go; he turned, but stood:
 In many notes of varying keys,
 From shrines like coves in Jordan's wood
 Hark to the rival liturgies,
 Which, rolling underneath the dome,
 Resound about the patient Tomb
 And penetrate the aisles. The rite
 Of Georgian and Maronite,
 Armenian and fervid Greek,
 The Latin organ, and wild clash 10
 Of cymbals smitten cheek to cheek
 Which the dark Abyssinian sways;
 These like to tides together dash
 And question of their purport raise.

If little of the words he knew,
 Might Clarel's fancy forge a clue?
 A malediction seemed each strain—

Himself the mark: O heart profane,
 O pilgrim-infidel, begone!
 Nor here the sites of Faith pollute, 20
 Thou who misgivest we enthrone
 A God untrue, in myth absurd
 As monstrous figments blabbed of Jove,
 Or, worse, rank lies of Islam's herd:
 We know thee, thou there standing mute.
 Out, out—begone! try Nature's reign
 Who deem'st the super-nature vain:
 To Lot's Wave by black Kedron rove;
 On, by Mount Seir, through Edom move;
 There crouch thee with the jackal down— 30
 Crave solace of the scorpion!

'Twas fancy, troubled fancy weaved
 Those imputations half believed.
 The porch he neared; the chorus swelled;
 He went forth like a thing expelled.

Yet, going, he could but recall
 The wrangles here which oft befall:
 Contentions for each holy place,
 And jealousies how far from grace:
 O, bickering family bereft, 40
 Was feud the heritage He left?

vii

BEYOND THE WALLS

In street at hand a silence reigns
 Which Nature's hush of lonesness feigns.
 Few casements, few, and latticed deep,
 High raised above the head below,
 That none might listen, pry, or peep,
 Or any hint or inkling know
 Of that strange innocence or sin
 Which locked itself so close within.

The doors, recessed in massy walls,
 And far apart, as dingy were
 As Bastile gates. No shape astir
 Except at whiles a shadow falls
 Athwart the way, and key in hand
 Noiseless applies it, enters so
 And vanishes. By dry airs fanned,
 The languid hyssop waveth slow,
 Dusty, on stones by ruin rent.
 'Twould seem indeed the accomplishment
 Whereof the greater prophet tells
 In truth's forecasting canticles
 Where voice of bridegroom, groom and bride
 Is hushed.

Each silent wall and lane—
 The city's towers in barren pride
 Which still a stifling air detain,
 So irked him, with his burden fraught,
 Timely the Jaffa Gate he sought,
 Thence issued, and at venture went
 Along a vague and houseless road
 Save narrow houses where abode
 The Turk in man's last tenement
 Inearthed. But them he heeded not,
 Such trance his reveries begot:
 "Christ lived a Jew: and in Judæa
 May linger any breath of Him?
 If nay, yet surely it is here
 One best may learn if all be dim."

Sudden it came in random play
 "Here to Emmaus is the way;"
 And Luke's narration straight recurred,
 How the two falterers' hearts were stirred
 Meeting the Arisen (then unknown)
 And listening to his lucid word
 As here in place they traveled on.

That scene, in Clarel's temper, bred
 A novel sympathy, which said—

I too, I too; could *I* but meet
Some stranger of a lore replete,
Who, marking how my looks betray
The dumb thoughts clogging here my feet, 50
Would question me, expound and prove,
And make my heart to burn with love—
Emmaus were no dream to-day!

He lifts his eyes, and, outlined there,
Saw, as in answer to the prayer,
A man who silent came and slow
Just over the intervening brow
Of a nigh slope. Nearer he drew
Revealed against clear skies of blue;
And—in that Syrian air of charm— 60
He seemed, illusion such was given,
Emerging from the level heaven,
And vested with its liquid calm.

Scarce aged like time's wrinkled sons,
But touched by chastenings of Eld,
Which halloweth life's simpler ones;
In wasted strength he seemed upheld
Invisibly by faith serene—
Paul's evidence of things not seen.

No staff he carried; but one hand 70
A solitary Book retained.
Meeting the student's, his mild eyes
Fair greeting gave, in faint surprise.
But, noting that untranquil face,
Concern and anxiousness found place
Beyond the occasion and surmise:

"Young friend in Christ, what thoughts molest
That here ye droop so? Wanderest
Without a guide where guide should be?
Receive one, friend: the book—take ye." 80

From man to book in startled way
The youth his eyes bent. Book how gray
And weather-stained in woeful plight—

Much like that scroll left bare to blight,
Which poet pale, when hope was low,
Bade one who into Libya went,
Fling to the wasteful element,
Yes, leave it there, let wither so.

Ere Clarel ventured on reply
Anew the stranger proffered it,
And in such mode he might espy
It was the page of—Holy Writ.
Then unto him drew Clarel nigher:
“Thou art?” “The sinner Nehemiah.”

90

viii

THE VOTARY

Sinner?—So spake the saint, a man
Long tarrying in Jewry's court.
With him the faith so well could sort
His home he'd left, nor turned again,
His home by Narraganset's marge,
Giving those years on death which verge
Fondly to that enthusiast part
Oft coming of a stricken heart
Unselfish, which finds solace so.

Though none in sooth might hope to know,
And few surmise his forepast bane,
Such needs have been; since seldom yet
Lone liver was, or wanderer met,
Except he closeted some pain
Or memory thereof. But thence
May be, was given him deeper sense
Of all that travail life can lend,
Which man may scarce articulate
Better than herds which share. What end?
How hope? turn whither? where was gate

10

20

For expectation, save the one
 Of beryl, pointed by St. John?
 That gate would open, yea, and Christ
 Thence issue, come unto His own,
 And earth be re-imparadised.

Passages, presages he knew:
 Zion restore, convert the Jew,
 Reseat him here, the waste bedew;
 Then Christ returneth: so it ran.

No founded mission chartered him;
 Single in person as in plan,
 Absorbed he ranged, in method dim,
 A flitting tract-dispensing man:
 Tracts in each text scribe ever proved
 In East which he of Tarsus roved.

30

Though well such heart might sainthood claim,
 Unjust alloy to reverence came.
 In Smyrna's mart (sojourning there
 Waiting a ship for Joppa's stair)
 Pestered he passed through Gentile throngs
 Teased by an eddying urchin host,
 His tracts all fluttering like tongues
 The fire-flakes of the Pentecost.

40

Deep read he was in seers devout,
 The which forecast Christ's second prime,
 And on his slate would cipher out
 The mystic days and dates sublime,
 And "*Time and times and half a time*"
 Expound he could; and more reveal;
 Yet frequent would he feebly steal
 Close to one's side, asking, in way
 Of weary age—the hour of day.
 But how he lived, and what his fare,
 Ravens and angels, few beside,
 Dreamed or divined. His garments spare
 True marvel seemed, nor unallied
 To clothes worn by that wandering band

50

Which ranged and ranged the desert sand
 With Moses; and for forty years,
 Which two-score times re-clad the spheres
 In green, and plumed the birds anew,
 One vesture wore. From home he brought
 The garb which still met sun and dew,
 Ashen in shade, by rustics wrought.

60

Latin, Armenian, Greek, and Jew
 Full well the harmless vagrant kenned,
 The small meek face, the habit gray:
 In him they owned our human clay.
 The Turk went further: let him wend;
 Him Allah cares for, holy one:
 A *Santon* held him; and was none
 Bigot enough scorn's shaft to send.
 For, say what cynic will or can,
 Man sinless is revered by man
 Through all the forms which creeds may lend.

70

And so, secure, nor pointed at,
 Among brave Turbans freely roamed the Hat.

ix

SAINT AND STUDENT

"Nay, take it, friend in Christ," and held
 The book in proffer new; the while
 His absent eyes of dreamy Eld
 Some floating vision did beguile
 (Of heaven perchance the wafted hem),
 As if in place of earthly wight
 A haze of spirits met his sight,
 And Clarel were but one of them.

"Consult it, heart; wayfarer you,
 And this a friendly guide, the best;
 No ground there is that faith would view

10

But here 'tis rendered with the rest;
The way to fields of Beulah dear
And New Jerusalem is here."

"I know that guide," said Clarel, "yes;"
And mused awhile in bitterness;
Then turned and studied him again,
Doubting and marveling. A strain
Of trouble seamed the elder brow:
"A pilgrim art thou? pilgrim thou?"
Words simple, which in Clarel bred
More than the simple saint divined;
And, thinking of vocation fled,
Himself he asked: or do I rave,
Or have I left now far behind
The student of the sacred lore?
Direct he then this answer gave:
"I am a traveler—no more."

20

"Come then with me, in peace we'll go;
These ways of Salem well I know;
Me let be guide whose guide is this,"
And held the Book in witness so,
As 'twere a guide that could not miss:
"Heart, come with me; all times I roam,
Yea, everywhere my work I ply,
In Salem's lanes, or down in gloom
Of narrow glens which outer lie:
Ever I find some passer-by.
But thee I'm sent to; share and rove,
With me divide the scrip of love."

30

40

Despite the old man's shattered ray,
Won by his mystic saintly way,
Revering too his primal faith,
And grateful for the human claim;
And deeming he must know each path,
And help him so in languid frame—
The student gave assent, and caught
Dim solacement to previous thought.

X

RAMBLES

Days fleet. They rove the storied ground—
 Tread many a site that rues the ban
 Where serial wrecks on wrecks confound
 Era and monument and man;
 Or rather, in stratifying way
 Bed and impact and overlay.
 The Hospitalers' cloisters shamed
 Crumble in ruin unreclaimed
 On shivered Fatamite palaces
 Reared upon crash of Herod's sway—
 In turn built on the Maccabees,
 And on King David's glory, they;
 And David on antiquities
 Of Jebusites and Ornan's floor,
 And hunters' camps of ages long before.
 So Glenroy's tiers of beaches be—
 Abandoned margins of the Glacial Sea.

10

Amid that waste from joy debarred,
 How few the islets fresh and green;
 Yet on Moriah, tree and sward
 In Allah's courts park-like were seen
 From roof near by; below, fierce ward
 Being kept by Mauritanian guard
 Of bigot blacks. But of the reign
 Of Christ did no memento live
 Save soil and ruin? Negative
 Seemed yielded in that crumbling fane,
 Erst gem to Baldwin's sacred fief,
 The chapel of our Dame of Grief.

20

But hard by Ophel's winding base,
 Well watered by the runnel led,
 A spot they found, not lacking grace,
 Named Garden of King Solomon,
 Though now a cauliflower-bed

30

To serve the kitchens of the town.

One day as here they came from far,
The saint repeated with low breath,
“Adonijah, Adonijah—

The stumbling-stone of Zoheleth.”

He wanders, Clarel thought—but no,

40

For text and chapter did he show

Narrating how the prince in glade,

This very one, the banquet made,

The plotters’ banquet, long ago,

Even by the stone named Zoheleth;

But startled by the trump that blew,

Proclaiming Solomon, pale grew

With all his guests.

From lower glen

They slanted up the steep, and there

50

Attained a higher terraced den,

Or small and silent field, quite bare.

The mentor breathed: “Come early here

A sign thou’lt see.”—Clarel drew near;

“What sign?” he asked. Whereto with sighs:

“Abashed by morning’s holy eyes

This field will crimson, and for shame.”

Struck by his fantasy and frame,

Clarel regarded him for time,

Then noted that dull reddish soil,

60

And caught sight of a thing of grime

Whose aspect made him to recoil—

A rotting charnel-house forlorn

Midway inearthed, caved in and torn.

And Clarel knew—one scarce might err—

The field of blood, the bad Aceldama.

By Olivet in waning day

The saint in fond illusion went,

Dream mixed with legend and event;

And as with reminiscence fraught,

70

Narrated in his rambling way

How here at eve was Christ’s resort,

The last low sheep-bell tinkling lone—
Christ and the dear disciple—John.

Oft by the Golden Gate that looks
On Shaveh down, and far across
Toward Bethany's secluded nooks—
That gate which sculptures rare emboss
In arches twin; the same where rode
Christ entering with secret load—
Same gate, or on or near the site—
When palms were spread to left and right
Before him, and with sweet acclaim
Were waved by damsels under sway
Of trees wherefrom those branches came—
Over and under palms He went
Unto that crown how different!
The port walled up by Moslem hands
In dread of that predicted day
When pealing hymns, armed Christian bands—
So Islam seers despondent vouch—
Shall storm it, wreathed in Mary's May:
By that sealed gate, in languor's slouch,
How listless in the golden day,
Clarel the mentor frequent heard
The time for Christ's return allot:
A dream, and like a dream it blurred
The sense—faded, and was forgot.
Moved by some mystic impulse, far
From motive known or regular,
The saint would thus his lore unfold,
Though inconclusive; yes, half told
The theme he'd leave, then nod, droop, doze—
Start up and prattle—sigh, and close.

80

90

100

xi

LOWER GIHON

Well for the student, might it last,
This dreamful frame which Lethe bred:

Events obtruded, and it passed.
For on a time the twain were led
From Gihon's upper pool and glade
Down to the deeper gulf. They strayed
Along by many silent cells
Cut in the rock, void citadels
Of death. In porch of one was seen
A mat of tender turf, faint green;
And quiet standing on that sward
A stranger whom they overheard
Low murmuring—"Equivocal!
Woo'st thou the weary to thee—tell,
Thou tomb, so winsome in thy grace?
To me no reassuring place."

10

He saw them not; and they, to shun
Disturbing him, passed, and anon
Met three demoniacs, sad three
Ranging those wasteful limits o'er
As in old time. That look they wore
Which in the moody mad bids flee:
'Tis—What have I to do with thee?

20

Two shunned approach. But one did sit
Lost in some reminiscence sore
Of private wrong outrageous. He,
As at the larger orb of it,
Looming through mists of mind, would bound,
Or cease to pore upon the ground
As late; and so be inly riven
By arrows of indignant pain:
Convulsed in face, he glared at heaven
Then lapsed in sullenness again.

30

Dire thoughts the pilgrim's mind beset:
"And did Christ come? in such a scene
Encounter the poor Gadarene
Long centuries ago? and yet—
Behold!"

But here came in review—
Though of their nearness unaware—

40

The stranger, downward wending there,
Who marking Clarel, instant knew—
At least so might his start declare—
A brother that he well might own
In tie of spirit. Young he was,
With crescent forehead—but alas,
Of frame mis-shaped. Word spake he none,
But vaguely hovered, as may one
Not first who would accost, but deep
Under reserve the wish may keep. 50
Ere Clarel, here embarrassed grown,
Made recognition, the Unknown
Compressed his lips, turned and was gone.
Mutely for moment, face met face:
But more perchance between the two
Was interchanged than e'en may pass
In many a worded interview.

The student in his heart confessed
A novel sympathy impressed;
And late remissness to retrieve 60
Fain the encounter would renew.
And yet—if oft one's resolution
Be overruled by constitution—
Herein his heart he might deceive.

Ere long, retracing higher road,
Clarel with Nehemiah stood
By David's Tower, without the wall,
Where black the embattled shadows fall
At morn over Hinnom. Groups were there 70
Come out to take the evening air,
Watching a young lord Turk in pride,
With fez and sash as red as coral,
And on a steed whose well-groomed hide
Was all one burnished burning sorrel,
Scale the lit slope; then veering wide,
Rush down into the gloomful gorge,
The steel hoof showering sparks as from a forge.
Even Nehemiah, in senile tone

Of dreamy interest, was won
That shooting star to gaze upon. 80

But rallying, he bent his glance
Toward the opposing eminence;
And turning, "Seest thou not," he said,
"As sinks the sun beyond this glen
Of Moloch, how clouds intervene
And hood the brightness that was shed?
But yet few hours and he will rise
In better place, and beauty get;
Yea, friend in Christ, in morning skies
Return he will over Olivet: 90
And we shall greet him. Say ye so?
Betimes then will we up and go.
Farewell. At early dawn await
Christ's bondman old at Stephen's Gate."

xii

CELIO

But ere they meet in place assigned,
It needs—to make the sequel clear—
A crossing thread be first entwined.

Within the Terra Santa's wall
(A prefix dropped, the Latins here
So the Franciscan Convent call),
Commended to the warden's care,
The mitred father-warden there,
By missives from a cardinal,
It chanced an uncompanioned youth, 10
By birth a Roman, shelter found.
In casual contact, daily round,
Mixed interest the stranger won.
Each friar, the humblest, could but own
His punctual courtesy, in sooth,
Though this still guarded a reserve

Which, not offending, part estranged.
 Sites, sites and places all he ranged
 Unwearied, but would ever swerve
 From escort such as here finds place,
 Or cord-girt guide, or chamberlain
 Martial in Oriental town,
 By gilt-globed staff of office known
 Sword by his side, in golden lace,
 Tall herald making clear the van.

20

But what most irked each tonsured man,
 Distrust begat, concern of heart
 Was this: though the young man took part
 In chapel service, 'twas as guest
 Who but conformed; he showed no zest
 Of faith within, faith personal.
 Ere long the warden, kindly all,
 Said inly with himself: Poor boy,
 Enough hast thou of life-annoy;
 Let be reproach. Tied up in knot
 Of body by the fleshly withes,
 Needs must it be the spirit writhes
 And takes a warp. But Christ will blot
 Some records in the end.

30

And own,
 So far as *in* by *out* is shown,
 Not idle was the monk's conceit.
 Fair head was set on crook and lump,
 Absalom's locks but Æsop's hump.
 Deep in the grave eyes' last retreat,
 One read through guarding feint of pride,
 Quick sense of all the ills that gride
 In one contorted so. But here,
 More to disclose in bearing chief,
 More than to monks might well appear,
 There needs some running mention brief.

40

50

Fain had his brethren have him grace
 Some civic honorable place;
 And interest was theirs to win

Ample preferment; he as kin
 Was loved, if but ill understood:
 At heart they had his worldly good;
 But he postponed, and went his way
 Unpledged, unhampered. So that still
 Leading a studious life at will,
 And prompted by an earnest mind,
 Scarce might he shun the fevered sway
 Of focused question in our day.
 Overmuch he shared, but in that kind
 Which marks the Italian turn of thought,
 When, counting Rome's tradition naught,
 The mind is coy to own the rule
 Of sect replacing, sect or school.
 At sea, in brig which swings no boat,
 To founder is to sink.

60

70

On day
 When from St. Peter's balcony,
 The raised pontific fingers bless
 The city and the world; the stress
 He knew of fate: Blessest thou *me*,
 One wave here in this heaving sea
 Of heads? how may a blessing be?
 Luckless, from action's thrill removed,
 And all that yields our nature room;
 In courts a jest; and, harder doom,
 Never the hunchback may be loved.
 Never! for Beatrice—*Bice*—O,
 Diminutive once sweet, made now
 All otherwise!—didst thou but fool?
 Arch practice in precocious school?
 Nay, rather 'twas ere thou didst bud
 Into thy riper womanhood.

80

Since love, arms, courts, abjure—why then
 Remaineth to me what? the pen?
 Dead feather of ethereal life!
 Nor efficacious much, save when
 It makes some fallacy more rife.

90

My kin—I blame them not at heart—
 Would have me act some routine part,
 Subserving family, and dreams
 Alien to me—illusive schemes.

This world clean fails me: still I yearn.

Me then it surely does concern
 Some other world to find. But where?
 In creed? I do not find it there.

100

That said, and is the emprise o'er?
 Negation, is there nothing more?
 This side the dark and hollow bound
 Lies there no unexplored rich ground?
Some other world: well, there's the *New*—
 Ah, joyless and ironic too!

They vouch that virgin sphere's assigned
 Seat for man's re-created kind:

Last hope and proffer, they protest.
 Brave things! sun rising in the west;
 And bearded centuries but gone
 For ushers to the beardless one.

110

Nay, nay; your future's too sublime:
 The Past, the Past is half of time,
 The proven half.—Thou Pantheon old,
 Two thousand years have round thee rolled:

Yet thou, in Rome, thou bid'st me seek
 Wisdom in something more antique
 Than thou thyself. Turn then: what seer,
 The senior of this Latian one,

120

Speaks from the ground, transported here
 In Eastern soil? Far buried down—

For consecration and a grace
 Enlocking Santa Croce's base—
 Lies earth of Jewry, which of yore
 The homeward bound Crusaders bore
 In fleet from Jaffa.—Trajan's hall,
 That huge ellipse imperial,
 Was built by Jews. And Titus' Arch
 Transmits their conqueror in march

130

Of trophies which those piers adorn.
 There yet, for an historic plea,
 In heathen triumph's harlotry
 The Seven-Branched Candlestick is borne.

What then? Though all be whim of mine,
 Yet by these monuments I'm schooled,
 Arrested, strangely overruled;
 Methinks I catch a beckoning sign,
 A summons as from Palestine.

Yea, let me view that pontiff-land 140
 Whose sway occult can so command;
 Make even Papal Rome to be
 Her appanage or her colony.
 Is Judah's mummy quite unrolled?
 To pluck the talisman from fold!

But who may well indeed forecast
 The novel influence of scenes
 Remote from his habitual Past?
 The unexpected supervenes;
 Which Celio proved. 'Neath Zion's lee 150
 His nature, with that nature blent,
 Evoked an upstart element,
 As do the acid and the alkali.

xiii

THE ARCH

Blue-lights sent up by ship forlorn
 Are answered oft but by the glare
 Of rockets from another, torn
 In the same gale's inclusive snare.

'Twas then when Celio was lanced
 By novel doubt, the encounter chanced
 In Gihon, as recited late,
 And at a time when Clarel too,

On his part, felt the grievous weight
 Of those demoniacs in view;
 So that when Celio advanced
 No wonder that the meeting eyes
 Betrayed reciprocal surmise
 And interest. 'Twas thereupon
 The Italian, as the eve drew on,
 Regained the gate, and hurried in
 As he would passionately win
 Surcease to thought by rapid pace.
 Eastward he bent, across the town,
 Till in the Via Crucis lone
 An object there arrested him.

10

20

With gallery which years deface,
 Its bulk athwart the alley grim,
 The arch named Ecce Homo threw;
 The same, if child-like faith be true,
 From which the Lamb of God was shown
 By Pilate to the wolfish crew.
 And Celio—in frame how prone
 To kindle at that scene recalled—
 Perturbed he stood, and heart-enthralled.

30

No raptures which with saints prevail,
 Nor trouble of compunction born
 He felt, as there he seemed to scan
 Aloft in spectral guise, the pale
 Still face, the purple robe, and thorn;
 And inly cried—*Behold the Man!*
 Yon Man it is this burden lays:
 Even he who in the pastoral hours,
 Abroad in fields, and cheered by flowers,
 Announced a heaven's unclouded days;
 And, ah, with such persuasive lips—
 Those lips now sealed while doom delays—
 Won men to look for solace there;
 But, crying out in death's eclipse,
 When rainbow none his eyes might see,
 Enlarged the margin for despair—

40

My God, my God, forsakest me?

Upbraider! we upbraid again;

Thee we upbraid; our pangs constrain

Pathos itself to cruelty.

50

Ere yet thy day no pledge was given

Of homes and mansions in the heaven—

Paternal homes reserved for us;

Heart hoped it not, but lived content—

Content with life's own discontent,

Nor deemed that fate ere swerved for us:

The natural law men let prevail;

Then reason disallowed the state

Of instinct's variance with fate.

But thou—ah, see, in rack how pale

60

Who did the world with throes convulse;

Behold him—yea—behold the Man

Who warranted if not began

The dream that drags out its repulse.

Nor less some cannot break from thee;

Thy love so locked is with thy lore,

They may not rend them and go free:

The head rejects; so much the more

The heart embraces—what? the love?

If true what priests avouch of thee,

70

The shark thou mad'st, yet claim'st the dove.

Nature and thee in vain we search:

Well urged the Jews within the porch—

“How long wilt make us still to doubt?”

How long?—’Tis eighteen cycles now—

Enigma and evasion grow;

And shall we never find thee out?

What isolation lones thy state

That all we else know cannot mate

With what thou teachest? Nearing thee

80

All footing fails us; history

Shows there a gulf where bridge is none!

In lapse of unrecorded time,

Just after the apostles' prime,

What chance or craft might break it down?
 Served this a purpose? By what art
 Of conjuration might the heart
 Of heavenly love, so sweet, so good,
 Corrupt into the creeds malign,
 Begetting strife's pernicious brood,
 Which claimed for patron thee divine?

90

Anew, anew,

For this thou bleedest, Anguished Face;
 Yea, thou through ages to accrue,
 Shalt the Medusa shield replace:
 In beauty and in terror too
 Shalt paralyze the nobler race—
 Smite or suspend, perplex, deter—
 Tortured, shalt prove a torturer.
 Whatever ribald Future be,
 Thee shall these heed, amaze their hearts with thee—
 Thy white, thy red, thy fairness and thy tragedy.

100

He turned, uptorn in inmost frame,
 Nor weened he went the way he came,
 Till meeting two there, nor in calm—
 A monk and layman, one in creed,
 The last with novice-ardor warm,
 New-comer, and devout indeed,
 To whom the other was the guide,
 And showed the Places. "Here," he cried,
 At pause before a wayside stone,
 "Thou mark'st the spot where that bad Jew
 His churlish taunt at Jesus threw
 Bowed under cross with stifled moan:
 Caitiff, which for that cruel wrong
 Thenceforth till Doomsday drives along."

110

Starting, as here he made review,
 Celio winced—Am *I* the Jew?
 Without delay, afresh he turns
 Descending by the Way of Thorns,
 Winning the Proto-Martyr's gate,

120

And goes out down Jehoshaphat.
Beside him slid the shadows flung
By evening from the tomb-stones tall
Upon the bank far sloping from the wall.
Scarce did he heed, or did but slight
The admonishment the warder rung
That with the setting of the sun,
Now getting low and all but run,
The gate would close, and for the night.

130

xiv

IN THE GLEN

If Savonarola's zeal devout
But with the fagot's flame died out;
If Leopardi, stoned by Grief,
A young St. Stephen of the Doubt,
Might merit well the martyr's leaf;
In these if passion held her claim,
Let Celio pass, of breed the same,
Nor ask from him—not found in them—
The Attic calm, or Saxon phlegm.

Night glooming now in valley dead,
The Italian turned, regained the gate,
But found it closed, the warder fled,
And strange hush of an Eastern town
Where life retreats with set of sun.
Before the riveted clamped wood
Alone in outer dark he stood.
A symbol is it? be it so:
Harbor remains, I'll thither go.

10

A point there is where Kedron's shore
Narrowing, deepening, steepening more,
Shrinks to an adamantine pass
Flanked by three tombs, from base to head
Hewn from the cliff in cubic mass,

20

One quite cut off and islanded,
And one presents in Petra row
Pillars in hanging portico
Or balcony, here looking down
Vacantly on the vacant glen:
A place how dead, hard by a town.
'Twas here that Celio made his den
Where erst, as by tradition held,
St. James from hunters lay concealed,
Levites and bigots of the thong.

30

Hour after hour slow dragged along.
The glen's wall with night roundabout
Blended as cloud with cloud-rack may.
But lo—as when off Tamura
The splash of north-lights on the sea
Crimsons the bergs—so here start out
Some crags aloft how vividly.

40

Apace he won less narrow bound.
From the high gate, behold, a stream
Of torches. Lava-like it wound
Out from the city locked in dream,
And red adown the valley flowed.
Was it his friends the friars? from height
Meet rescue bringing in that light
To one benighted? Yes, they showed
A file of monks. But—how? their wicks
Invest a shrouded crucifix;
And each with flambeau held in hand,
Craped laymen mingle with the band
Of cord-girt gowns. He looks again:
Yes, 'tis the Terra Santa's train.
Nearer they come. The warden goes,
And other faces Celio knows.
Upon an office these are bound
Consolatory, which may stem
The affliction, or relieve the wound
Of those which mute accompany them
In mourners' garb.

50

60

Aside he shrunk
Until had passed the rearmost monk;
Then, cloaked, he followed them in glade
Where fell the shadow deeper made.
Kedron they cross. Much so might move—
If legend hold, which none may prove—
The remnant of the Twelve which bore
Down through this glen in funeral plight
The Mother of our Lord by night 70
To sepulcher. Nay, just before
Her tomb alleged, the monks and they
Which mourn, pause and uplift a lay;
Then rise, pass on, and bow the knee
In dust beside Gethsemane.

One named the Bitter Cup, and said:
“Saviour, thou knowest: it was here
The angels ministered, thy head
Supported, kissed thy lidded eyes
And pale swooned cheek till thou didst rise; 80
Help these then, unto these come near!”

Out sobbed the mourners, and the tear
From Celio trickled; but he mused—
Weak am I, by a myth abused.

Up Olivet the torch-light train
Filed slowly, yielding tribute-strain
At every sacred place they won;
Nor tarried long, but journeyed on
To Bethany—through stony lane
Went down into the narrow house 90
Or void cave named from Lazarus.
The flambeaux redden the dark wall,
Their shadows on that redness fall.
To make the attestation rife,
The resurrection and the life
Through Him the lord of miracle—
The warden from the page doth bruit
The story of the man that died
And lived again—bound hand and foot

With grave-clothes, rose—electrified;
 Whom then they loosed, let go; even he
 Whom many people came to see,
 The village hinds and farm-house maids,
 Afterward, at the supper given
 To Jesus in the balmy even,
 Who raised him vital from the shades.
 The lesson over, well they sang
"O death, where is thy sting? O grave,
Where is thy victory?" It rang,
 And ceased. And from the outward cave
 These tones were heard: "But died he twice?
 He comes not back from Paradise
 Or Hades now. A vacant tomb
 By Golgotha they show—a cell,
 A void cell here. And is it well?
 Raiser and raised divide one doom;
 Both vanished now."

100

110

No thrills forewarn
 Of fish that leaps from midnight tarn;
 The very wave from which it springs
 Is startled and recoils in rings.
 So here with Celio and the word
 Which from his own rash lips he heard.
 He, hastening forth now all unseen,
 Recrossed the mountain and ravine,
 Nor paused till on a mound he sate
 Biding St. Stephen's opening gate.

120

Ere long in gently fanning flaws
 An odoriferous balmy air
 Foreruns the morning, then withdraws,
 Or—westward heralding—roves there.
 The startled East a tremor knows—
 Flushes—anon superb appears
 In state of housings, shawls and spears,
 Such as the Sultan's vanguard shows.

130

Preceded thus, in pomp the sun
 August from Persia draweth on,

Waited by groups upon the wall
Of Judah's upland capital.

xv

UNDER THE MINARET

"Lo, shoot the spikes above the hill:
Now expectation grows and grows;
Yet vain the pageant, idle still:
When one would get at Nature's will—
To be put off by purfled shows!
"He breaks. Behold, thou orb supreme,
'Tis Olivet which thou ascendest—
The hill and legendary chapel;
Yet how indifferent thy beam!
Awe nor reverence pretendest:
Dome and summit dost but dapple
With gliding touch, a tinging gleam:
Knowest thou the Christ? believest in the dream?"

10

'Twas Celio—seated there, as late,
Upon the mound. But now the gate
Flung open, welcomes in the day,
And lets out Clarel with the guide;
These from the wall had hailed the ray;
And Celio heard them there aside,
And turning, rose. Was it to greet?

20

But ere they might accost or meet,
From minaret in grounds hard by
Of Omar, the muezzin's cry—
Tardy, for Mustapha was old,
And age a laggard is—was rolled,
Announcing Islam's early hour
Of orison. Along the walls
And that deep gulf over which these tower—
Far down toward Rogel, hark, it calls!
Can Siloa hear it, yet her wave

30

So listless lap the hollow cave?
 Is Zion deaf? But, promptly still,
 Each turban at that summons shrill,
 Which should have called ere perfect light,
 Bowed—hands on chest, or arms upright;
 While over all those fields of loss
 Where now the Crescent rides the Cross,
 Sole at the marble mast-head stands
 The Islam herald, his two hands
 Upon the rail, and sightless eyes
 Turned upward reverent toward the skies.
 And none who share not this defect
 The rules to function here elect;
 Since, raised upon the lifted perch
 What leave for prying eyes to search
 Into the privacies that lurk
 In courts domestic of the Turk,
 Whose tenements in every town
 Guard well against the street alone.

40

But what's evoked in Clarel's mien—
 What look, responsive look is seen
 In Celio, as together there
 They pause? Can these a climax share?
 Mutual in approach may glide
 Minds which from poles adverse have come,
 Belief and unbelief? may doom
 Of doubt make such to coincide—
 Upon one frontier brought to dwell
 Arrested by the Ezan high
 In summons as from out the sky
 To matins of the infidel?
 The God alleged, here in abode
 Ignored with such impunity,
 Scarce true is writ a jealous God.

50

60

Think ye such thoughts? If so it be,
 Yet these may eyes transmit and give?
 Mere eyes? so quick, so sensitive?
 Howbeit Celio knew his mate:

Again, as down in Gihon late,
 He hovered with his overture—
 An overture that scorned debate.
 But inexperienced, shy, unsure—
 Challenged abrupt, or yea or nay,
 Again did Clarel hesitate;
 When quick the proud one with a look
 Which might recoil of heart betray,
 And which the other scarce might brook
 In recollection, turned away.

70

Ah, student, ill thy sort have sped:
 The instant proffer—it is fled!

80

When, some days after, for redress
 Repentant Clarel sought access,
 He learned the name, with this alone—
 From convent Celio was gone,
 Nor knew they whither.

Here in press

To Clarel came a dreamy token:
 What speck is that so far away
 That wanes and wanes in waxing day?
 Is it the sail ye fain had spoken
 Last night when surges parted ye?
 But on, it is a boundless sea.

90

xvi

THE WALL OF WAIL

Beneath the toppled ruins old
 In series from Moriah rolled
 Slips Kedron furtive? underground
 Peasants avouch they hear the sound.
 In aisled lagunes and watery halls
 Under the temple, silent sleep
 What memories elder? Far and deep
 What ducts and chambered wells and walls.

And many deep substructions be
 Which so with doubt and gloom agree,
 To question one is borne along—
 Based these the Right? subserved the Wrong?

10

’Twas by an all-forgotten way,
 Whose mouth in outer glen forbid
 By heaps of rubbish long lay hid,
 Cloaca of remotest day;

’Twas by that unsuspected vault
 With outlet in mid city lone,
 A spot with ruin all bestrown—
 The peasants in sedition late
 Captured Jerusalem in strait,
 Took it by underground assault.

20

Go wander, and within the walls,
 Among the glades of cactus trees
 Where no life harbors, peers or calls—
 Wild solitudes like shoals in seas
 Unsailed; or list at still sundown,
 List to the hand-mills as they drone,
 Domestic hand-mills in the court,
 And groups there in the dear resort,
 Mild matron pensive by her son,
 The little prattler at her knee:
 Under such scenes abysses be—
 Dark quarries where few care to pry,
 Whence came those many cities high—
 Great capitals successive reared,
 And which successive disappeared
 On this same site. To powder ground,
 Dispersed their dust blows round and round.

30

No shallow gloss may much avail
 When these or kindred thoughts assail:
 Which Clarel proved, the more he went
 A rover in their element.
 For—trusting still that in some place
 Where pilgrims linger he anew
 The missing stranger yet would face

40

And speak with—never he withdrew
His wandering feet.

In aimless sort

Passing across the town amorphous,
They came where camped in corner waste,
Some Edomites were at repast—
Sojourners mere, and of a day—
Dark-hued, nor unlike birds of prey
Which on the stones of Tyre alight.
While Clarel fed upon that sight—
The saint repeating in his ear

50

Meet text applying to the scene—
As liberated from ravine,
Voices in choral note they hear;
And, strange as lilies in morass,
At the same moment, lo, appear
Emerging from a stony pass,
A lane low-vaulted and unclean,
Damsels in linen robes, heads bare,
Enlinked with matrons pacing there,
And elders gray; the maids with book:
Companions would one page o'erlook;
And vocal thus they wound along,
No glad procession, spite the song.
For truth to own, so downcast they—
At least the men, in sordid dress
And double file—the slim array,
But for the maidens' gentleness
And voices which so bird-like sang,
Had seemed much like a coffle gang.

60

70

But Nehemiah a key supplied:
"Alas, poor misled Jews," he sighed,
"Ye do but dirge among your dead.—
The Hebrew quarter here we tread;
And this is Friday; Wailing Day:
These to the temple wend their way.
And shall we follow?" Doing so
They came upon a sunken yard

80

Obscure, where dust and rubbish blow.
 Felonious place, and quite debarred
 From common travel. On one side
 A blind wall rose, stable and great—
 Massed up immense, an Ararat
 Founded on beveled blocks how wide, 90
 Reputed each a stone august
 Of Solomon's fane (else fallen to dust)
 But now adopted for the wall
 To Islam's courts. There, lord of all,
 The Turk permits the tribes to creep
 Abject in rear of those dumb stones,
 To lean or kneel, lament and weep;
 Sad mendicants shut out from gate
 Inexorable. Sighs and groans:
 To be restored! we wait, long wait! 100
 They call to count their pristine state
 On this same ground: the lifted rows
 Of peristyles; the porticoes
 Crown upon crown, where Levite trains
 In chimes of many a silver bell
 (Daintily small as pearls in chain)
 Hemming their mantles musical—
 Passed in procession up and down,
 Viewing the belt of guarding heights,
 And march of shadows there, and flights 110
 Of pigeon-pets, and palm leaves blown;
 Or heard the silver trumpets call—
 The priestly trumps, to festival.
 So happy they; such Judah's prime.
 But we, the remnant, lo, we pale;
 Cast from the Temple, here we wail—
 Yea, perish ere come Shiloh's time.
 Hard by that joyless crew which leant
 With brows against the adamant—
 Sad buttresses thereto—hard by— 120
 The student marks the Black Jew bowed;
 His voice he hears amid the crowd

Which supplicate stern Shaddei.
And earnest, too, he seeth there
One scarcely Hebrew in his dress
Rural, and hard cheek's swarthinness,
With nothing of an Eastern air.
His eyes met Clarel's unremoved—
In end a countryman he proved,
A strange apostate. On the twain
Contrasted so—the white, the black—
Man's earliest breed and latest strain—
Behind the master Moslem's back
Skulking, and in great Moses' track—
Gazed Clarel with the wonderment
Of wight who feels the earth upheave
Beneath him, and learns, ill-content
That terra firma can deceive.

130

When now those Friday wails were done,
Nehemiah, sidling with his book
Unto a lorn decrepit one,
Proffered a tract: "'Tis Hebrew, look,"
Zealous he urged; "it points the way,
Sole way, dear heart, whereby ye may
Rebuild the Temple." Answer none
Gat he from Isaac's pauper son,
Who, turning, part as in disdain,
Crept toward his squalid home. Again
Enrapt stood Clarel, lost awhile:
"Yon Jew has faith; can faith be vain?
But *is* it faith? ay, faith's the word—
What else? Faith then can thus beguile
Her faithfulest. Hard, that is hard!"
So doubts invaded, found him out.
He strove with them; but they proved stout,
Nor would they down.

140

150

But turn regard.
Among the maids those rites detained,
One he perceived, as it befell,
Whose air expressed such truth unfeigned,

160

And harmonies inlinked which dwell
In pledges born of record pure—
She looked a legate to insure
That Paradise is possible
Now as hereafter. 'Twas the grace
Of Nature's dawn: an Eve-like face
And Nereid eyes with virgin spell
Candid as day, yet baffling quite
Like day, through unreserve of light.
A dove she seemed, a temple dove,
Born in the temple or its grove,
And nurtured there. But deeper viewed,
What was it that looked part amiss?
A bit impaired? what lack of peace?
Enforced suppression of a mood,
Regret with yearning intertwined,
And secret protest of a virgin mind.

170

Hebrew the profile, every line;
But as in haven fringed with palm,
Which Indian reefs embay from harm,
Belulled as in the vase the wine—
Red budded corals in remove,
Peep coy through quietudes above;
So through clear olive of the skin,
And features finely Hagarene;
Its way a tell-tale flush did win—
A tint which unto Israel's sand
Blabbed of the June in some far clover land.

180

Anon by chance the damsel's eye
Fell on Nehemiah, and the look
A friendly recognition spoke,
Returned in kind. When by-and-by
The groups brake up and homeward bent;
Then, nor unnoted by the youth,
That maiden with the apostate went,
Whose voice paternal called her—"Ruth!"

190

"Tell, friend," said Clarel eagerly,
As from the wall of wail they passed;

“Father and daughter? Who may be
 That strange pervert?” No willing haste
 The mentor showed; awhile he fed
 On anxious thoughts; then grievingly
 The story gave—a tangled thread,
 Which, cleared from snarl and ordered so,
 Follows transferred, with interflow
 Of much Nehemiah scarce might add.

200

xvii

NATHAN

Nathan had sprung from worthy stock—
 Austere, ascetical, but free,
 Which hewed their way from sea-beat rock
 Wherever woods and winter be.

The pilgrim-keel in storm and stress
 Had erred, and on a wilderness.
 But shall the children all be schooled
 By hap which their forefathers ruled?
 Those primal settlers put in train
 New emigrants which inland bore;
 From these too, emigrants again
 Westward pressed further; more bred more;
 At each remove a goodlier wain,
 A heart more large, an ampler shore,
 With legacies of farms behind;
 Until in years the wagons wind
 Through parks and pastures of the sun,
 Warm plains as of Esdraleon:
 ’Tis nature in her best benign.
 Wild, wild in symmetry of mold,
 With freckles on her tawny gold,
 The lily alone looks pantherine—
 The libbard-lily. Never broods
 The gloom here of grim hemlock woods

10

20

Breeding the witchcraft-spell malign;
But groves like isles in Grecian seas,
Those dotting isles, the Sporades.
But who the gracious charm may tell—
Long rollings of the vast serene—
The prairie in her swimming swell
Of undulation.

30

Such glad scene
Was won by venturers from far
Born under that severer star
The landing patriarchs knew. In fine,
To Illinois—a turf divine
Of promise, how auspicious spread,
Ere yet the cities rose thereon—
From Saco's mountain wilds were led
The sire of Nathan, wife and son;
Life's lot to temper so, and shun
Mountains whose camp withdrawn was set
Above one vale he would forget.

40

After some years their tale had told,
He rested; lay forever stilled
With sachems and mound-builders old.
The son was grown; the farm he tilled;
A stripling, but of manful ways,
Hardy and frugal, oft he filled
The widow's eyes with tears of praise.
An only child, with her he kept
For *her* sake part, the Christian way,
Though frequent in his bosom crept
Precocious doubt unbid. The sway
He felt of his grave life, and power
Of vast space, from the log-house door
Daily beheld. Three Indian mounds
Against the horizon's level bounds
Dim showed across the prairie green
Like dwarfed and blunted mimic shapes
Of Pyramids at distance seen
From the broad Delta's planted capes

50

60

Of vernal grain. In nearer view
With trees he saw them crowned, which drew
From the red sagamores of eld
Entombed within, the vital gum
Which green kept each mausoleum.

Hard by, as chanced, he once beheld
Bones like sea corals; one bleached skull
A vase vined round and beautiful
With flowers; felt, with bated breath
The floral revelry over death.

70

And other sights his heart had thrilled;
Lambs had he known by thunder killed,
Innocents—and the type of Christ
Betrayed. Had not such things sufficed
To touch the young pure heart with awe,
Memory's mint could move him more.
In prairie twilight, summer's own,
The last cow milked, and he alone
In barn-yard dreamy by the fence,
Contrasted, came a scene immense:
The great White Hills, mount flanked by mount,
The Saco and Ammonoosuc's fount;
Where, in September's equinox
Nature hath put such terror on
That from his mother man would run—
Our mother, Earth: the founded rocks
Unstable prove: the Slide! the Slide!
Again he saw the mountain-side
Sliced open; yet again he stood
Under its shadow, on the spot—
Now waste, but once a cultured plot,
Though far from village neighborhood—
Where, nor by sexton hearsed at even,
Somewhere his uncle slept; no mound,
Since not a trace of him was found,
So whelmed the havoc from the heaven.

80

90

This reminiscence of dismay,
These thoughts unhinged him. On a day

100

Waiting for monthly grist at mill
 In settlement some miles away,
 It chanced, upon the window-sill
 A dusty book he spied, whose coat,
 Like the Scotch miller's powdered twill,
 The mealy owner might denote.
 Called off from reading, unaware
 The miller e'en had left it there.
 A book all but forsaken now
 For more advanced ones not so frank,
 Nor less in vogue and taking rank;
 And yet it never shall outgrow
 That infamy it first incurred,
 Though—viewed in light which moderns know—
 Capricious infamy absurd.

110

The blunt straightforward Saxon tone,
 Work-a-day language, even his own,
 The sturdy thought, not deep but clear,
 The hearty unbelief sincere,
 Arrested him much like a hand
 Clapped on the shoulder. Here he found
 Body to doubt, rough standing-ground.
 After some pages brief were scanned,
 "Wilt loan me this?" he anxious said.
 The shrewd Scot turned his square, strong head—
 The book he saw, in troubled trim,
 Fearing for Nathan, even him
 So young, and for the mill, may be,
 Should his unspoken heresy
 Get bruited so. The lad but part
 Might penetrate that senior heart.
 Vainly the miller would dissuade;
 Pledge gave he, and the loan was made.

120

130

Reclined that night by candle dim
 He read, then slept, and woke afraid:
 The White Hill's slide! the Indian skull!
 But this wore off; and unto him
 Came acquiescence, which though dull

Was hardly peace. An altered earth
Sullen he tilled, in Adam's frame 140
When thrust from Eden out to dearth
And blest no more, and wise in shame.
The fall! nor aught availed at need
To Nathan, not each filial deed
Done for his mother, to allay
This ill. But though the Deist's sway,
Broad as the prairie fire, consumed
Some pansies which before had bloomed
Within his heart; it did but feed
To clear the soil for upstart weed. 150

Yes, ere long came replacing mood.
The god, expelled from given form,
Went out into the calm and storm.
Now, ploughing near the isles of wood
In dream he felt the liveness come,
In dream regarded there the loam
Turned first by him. Such mental food
Need quicken, and in natural way,
Each germ of Pantheistic sway, 160
Whose influence, nor always drear,
Tenants our maiden hemisphere;
As if, dislodged long since from cells
Of Thracian woodlands, hither stole—
Hither, to renew their old control—
Pan and the pagan oracles.

How frequent when Favonius low
Breathed from the copse which mild did wave
Over his father's sylvan grave,
And stirred the corn, he stayed the hoe,
And leaning, listening, felt a thrill 170
Which heathenized against the will.

Years sped. But years attain not truth,
Nor length of life avails at all;
But time instead contributes ruth:
His mother—her the garnerers call:

When sicklemen with sickles go,
The churl of nature reaps her low.

Let now the breasts of Ceres swell—

In shooks, with golden tassels gay,
The Indian corn its trophies ray 180

About the log-house; is it well
With death's ripe harvest?—To believe,

Belief to win nor more to grieve!

But how? a sect about him stood

In thin and scattered neighborhood;

Uncanny, and in rupture new;

Nor were all lives of members true

And good. For them who hate and heave

Contempt on rite and creed sublime,

Yet to their own rank fable cleave— 190

Abject, the latest shame of time;

These quite repelled, for still his mind

Erring, was of no vulgar kind.

Alone, and at Doubt's freezing pole

He wrestled with the pristine forms

Like the first man. By inner storms

Held in solution, so his soul

Ripened for hour of such control

As shapes, concretes. The influence came,

And from a source that well might claim 200

Surprise.

"Twas in a lake-port new,

A mart for grain, by chance he met

A Jewess who about him threw

Else than Nerea's amorous net

And dubious wile. 'Twas Miriam's race:

A sibyl breathed in Agar's grace—

A sibyl, but a woman too;

He felt her grateful as the rains

To Rephaim and the Rama plains 210

In drought. Ere won, herself did woo:

"Wilt join my people?" Love is power;

Came the strange plea in yielding hour.
Nay, and turn Hebrew? But why not?
If backward still the inquirer goes
To get behind man's present lot
Of crumbling faith; for rear-wall shows
Far behind Rome and Luther——what?
The crag of Sinai. Here then plant
Thyself secure: 'tis adamant.

220

Still as she dwelt on Zion's story
He felt the glamour, caught the gleam;
All things but these seemed transitory—
Love, and his love's Jerusalem.
And interest in a mitered race,
With awe which to the fame belongs,
These in receptive heart found place
When Agar chanted David's songs.

'Twas passion. But the Puritan—
Mixed latent in his blood—a strain
How evident, of Hebrew source;
'Twas that, diverted here in force,
Which biased—hardly might do less.
Hereto append, how earnestness,
Which disbelief for first-fruits bore,
Now, in recoil, by natural stress
Constrained to faith—to faith in more
Than prior disbelief had spurned;
As if, when he toward credence turned,
Distance therefrom but gave career
For impetus that shot him sheer
Beyond. Agar rejoiced; nor knew
How such a nature, charged with zeal,
Might yet overpass that limit due
Observed by her. For woe or weal
They wedded, one in heart and creed.
Transferring fields with title-deed,
From rustic life he quite withdrew—
Traded, and throve. Two children came:

230

240

Sedate his heart, nor sad the dame.
But years subvert; or he outgrew
(While yet confirmed in all the myth)
The mind infertile of the Jew.
His northern nature, full of pith,
Vigor and enterprise and will,
Having taken thus the Hebrew bent,
Might not abide inactive so
And but the empty forms fulfill:
Needs utilize the mystic glow—
For nervous energies find vent.

250

260

 The Hebrew seers announce in time
The return of Judah to her prime;
Some Christians deemed it then at hand.
Here was an object: Up and do!
With seed and tillage help renew—
Help reinstate the Holy Land.

 Some zealous Jews on alien soil
Who still from Gentile ways recoil,
And loyally maintain the dream,
Salute upon the Paschal day
With *Next year in Jerusalem!*
Now Nathan turning unto her,
Greeting his wife at morning ray,
Those words breathed on the Passover;
But she, who mutely startled lay,
In the old phrase found import new,
In the blithe tone a bitter cheer
That did the very speech subdue.
She kenned her husband's mind austere,
Had watched his reveries grave; he meant
No flourish mere of sentiment.
Then what to do? or how to stay?
Decry it? that would faith unsay.
Withstand him? but she gently loved.
And so with Agar here it proved,
As oft it may, the hardy will
Overpowered the deep monition still.

270

280

Enough; fair fields and household charms
They quit, sell all, and cross the main
With Ruth and a young child in arms. 290
A tract secured on Sharon's plain,
Some sheds he built, and ground walled in
Defensive; toil severe but vain.
The wandering Arabs, wonted long
(Nor crime they deemed it, crime nor sin)
To scale the desert convents strong—
In sly foray leaped Nathan's fence
And robbed him; and no recompense
Attainable where law was none
Or perjured. Resolute hereon, 300
Agar, with Ruth and the young child,
He lodged within the stronghold town
Of Zion, and his heart exiled
To abide the worst on Sharon's lea.
Himself and honest servants three
Armed husbandmen became, as erst
His sires in Pequod wilds immersed.
Hittites—foes pestilent to God
His fathers old those Indians deemed:
Nathan the Arabs here esteemed 310
The same—slaves meriting the rod;
And out he spake it; which bred hate
The more imperiling his state.

With muskets now his servants slept;
Alternate watch and ward they kept
In grounds beleaguered. Not the less
Visits at stated times he made
To them in Zion's walled recess.
Agar with sobs of supplicance prayed
That he would fix there: "Ah, for good 320
Tarry! abide with us, thine own;
Put not these blanks between us; should
Such space be for a shadow thrown?
Quit Sharon, husband; leave to brood;
Serve God by cleaving to thy wife,

Thy children. If come fatal strife—
Which I forebode—nay!” and she flung
Her arms about him there, and clung.

She plead. But though his heart could feel,
’Twas mastered by inveterate zeal.
Even the nursling’s death ere long
Balked not his purpose though it wrung.

330

But Time the cruel, whose smooth way
Is feline, patient for the prey
That to this twig of being clings;
And Fate, which from her ambush springs
And drags the loiterer soon or late
Unto a sequel unforeseen;
These doomed him and cut short his date;
But first was modified the lien
The husband had on Agar’s heart;
And next a prudence slid athwart—
After distrust. But be unsaid
That steep toward which the current led.
Events shall speak.

340

And now the guide,
Who did in sketch this tale begin,
Parted with Clarel at the inn;
And ere long came the eventide.

xviii

NIGHT

Like sails convened when calms delay
Off the twin forelands on fair day,
So, on Damascus’ plain behold
Mid groves and gardens, girdling ones,
White fleets of sprinkled villas, rolled
In the green ocean of her environs.
There when no minaret receives

The sun that gilds yet St. Sophia,
Which loath and later it bereaves,
The peace fulfills the heart's desire. 10
In orchards mellowed by eve's ray
The prophet's son in turban green,
Mild, with a patriarchal mien,
Gathers his fruity spoil. In play
Of hide-and-seek where alleys be,
The branching Eden brooks ye see
Peeping, and fresh as on the day
When haply Abram's steward went—
Mild Eliezer, musing, say—
By those same banks, to join the tent 20
In Canaan pitched. From Hermon stray
Cool airs that in a dream of snows
Temper the ardor of the rose;
While yet to moderate and reach
A tone beyond our human speech,
How steals from cloisters of the groves
The *ave* of the vesper-doves.
Such notes, translated into hues,
Thy wall, Angelico, suffuse,
Whose tender pigments melt from view— 30
Die down, die out, as sunsets do.

But rustling trees aloft entice
To many a house-top, old and young:
Aerial people! see them throng;
And the moon comes up from Paradise.

But in Jerusalem—not there
Loungers at eve to roof repair
So frequent. Haply two or three
Small quiet groups far off you see,
Or some all uncompanied one 40
(Like ship-boy at mast-head alone)
Watching the star-rise. Silently
So Clarel stands, his vaulted room
Opening upon a terrace free,

Lifted above each minor dome
 On grade beneath. Glides, glides away
 The twilight of the Wailing Day.
 The apostate's story fresh in mind,
 Fain Clarel here had mused thereon,
 But more upon Ruth's lot, so twined
 With clinging ill. But every thought
 Of Ruth was strangely underrun
 By Celio's image. Celio—sought
 Vainly in body—now appeared
 As in the spiritual part,
 Haunting the air, and in the heart.

50

Back to his chamber Clarel veered,
 Seeking that alms which unrest craves
 Of slumber: alms withheld from him;
 For midnight, rending all her graves,
 Showed in a vision far and dim
 Still Celio—and in pallid stress
 Fainting amid contending press
 Of shadowy fiends and cherubim.
 Later, anew he sought the roof;
 And started, for not far aloof,
 He caught some dubious object dark,
 Huddled and hooded, bowed, and set
 Under the breast-high parapet,
 And glimmering with a dusky spark.
 It moved, it murmured. In deep prayer
 'Twas Abdon under *talith*. Rare
 That scarf of supplication—old,
 Of India stuff, with braid of gold
 In cipher. Did the Black Jew keep
 The saying—*Prayer is more than sleep?*
 Islam says that. The Hebrew rose,
 And, kindled by the starry sky,
 In brodered text that mystic flows
 The *talith* gleams. Divested then
 He turned, not knowing Clarel nigh,
 And would have passed him all unseen.

60

70

80

But Clarel spake. It roused annoy—
 An Eastern Jew in rapt employ
 Spied by the Gentile. But a word
 Dispelled distrust, good will restored.

“Stay with me,” Clarel said; “go not.
 A shadow, but I scarce know what—
 It haunts me. Is it presage?—Hark!
 That piercing cry from out the dark!”
 “’Tis for some parted spirit—gone,
 Just gone. The custom of the town
 That cry is; yea, the watcher’s breath
 Instant upon the stroke of death.”

90

“Anew! ’Tis like a tongue of flame
 Shot from the fissure;” and stood still:
 “Can fate the boding thus fulfill?
 First ever I, first to disclaim
 Such premonitions.—Thrillest yet
 ’Tis over, *but we might have met?*—
 Hark, hark; again the cry is sped;
 For *him* it is—found now—nay, fled!”

100

xix

THE FULFILLMENT

Such passion!—But have hearts forgot
 That ties may form where words be not?
 The spiritual sympathy
 Transcends the social. Which appears
 In that presentiment, may be,
 Of Clarel’s inquietude of fears
 Proved just.

Yes, some retreat to win
 Even more secluded than the court
 The Terra Santa locks within:
 Celio had found withdrawn resort
 And lodging in the deeper town.
 There, by a gasping ill distressed—

10

Such as attacks the hump-bowed one—
 After three days the malady pressed:
 He knew it, knew his course was run,
 And, turning toward the wall, found rest.

’Twas Syrians watched the parting hour—
 And Syrian women shrilled the cry
 That wailed it. This, with added store,
 Learned Clarel, putting all else by
 To get at items of the dead.

20

Nor, in the throb that casts out fear,
 Aught recked he of a scruple here;
 But, finding leaves that might bestead,
 The jotted journaled thoughts he read.
 A second self therein he found,

But stronger—with the heart to brave
 All questions on that primal ground
 Laid bare by faith’s receding wave.

30

But lo, arrested in event—
 Hurried down Hades’ steep descent;
 Cut off while in progressive stage
 Perchance, ere years might more unfold:
 Who young dies, leaves life’s tale half told.
 How then? Is death the book’s fly-page?
 Is no hereafter? If there be,

Death foots what record? how forestalls
 Acquittance in eternity?

Advance too, and through age on age?
 Here the tree lies not as it falls;

40

For howsoe’er in words of man
 The word and will of God be feigned,
 No incompletion’s heaven ordained.

Clarel, through him these reveries ran.

XX

VALE OF ASHES

Beyond the city’s thin resort
 And northward from the Ephraim port

The Vale of Ashes keepeth place.
If stream it have which showeth face,
Thence Kedron issues when in flood:
A pathless dell men seldom trace;
The same which after many a rood
Down deepens by the city wall
Into a glen, where—if we deem
Joel's wild text no Runic dream—
An archangelic trump shall call
The nations of the dead from wreck,
Convene them in one judgment-hall
The hollow of Melchizedek.

10

That upper glade by quarries old
Reserves for weary ones a seat—
Porches of caves, stone benches cold,
Grateful in sultry clime to meet.
To this secluded spot austere,
Priests bore—Talmudic records treat—
The ashes from the altar; here
They laid them, hallowed in release,
Shielded from winds in glade of peace.

20

From following the bier to end
Hitherward now see Clarel tend;
A dell remote from Celio's mound,
As he for time would shun the ground
So freshly opened for the dead,
Nor linger there while aliens stray
And ceremonious gloom is shed.

30

Withdrawing to this quiet bay
He felt a natural influence glide
In lenitive through every vein,
And reach the heart, lull heart and brain.
The comrade old was by his side,
And solace shared. But this would pass,
Or dim eclipse would steal thereon,
As over autumn's hill-side grass

The cloud. Howbeit, in freak anon
 His Bible he would muttering con,
 Then turn, and brighten with a start—
 “I hear them, hear them in my heart;
 Yea, friend in Christ, I hear them swell—
 The trumpets of Immanuel!”

40

Illusion. But in other hour
 When oft he would foretell the flower
 And sweets that time should yet bring in,
 A happy world, with peace for dower—
 This more of interest could win;
 For he, the solitary man
 Who such a social dream could fan,
 What had he known himself of bliss?
 And—nearing now his earthly end—
 Even that he pledged he needs must miss.

50

To Clarel now, such musings lend
 A vague disturbance, as they wend
 Returning through the noiseless glade.
 But in the gate Nehemiah said,
 “My room in court is pleasant, see;
 Not yet you’ve been there—come with me.”

60

xxi

BY-PLACES

On Salem’s surface undermined,
 Lo, present alley, lane or wynd
 Obscure, which pilgrims seldom gain
 Or tread, who wonted guides retain.
 Humble the pilots native there:
 Following humbly need ye fare:
 Afoot; for never camels pass—
 Camels, which elsewhere in the town,
 Stalk through the street and brush the gown;

Nor steed, nor mule, nor smaller ass.
 Some by-paths, flanked by wall and wall,
 Affect like glens. Dismantled, torn,
 Disastrous houses, ripe for fall—
 Haggard as Horeb, or the rock
 Named Hermit, antler of Cape Horn—
 Shelter, in chamber grimed, or hall,
 The bearded goat-herd's bearded flock;
 Or quite abandoned, sold to fear,
 Yawn, and like plundered tombs appear.
 Here, if alone, strive all ye can,
 Needs must ye start at meeting man.
 Yet man here harbors, even he—
 Harbors like lizard in dry well,
 Or stowaway in hull at sea
 Down by the keelson; criminal,
 Or penitent, or wretch undone,
 Or anchorite, or kinless one,
 Or wight cast off by kin; or soul
 Which anguished from the hunter stole—
 Like Emim Bey the Mameluke.
 He—armed, and, happily, mounted well—
 Leaped the inhuman citadel
 In Cairo; fled—yea, bleeding, broke
 Through shouting lanes his breathless way
 Into the desert; nor at bay
 Even there might stand; but, fox-like, on,
 And ran to earth in Zion's town;
 Here maimed, disfigured, crouched in den,
 And crouching died—securest then.

10

20

30

With these be hearts in each degree
 Of craze, whereto some creed is key;
 Which, mastered by the awful myth,
 Find here, on native soil, the pith;
 And leaving a shrewd world behind—
 To trances open-eyed resigned—
 As visionaries of the Word
 Walk like somnambulists abroad.

40

xxii

HERMITAGE

Through such retreats of dubious end
 Behold the saint and student wend,
 Stirring the dust that here may keep
 Like that on mummies long asleep
 In Theban tomb. Those alleys passed,
 A little square they win—a waste
 Shut in by towers so hushed, so blind,
 So tenantless and left forlorn
 As seemed—an ill surmise was born
 Of something prowling there behind. 10

An arch, with key-stone slipped half down
 Like a dropped jaw—they enter that;
 Repulse nor welcome in the gate:
 Climbed, and an upper chamber won.
 It looked out through low window small
 On other courts of bale shut in,
 Whose languishment of crumbling wall
 Breathed that despair alleged of sin.
 Prediction and fulfillment met
 In faint appealings from the rod: 20
 Wherefore forever dost forget—
 For so long time forsake, O God?

But Clarel turned him, heedful more
 To note the place within. The floor
 Rudely was tiled; and little there
 A human harbor might express
 Save a poor chest, a couch, a chair;
 A hermitage how comfortless.
 The beams of the low ceiling bare
 Were wreck-stuff from the Joppa strand: 30
 Scant the live timber in that land.
 Upon the cot the host sat down,
 Short breathing, with late travel spent;

And wiping beads from brow and crown,
Essayed a smile, in kindness meant.

But now a little foot was heard
Light coming. On the hush it fell
Like tinkling of the camel-bell
In Uz. "Hark! yea, she comes—my bird!"
Cried Nehemiah who hailed the hap;
"Yea, friend in Christ, quick now ye'll see
God's mesenger which feedeth me;"

40

And rising to the expected tap,
He oped the door. Alone was seen
Ruth with a napkin coarse yet clean,
Folding a loaf. Therewith she bore
A water-pitcher, nothing more.
These alms, the snowy robe and free,
The veil which hid each tress from sight,
Might indicate a vestal white
Or priestess of sweet charity.

50

The voice was on the lip; but eyes
Arrested in their frank accost,
Checked speech, and looked in opening skies
Upon the stranger. Said the host,
Easing her hands, "Bird, bird, come in:
Well-doing never was a sin—
God bless thee!" In suffusion dim
His eyes filled. She eluding him,
Retreated. "What, and flown?" breathed he:
"Daily this raven comes to me;

60

But what should make it now so shy?"
The hermit motioned here to share
The loaf with Clarel; who put by
The proffer. So, with Crusoe air
Of castaway on isle in sea
Withdrawn, he broke the unshared bread—
But not before a blessing said:
Loaf in left hand, the right hand raised
Higher, and eyes which heavenward gazed.

70

Ere long—refection done—the youth

Lured him to talk of things, in range
 Linking themselves at last with Ruth.
 Her sire he spake of. Here 'twas strange
 How o'er the enthusiast stole a change—
 A meek superior look in sooth:
 "Poor Nathan, did man ever stray
 As thou? to Judaize to-day!
 To deem the crook of Christ shall yield
 To Aaron's staff! to till thy field
 In hope that harvest time shall see
 Solomon's hook in golden glee
 Reaping the ears. Well, well! meseems—
 Heaven help him; dreams, but dreams—dreams, dreams!"
 "But thou, thou too, with faith sincere
 Surely believ'st in Jew restored."
 "Yea, as forerunner of our Lord.—
 Poor man, he's weak; 'tis even here"—
 Touching his forehead—"he's amiss."

80

Clarel scarce found reply to this,
 Conjecturing that Nathan too
 Must needs hold Nehemiah in view
 The same; the which an after-day
 Confirmed by proof. But now from sway
 Of thoughts he would not have recur,
 He slid, and into dream of her
 Who late within that cell shed light
 Like the angel succorer by night
 Of Peter dungeoned. But apace
 He turned him, for he heard the breath,
 The old man's breath, in sleep. The face
 Though tranced, struck not like trance of death
 All rigid; not a masque like that,
 Iced o'er, which none may penetrate,
 Conjecturing of aught below.
 Death freezes, but sleep thaws. And so
 The inmate lay, some lines revealed—
 Effaced, when life from sleep comes back.
 And what their import? Be it sealed.

90

100

But Clarel felt as in affright
 Did Eliphaz the Temanite
 When passed the vision ere it spake.

110

He stole forth, striving with his thought,
 Leaving Nehemiah in slumber caught—
 Alone, and in an unlocked room,
 Safe as a stone in vacant tomb,
 Stone none molest, for it is naught.

xxiii

THE CLOSE

Next day the wanderer drawing near
 Saluting with his humble cheer,
 Made Clarel start. Where now the look
 That face but late in slumber took?
 Had he but dreamed it? It was gone.

But other thoughts were stirring soon,
 To such good purpose, that the saint
 Through promptings scarce by him divined,
 Anew led Clarel through constraint
 Of inner by-ways, yet inclined
 Away from his peculiar haunt,
 And came upon a little close,
 One wall whereof a creeper won.
 On casement sills, small pots in rows
 Showed herb and flower, the shade and sun—
 Surprise how blest in town but sere.
 Low breathed the guide, "They harbor here—
 Agar, and my young raven, Ruth.
 And, see, there's Nathan, nothing loath,
 Just in from Sharon, 'tis his day;
 And, yes—the Rabbi in delay."—

10

20

The group showed just within the door
 Swung open where the creeper led.
 In lap the petting mother bore
 The half reclining maiden's head—
 The stool drawn neighboring the chair;

In front, erect, the father there,
 Hollow in cheek, but rugged, brown—
 Sharon's red soil upon his shoon—
 With zealot gesture urged some plea
 Which brought small joy to Agar's eyes,
 Whereto turned Ruth's. In scrutiny
 Impassive, wrinkled, and how wise
 (If wisdom be but craft profound)
 Sat the hoar Rabbi. This his guise:
 In plaits a head-dress agate-bound,
 A sable robe with mystic hem—
 Clasps silver, locked in monogram.

30

An unextinguished lamp they view
 Whose flame scarce visibly did sway,
 Which having burned till morning dew
 Might not be quenched on Saturday
 The unaltered sabbath of the Jew.
 Struck by the attitudes, the scene,
 And loath, a stranger, to advance
 Obtrusive, coming so between;
 While, in emotion new and strange,
 Ruth thrilled him with life's first romance;
 Clarel abashed and faltering stood,
 With cheek that knew a novel change.

40

50

But Nehemiah with air subdued
 Made known their presence; and Ruth turned,
 And Agar also, and discerned
 The stranger, and a settle placed:
 Matron and maid with welcome graced
 Both visitors, and seemed to find
 In travel-talk which here ensued
 Relief to burdens of the mind.
 But by the sage was Clarel viewed
 With stony and unfriendly look—
 Fixed inquisition, hard to brook.
 And that embarrassment he raised
 The Rabbi marked, and colder gazed.

60

But in redemption from his glance—
 For a benign deliverance—
 On Clarel fell the virgin's eyes,
 Pure home of all we seek and prize,
 And crossing with their humid ray
 The Levite's arid eyes of gray—
 But skill is none to word the rest:
 To Clarel's heart there came a swell
 Like the first tide that ever pressed
 Inland, and of a deep did tell.

70

Thereafter, little speech was had
 Save syllables which do but skim;
 Even in these, the zealot—made
 A slave to one tyrannic whim—
 Was scant; while still the sage unkind
 Sat a torpedo-fish, with mind
 Intent to paralyze, and so
 Perchance, make Clarel straight forego
 Acquaintance with his flock, at least
 With two, whose yearnings—he the priest
 More than conjectured—oft did flow
 Averse from Salem. None the less
 A talismanic gentleness
 Maternal welled from Agar faint;
 Through the sad circle's ill constraint
 Her woman's way could yet instill
 Her prepossession, her good will;
 And when at last they bade good-by—
 The visitors—another eye
 Spake at the least of amity.

80

90

xxiv

THE GIBE

In the south wall, where low it creeps
 Crossing the hollow down between

Moriah and Zion, by dust-heaps
 Of rubbish in a lonely scene,
 A little door there is, and mean—
 Such as a stable may befit;
 'Tis locked, nor do they open it
 Except when days of drought begin,
 To let the water-donkeys in
 From Rogel. 'Tis in site the gate
 Of Scripture named the dung-gate—that
 Also (the legends this instill)
 Through which from over Kedron's rill—
 In fear of rescue should they try
 The way less roundabout and shy—
 By torch the tipstaves Jesus led,
 And so through back-street hustling sped
 To Pilate. Odor bad it has
 This gate in story, and alas,
 In fact as well, and is in fine
 Like ancient Rome's port Esquiline
 Wherefrom the scum was cast.—

10

20

Next day

Ascending Zion's rear, without
 The wall, the saint and Clarel stay
 Their feet, being hailed, and by a shout
 From one who nigh the small gate stood:
 "Ho, ho there, worthy pilgrims, ho!
 Acquainted in this neighborhood?
 What city's this? town beautiful
 Of David? I'm a stranger, know.
 'Tis heavy prices here must rule;
 Choice house-lot now, what were it worth?
 How goes the market?" and more mirth.

30

Down there into the place unclean
 They peer, they see the man therein,
 An iron-gray, short, rugged one,
 Round shouldered, and of knotty bone;
 A hammer swinging in his hand,
 And pouch at side, by the ill door.

40

Him had they chanced upon before
Or rather at a distance seen
Upon the hills, with curious mien
And eyes that—scarce in pious dream
Or sad humility, 'twould seem—
Still earthward bent, would pry and pore.
Perceiving that he shocked the twain,
His head he wagged, and called again,
“What city’s this? town beautiful——”

No more they heard; but to annul
The cry, here Clarel quick as thought
Turned with the saint and refuge sought
Passing an angle of the wall.

50

When now at slower pace they went
Clarel observed the sinless one
Turning his Bible-leaves content;
And presently he paused: “Dear son,
The Scripture is fulfilled this day;
Note what these *Lamentations* say;
The doom the prophet doth rehearse
In chapter second, fourteenth verse:
*‘All that pass by clap their hands
At thee; they hiss, and wag the head,
Saying, Is this the city’*—read,
Thyself here read it where it stands.”

60

Inquisitive he quick obeyed,
Then dull relapse, and nothing said,
Though more he mused, still laboring there
Upward, by arid gullies bare:—
What object sensible to touch
Or quoted fact may faith rely on,
If faith confideth overmuch
That here’s a monument in Zion:
Its substance ebbs—see, day and night
The sands subsiding from the height;
In time, absorbed, these grains may help
To form new sea-bed, slug and kelp.

70

“The gate,” cried Nehemiah, “the gate

Of David!" Wending through the strait,
 And marking that, in common drought,
 'Twas yellow waste within as out,
 The student mused: The desert, see,
 It parts not here, but silently,
 Even like a leopard by our side,
 It seems to enter in with us—
 At home amid men's homes would glide.
 But hark! that wail how dolorous:
 So grieve the souls in endless dearth;
 Yet sounds it human—of the earth!

80

XXV

HUTS

The stone huts face the stony wall
 Inside—the city's towering screen—
 Leaving a reptile lane between;
 And streetward not a window small,
 Cranny nor loophole least is seen:
 Through excess of biting sympathies
 So hateful to the people's eyes
 Those lepers and their evil nook,
 No outlook from it will they brook:
 None enter; condolence is none.
 That lava glen in Luna's sphere,
 More lone than any earthly one—
 Whereto they Tycho's name have given—
 Not more from visitant is riven
 Than this stone lane.

10

But who crouch here?
 Have these been men? these did men greet
 As fellows once? It is a scene—
 Illusion of time's mirage fleet:
 On dry shard-heaps, and things which rot—
 Scarce into weeds, for weeds are green—

20

Backs turned upon their den, they squat,
Some gossips of that tribe unclean.

Time was when Holy Church did take,
Over lands then held by Baldwin's crown,
True care for such for Jesu's sake,
Who (so they read in ages gone)
Even as a leper was foreshown;
And, though apart their lot she set,
It was with solemn service yet,
And forms judicial lent their tone:

30

The sick-mass offered, next was shed
Upon the afflicted human one
The holy water. He was led
Unto the house aloof, his home
Thenceforth. And here, for type of doom,
Some cemetery dust was thrown
Over his head: "Die to the world:

Her wings of hope and fear be furled:
Brother, live now to God alone."

40

And from the people came the chant:
*"My soul is troubled, joy is curbed,
All my bones they are disturbed;
God, thy strength and mercy grant!"*

And next, in order due, the priest
Each habit and utensil blessed—
Hair-cloth and barrel, clapper, glove;
And one by one as these were given,
With law's dread charge pronounced in love,
So, link by link, life's chain was riven—
The leper faded in remove.

50

The dell of isolation here
To match, console, and (could man prove
More than a man) in part endear,
How well had come that smothered text
Which Julian's pagan mind hath vexed—
And ah, for soul that finds it clear:

*"He lives forbid;
From him our faces have we hid;*

*No heart desires him, none redress,
He hath nor form nor comeliness;
For a transgressor he's suspected,
Behold, he is a thing infected,
Smitten of God, by men rejected."*

60

But otherwise the ordinance flows.
For, moving toward the allotted cell,
Beside the priest the leper goes:
"I've chosen it, here will I dwell."
He's left. At gate the priest puts up
A cross, a can; therein doth drop
The first small alms, which laymen swell.
To aisles returned, the people kneel;
Heart-piercing supplian—appeal.

70

But not the austere maternal care
When closed the ritual, ended there
With benediction. Yet to heal,
Rome did not falter, could not faint;
She prompted many a tender saint,
Widow or virgin ministrant.
But chiefly may Sybella here
In chance citation fitly show,
Countess who under Zion's brow
In house of St. John Almoner
Tended the cripples many a year.

80

Though long from Europe's clime be gone
That pest which in the perished age
Could tendance such in love engage,
Still in the East the rot eats on.
Natheless the Syrian leper goes
Unfriended, save that man bestows
(His eye averting) chanceful pence
Then turns, and shares disgust of sense.

90

Bonds sympathetic bind these three—
Faith, Reverence, and Charity.
If Faith once fail, the faltering mood
Affects—need must—the sisterhood.

xxvi

THE GATE OF ZION

As Clarel entered with the guide,
Beset they were by that sad crew—
With inarticulate clamor plied;
And faces, yet defacements too,
Appealed to them; but could not give
Expression. There, still sensitive,
Our human nature, deep inured
In voiceless visagelessness, yearned.

Behold, proud worm (if such can be),
What yet may come, yea, even to thee.
Who knoweth? canst forecast the fate
In infinite ages? Probe thy state:
Sinless art thou? Then these sinned not.
These, these are men; and thou art—what?

10

For Clarel, turning in affright,
Fain would his eyes renounce the light.
But Nehemiah held on his path
Mild and unmoved—scarce seemed to heed
The suitors, or deplore the scath—
His soul pre-occupied and freed
From actual objects through the sway
Of visionary scenes intense—
The wonders of a mystic day
And Zion's old magnificence.
Nor hither had he come to show
The leper-huts, but only so
To visit once again the hill
And gate Davidic.

20

In ascent
They win the port's high battlement,
And thence in sweep they view at will
That theater of heights which hold
As in a Coliseum's fold
The guarded Zion. They command

30

The Mount of Solomon's Offense,
 The Crag of Evil Council, and
 Iscariot's gallows-eminence.

Pit too they mark where long ago
 Dull fires of refuse, shot below,
 The city's litter, smouldering burned,
 Clouding the glen with smoke impure,
 And griming the foul shapes obscure
 Of dismal chain-gangs in their shame
 Raking the garbage thither spurned:
 Tophet the place—transferred, in name,
 To penal Hell.

40

But shows there naught
 To win here a redeeming thought?
 Yes: welcome in its nearer seat
 The white Cœnaculum they greet,
 Where still an upper room is shown—
 In dream avouched the very one
 Wherein the Supper first was made
 And Christ those words of parting said,
 Those words of love by loved St. John
 So tenderly recorded. Ah,
 They be above us like a star,
 Those Paschal words.

50

But they descend;
 And as within the wall they wend,
 A Horror hobbling on low crutch
 Draws near, but still refrains from touch.
 Before the saint in low estate
 He fawns, who with considerate
 Mild glance regards him. Clarel shrank:
 And he, is *he* of human rank?—
 "Knowest thou him?" he asked.—"Yea, yea,"
 And beamed on that disfeatured clay:
 "Toulib, to me? to Him are due
 These thanks—the God of me and you
 And all; to whom His own shall go
 In Paradise and be re-clad,

60

70

Transfigured like the morning glad.—
 Yea, friend in Christ, this man I know,
 This fellow-man.”—And afterward
 The student from true sources heard
 How Nehemiah had proved his friend,
 Sole friend even of that trunk of woe,
 When sisters failed him in the end.

xxvii

MATRON AND MAID

Days fleet. No vain enticements lure
 Clarel to Agar's roof. Her tact
 Prevailed; the Rabbi might not act
 His will austere. And more and more
 A prey to one devouring whim,
 Nathan yet more absented him.
 Welcome the matron ever had
 For Clarel. Was the youth not one
 New from the clime she doated on?
 And if indeed an exile sad
 By daisy in a letter laid
 Reminded be of home-delight,
 Though there first greeted by the sight
 Of that transmitted flower—how then
 Not feel a kin emotion bred
 At glimpse of face of countryman
 Though stranger? Yes, a Jewess—born
 In Gentile land where nature's wreath
 Exhales the first creation's breath—
 The waste of Judah made her lorn.
 The student, sharing not her blood,
 Nearer in tie of spirit stood
 Than he she called Rabboni. So
 In Agar's liking did he grow—
 Deeper in heart of Ruth; and learned

10

20

The more how both for freedom yearned;
 And much surmised, too, left unsaid
 By the tried mother and the maid.

Howe'er dull natures read the signs
 Where untold grief a hermit pines—
 The anxious, strained, weak, nervous air
 Of trouble, which like shame may wear
 Her gaberdine; though soul in feint
 May look pathetic self-restraint,
 For ends pernicious; real care,
 Sorrow made dumb where duties move,
 Never eluded love, true love,
 A deep diviner.

30

Here, for space
 The past of wife and daughter trace.
 Of Agar's kin for many an age
 Not one had seen the heritage
 Of Judah; Gentile lands detained.
 So, while they clung to Moses' lore
 Far from the land his guidance gained,
 'Twas Eld's romance, a treasured store
 Like plate inherited. In fine
 It graced, in seemly way benign,
 That family feeling of the Jew,
 Which hallowed by each priestly rite,
 Makes home a temple—sheds delight
 Naomi ere her trial knew.

40

50

Happy was Agar ere the seas
 She crossed for Zion. Pride she took—
 Pride, if in small felicities—
 Pride in her little court, a nook
 Where morning-glories starred the door:
 So sweet without, so snug within.
 At sunny matin meal serene
 Her damask cloth she'd note. It bore
 In Hebrew text about the hem,
 Mid brodered cipher and device,
 "IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM!"

60

And swam before her humid eyes,
In rainbowed distance, Paradise.
Faith, ravished, followed Fancy's path
In more of bliss than nature hath.
But ah, the dream to test by deed,
To seek to handle the ideal
And make a sentiment serve need: 70
To try to realize the unreal!

'Twas not that Agar reasoned—nay,
She did but feel, true woman's way.
What solace from the desert win
Far from known friends, familiar kin?
How nearer God? The chanted Zion
Showed graves, but graves to gasp and die on.

Nathan, her convert, for his sake
Grief had she stifled long; but now,
The nursling one lay pale and low. 80
Oft of that waxen face she'd think
Beneath the stones; her heart would sink
And in hard bitterness repine,
"Slim grass, poor babe, to grave of thine!"

Ruth, too, when here a child she came,
Would blurt in reckless childhood's way,
" 'Tis a bad place." But the sad dame
Would check; and, as the maiden grew,
Counsel she kept—too much she knew.
But how to give her feelings play? 90
With cherished pots of herbs and flowers
She strove to appease the hungry hours;
Each leaf bedewed with many a tear
For Gentile land, how green and dear!
What though the dame and daughter both
In synagogue, behind the grate
Dividing sexes, oft-times sat?
It was with hearts but chill and loath;
Never was heaven served by that
Cold form.—With Clarel seemed to come 100

A waftage from the fields of home,
 Crossing the wind from Judah's sand,
 Reviving Agar, and of power
 To make the bud in Ruth expand
 With promise of unfolding hour.

xxviii

TOMB AND FOUNTAIN

Clarel and Ruth—might it but be
 That range they could green uplands free
 By gala orchards, when they fling
 Their bridal favors, buds of Spring;
 And, dreamy in her morning swoon,
 The lady of the night, the moon,
 Looks pearly as the blossoming;
 And youth and nature's fond accord
 Wins Eden back, that tales abstruse
 Of Christ, the crucified, Pain's Lord,
 Seem foreign—forged—incongruous.

10

Restrictions of that Eastern code
 Immured the maiden. From abode
 Frequent nor distant she withdrew
 Except with Jewess, scarce with Jew.
 So none the less in former mode,
 Nehemiah still with Clarel went,
 Who grew in liking and content
 In company of one whose word
 Babbled of Ruth—"My bird—God's bird."

20

The twain were one mild morning led
 Out to a waste where beauty clings,
 Vining a grot how doubly dead:
 The rifled *Sepulcher of Kings*.

Hewn from the rock a sunken space
Conducts to garlands—fit for vase—
In sculptured frieze above a tomb:
Palm leaves, pine apples, grapes. These bloom,
Involved in dearth—to puzzle us—
As 'twere thy line, Theocritus, 30
Dark Joel's text of terror threading:
Yes, strange that Pocahontas-wedding
Of contraries in old belief—
Hellenic cheer, Hebraic grief.
The homicide Herods, men aver,
Inurned behind that wreathage were.

But who is he uncovered seen,
Profound in shadow of the tomb
Reclined, with meditative mien
Intent upon the tracery? 40
A low wind waves his Lydian hair:
A funeral man, yet richly fair—
Fair as the sabled violets be.

The frieze and this secluded one,
Retaining each a separate tone,
Beauty yet harmonized in grace
And contrast to the barren place.

But noting that he was discerned,
Salute the stranger made, then turned
And shy passed forth in obvious state 50
Of one who would keep separate.

Those cells explored, through dale they paced
Downward, and won Moriah's walls
And seated them. Clarel recalls
The colonnades that Herod traced—
Herod, magnific Idumæan—
In marble along the mountain flank:
Column on column, rank on rank
Above the valley Tyropœon.

Eastward, in altitude they view 60

Across Jehoshaphat, a crag
 Of sepulchers and huts. Thereto
 They journey. But awhile they lag
 Beneath, to mark the tombs in row
 Pierced square along the gloomy steep
 In beetling broadside, and with show
 Of port-holes in black battle-ship.

They climb; and Clarel turning saw
 Their late resort, the hill of law—
 Moriah, above the Kedron's bed;
 And, turreting his aged head,
 The angle of King David's wall—
 Acute seen here, here too best scanned,
 As 'twere that cliff, though not so tall,
 Nor tempest-sculptured therewithal,
 Envisaged in Franconian land,
 The marvel of the Pass.

70

Anon

A call he hears behind, in note
 Familiar, being man's; remote
 No less, and strange in hollowed tone
 As 'twere a voice from out the tomb.
 A tomb it is; and he in gloom
 Of porch there biddeth them begone.
 Clings to his knee a toddling one
 Bewildered poising in wee hand
 A pictured page—Nehemiah's boon—
 He passive in the sun at stand.

80

Morosely then the Arab turns,
 Snatches the gift, and drops and spurns.

90

As down now from the crag they wend
 Reverted glance see Clarel lend:
 Thou guest of Death, which in his house
 Sleep'st nightly, mayst thou not espouse
 His daughter, Peace?

Aslant they come

Where, hid in shadow of the rocks,
 Stone steps descend unto Siloam.

Proof to the fervid noon-day tide
Reflected from the glen's steep side, 100
Moist ledge with ledge here interlocks,
Vaulting a sunken grotto deep.

Down there, as quiet as in sleep,
Anew the stranger they descried
Sitting upon a step full low,
Watching the fountain's troubled tide
Which after ebb began to flow,
Gurgling from viewless caves. The lull
Broke by the flood is wonderful.
Science explains it. Bides no less 110
The true, innate mysteriousness.
Through him there might the vision flit
Of angel in Bethesda's pool
With porches five, so troubling it
That whoso bathed then was made whole?
Or, by an equal dream beguiled,
Did he but list the fountain moan
Like Ammon's in the Libyan wild,
For muse and oracle both gone?

By chance a jostled pebble there 120
Slipped from the surface down the stair.
It jarred—it broke the brittle spell:
Siloam was but a rural well.

Clarel who could again but shun
To obtrude on the secluded one,
Turned to depart.—“Ere yet we go,”
Said Nehemiah, “I will below:
Dim be mine eyes, more dim they grow:
I'll wash them in these waters cool,
As did the blind the Master sent, 130
And who came seeing from this pool;”
And down the grotto-stairs he went.

The stranger, just ascending, stood;
And, as the votary laved his eyes,
He marked, looked up, and Clarel viewed,

And they exchanged quick sympathies
 Though but in glance, moved by that act
 Of one whose faith transfigured fact.
 A bond seemed made between them there;
 And presently the trio fare
 Over Kedron, and in one accord
 Of quietude and chastened tone
 Approach the spot, tradition's own,
 For ages held the garden of Our Lord.

140

xxix

THE RECLUSE

Ere yet they win that verge and line,
 Reveal the stranger. Name him—Vine.
 His home to tell—kin, tribe, estate—
 Would naught avail. Alighting grow,
 As on the tree the mistletoe,
 All gifts unique. In seeds of fate
 Borne on the winds these emigrate
 And graft the stock.

Vine's manner shy

A clog, a hindrance might imply;
 A lack of parlor-wont. But grace
 Which is in substance deep and grain
 May, peradventure, well pass by
 The polish of veneer. No trace
 Of passion's soil or lucre's stain,
 Though life was now half ferried o'er.
 If use he served not, but forbore—
 Such indolence might still but pine
 In dearth of rich incentive high:
 Apollo slave in Mammon's mine?
 Better Admetus' shepherd lie.

10

A charm of subtle virtue shed

20

A personal influence coveted,
Whose source was difficult to tell
As ever was that perfumed spell
Of Paradise-flowers invisible
Which angels round Cecilia bred.

A saint then do we here unfold?
Nay, the ripe flush, Venetian mould
Evinced no nature saintly fine,
But blood like swart Vesuvian wine.
What cooled the current? Under cheer
Of opulent softness, reigned austere
Control of self. Flesh, but scarce pride,
Was curbed: desire was mortified;
But less indeed by moral sway
Than doubt if happiness through clay
Be reachable. No sackclothed man;
Howbeit, in sort Carthusian
Though born a Sybarite. And yet
Not beauty might he all forget,
The beauty of the world, and charm:
He prized it though it scarce might warm.

Like to the nunnery's denizen
His virgin soul communed with men
But through the wicket. Was it clear
This coyness bordered not on fear—
Fear or an apprehensive sense?
Not wholly seemed it diffidence
Recluse. Nor less did strangely wind
Ambiguous elfishness behind
All that: an Ariel unknown.
It seemed his very speech in tone
Betrayed disuse. Thronged streets astir
To Vine but ampler cloisters were.
Cloisters? No monk he was, allow;
But gleamed the richer for the shade
About him, as in somber glade
Of Virgil's wood the Sibyl's Golden Bough.

30

40

50

XXX

THE SITE OF THE PASSION

And wherefore by the convents be
 Gardens? Ascetics roses twine?
 Nay, but there is a memory.
 Within a garden walking see
 The angered God. And where the vine
 And olive in the darkling hours
 Inweave green sepulchers of bowers—
 Who, to defend us from despair,
 Pale undergoes the passion there
 In solitude? Yes, memory
 Links Eden and Gethsemane;
 So that not meaningless in sway
 Gardens adjoin the convents gray.

10

On Salem's hill in Solomon's years
 Of gala, O the happy town!
 In groups the people sauntered down,
 And, Kedron crossing, lightly wound
 Where now the tragic grove appears,
 Then palmy, and a pleasure-ground.

The student and companions win
 The wicket—pause, and enter in.
 By roots strapped down in fold on fold—
 Gnarled into wens and knobs and knees—
 In olives, monumental trees,
 The Pang's survivors they behold.
 A wizened blue fruit drops from them,
 Nipped harvest of Jerusalem.
 Wistful here Clarel turned toward Vine,
 And would have spoken; but as well
 Hail Dathan swallowed in the mine—
 Tradition, legend, lent such spell
 And rapt him in remoteness so.

20

30

Meanwhile, in shade the olives throw,
 Nehemiah pensive sat him down
 And turned the chapter in St. John.

What frame of mind may Clarel woo?
 He the night-scene in picture drew—
 The band which came for sinless blood
 With swords and staves, a multitude.
 They brush the twigs, small birds take wing, 40
 The dead boughs crackle, lanterns swing,
 Till lo, they spy them through the wood.
 “Master!”—’Tis Judas. Then the kiss.

And He, He falters not at this—
 Speechless, unspeakably submissive:
 The fulsome serpent on the cheek
 Sliming: endurance more than meek—
 Endurance of the fraud foreknown,
 And fiend-heart in the human one.
 Ah, now the pard on Clarel springs: 50
 The Passion’s narrative plants stings.

To break away, he turns and views
 The white-haired under olive bowed
 Immersed in Scripture; and he woos—
 “Whate’er the chapter, read aloud.”
 The saint looked up, but with a stare
 Absent and wildered, vacant there.

As part to kill time, part for task
 Some shepherd old pores over book—
 Shelved farm-book of his life forepast 60
 When he bestirred him and amassed;
 If chance one interrupt, and ask—
What read you? he will turn a look
 Which shows he knows not what he reads,
 Or knowing, he but weary heeds,
 Or scarce remembers; here much so
 With Nehemiah, dazed out and low.
 And presently—to intercept—
 Over Clarel, too, strange numbness crept.

A monk, custodian of the ground, 70

Drew nigh, and showed him by the steep
 The rock or legendary mound
 Where James and Peter fell asleep.
 Dully the pilgrim scanned the spot,
 Nor spake.—“Signor, and think’st thou not
 ’Twas sorrow brought their slumber on?
 St. Luke avers no sluggard rest:
 Nay, but excess of feeling pressed
 Till ache to apathy was won.”
 To Clarel ’twas no hollow word.
 Experience did proof afford.
 For Vine, aloof he loitered—shrunk
 In privacy and shunned the monk.
 Clarel awaited him. He came—
 The shadow of his previous air
 Merged in a settled neutral frame—
 Assumed, may be. Would Vine disclaim
 All sympathy the youth might share?

80

About to leave, they turn to look
 For him but late estranged in book:
 Asleep he lay; the face bent down
 Viewless between the crossing arms,
 One slack hand on the good book thrown
 In peace that every care becharms.
 Then died the shadow off from Vine:
 A spirit seemed he not unblest
 As here he made a quiet sign
 Unto the monk: Spare to molest;
 Let this poor dreamer take his rest,
 His fill of rest.

90

100

But now at stand
 Who there alertly glances up
 By grotto of the Bitter Cup—
 Spruce, and with volume light in hand
 Bound smartly, late in reference scanned?
 Inquisitive Philistine: lo,
 Tourists replace the pilgrims so.

At peep of that brisk dapper man
 Over Vine's face a ripple ran
 Of freakish mockery, elfin light;
 Whereby what thing may Clarel see?
 O angels, rescue from the sight!
 Paul Pry? and in Gethsemane?
 He shrunk the thought of it to fan;
 Nor liked the freak in Vine that threw
 Such a suggestion into view;
 Nor less it hit that fearful man.

110

xxxi

ROLFE

The hill above the garden here
 They rove; and chance ere long to meet
 A second stranger, keeping cheer
 Apart. Trapper or pioneer
 He looked, astray in Judah's seat—
 Or one who might his business ply
 On waters under tropic sky.
 Perceiving them as they drew near,
 He rose, removed his hat to greet,
 Disclosing so in shapely sphere
 A marble brow over face embrowned:
 So Sunium by her fane is crowned.
 One read his superscription clear—
 A genial heart, a brain austere—
 And further, deemed that such a man
 Though given to study, as might seem,
 Was no scholastic partisan
 Or euphonist of Academe,
 But supplemented Plato's theme
 With dædal life in boats and tents,
 A messmate of the elements;

10

20

And yet, more bronzed in face than mind,
Sensitive still and frankly kind—
Too frank, too unreserved, may be,
And indiscreet in honesty.

But what implies the tinge of soil—
Like tarnish on Pizarro's spoil,
Precious in substance rudely wrought,
Peruvian plate— which here is caught?
What means this touch of the untoward
In aspect hinting nothing froward?

30

From Baalbec, for a new sojourn,
To Jewry Rolfe had made return;
To Jewry's inexhausted shore
Of barrenness, where evermore
Some lurking thing he hoped to gain—
Slip quite behind the parrot-lore
Conventional, and——what attain?

Struck by each clear or latent sign
Expressive in the stranger's air,
The student glanced from him to Vine:
Peers, peers—yes, needs that these must pair.
Clarel was young. In promise fine,
To him here first were brought together
Exceptional natures, of a weather
Strange as the tropics with strange trees,
Strange birds, strange fishes, skies and seas,
To one who in some meager land
His bread wins by the horny hand.

40

What now may hap? what outcome new
Elicited by contact true—
Frank, cordial contact of the twain?
Crude wonderment, and proved but vain.
If average mortals social be,
And yet but seldom truly meet,
Closing like halves of apple sweet—
How with the rarer in degree?

50

The informal salutation done,

Vine into his dumb castle went—
Not as all parley he would shun,
But looking down from battlement,
Ready, if need were, to accord
Reception to the other's word—
Nay, far from wishing to decline,
And neutral not without design,
May be.—

60

“Look, by Christ's belfry set,
Appears the Moslem minaret!”
So—to fill trying pause alone—
Cried Rolfe; and o'er the deep defile
Of Kedron, pointed toward the Town,
Where, thronged about by many a pile
Monastic, but no vernal bower,
The Saracen shaft and Norman tower
In truce stand guard beside that Dome
Which canopies the Holy's home:
“The tower looks lopped; it shows forlorn—
A stunted oak whose crown is shorn;
But see, palm-like the minaret stands
Superior, and the tower commands.”

70

80

“Yon shaft,” said Clarel, “seems ill-placed.”
“Ay, *seems*; but 'tis for memory based.
The story's known: how Omar there
After the town's surrender meek—
Hallowed to him, as dear to Greek—
Clad in his clouts of camel's hair,
And with the Patriach robed and fine
Walking beneath the dome divine,
When came the Islam hour for prayer
Declined to use the carpet good
Spread for him in the church, but stood
Without, even yonder where is set
The monumental minaret;
And, earnest in true supplianee cried,
Smiting his chest: ‘Me overrule!
Allah, to me be merciful!’

90

'Twas little shared he victor-pride
 Though victor. So the church he saved
 Of purpose from that law engraved
 Which prompt transferred to Allah sole 100
 Each fane where once his rite might roll.
 Long afterward, the town being stormed
 By Christian knights, how ill conformed
 The butchery then to Omar's prayer
 And heart magnanimous. But spare."

Response they looked; and thence warmed:
 "Yon gray Cathedral of the Tomb,
 Who reared it first? a woman weak,
 A second Mary, first to seek 110
 In pagan darkness which had come,
 The place where they had laid the Lord:
 Queen Helena, she traced the site,
 And cleared the ground, and made it bright
 With all that zeal could then afford.
 But Constantine—there falls the blight!
 The mother's warm emotional heart,
 Subserved it still the son's cold part?
 Even he who, timing well the tide,
 Laced not the Cross upon Rome's flag
 Supreme, till Jove began to lag 120
 Behind the new religion's stride.
 And Helena—ah, may it be
 The saint herself not quite was free
 From that which in the years bygone,
 Made certain stately dames of France,
 Such as the fair De Maintenon,
 To string their rosaries of pearl,
 And found brave chapels—sweet romance:
 Coquetry of the borrowed curl?—
 You let me prate." 130

"Nay, nay—go on,"
 Cried Clarel, yet in such a tone
 It showed disturbance.—

“Laud the dame:

Her church, admit, no doom it fears.
Unquelled by force of battering years—
Years, years and sieges, sword and flame;
Fallen—rebuilt, to fall anew;
By armies shaken, earthquake too;
Lo, it abides—if not the same,
In self-same spot. Last time ’twas burnt
The Rationalist a lesson learnt.
But you know all.”—

140

“Nay, not the end,”

Said Vine. And Clarel, “We attend.”

“Well, on the morrow never shrunk
From wonted rite the steadfast monk,
Though hurt and even maimed were some
By crash of the ignited dome.

150

Staunch stood the walls. As friars profess
(And not in fraud) the central cell—
Christ’s tomb and faith’s last citadel—

The flames did tenderly caress,
Nor harm; while smoking, smouldering beams,

Fallen across, lent livid gleams

To Golgotha. But none the less

In robed procession of his God

The mitered one the cinders trod;

Before the calcined altar there

The host he raised; and hymn and prayer

160

Went up from ashes. These, ere chill

Away were brushed; and trowel shrill

And hod and hammer came in place.

’Tis now some three score years ago.

“In Lima’s first convulsion so,
When shock on shock had left slim trace

Of hundred temples; and—in mood

Of malice dwelling on the face

Itself has tortured and subdued

To uncomplaint—the cloud pitch-black

170

Lowered o’er the rubbish; and the land

Not less than sea, did countermand
 Her buried corses—heave them back;
 And flocks and men fled on the track
 Which wins the Andes; then went forth
 The prelate with intrepid train
 Rolling the anthem 'mid the rain
 Of ashes white. In rocking plain
 New boundaries staked they, south and north
 For ampler piles. These stand. In cheer
 The priest reclaimed the quaking sphere.
 Hold it he shall, so long as spins
 This star of tragedies, this orb of sins.”

180

“That,” Clarel said, “is not my mind.
 Rome’s priest forever rule the world?”

“The priest, I said. Though some be hurled
 From anchor, nor a haven find;
 Not less religion’s ancient port,
 Till the crack of doom, shall be resort
 In stress of weather for mankind.
 Yea, long as children feel affright
 In darkness, men shall fear a God;
 And long as daisies yield delight
 Shall see His footprints in the sod.
 Is’t ignorance? This ignorant state
 Science doth but elucidate—
 Deepen, enlarge. But though ’twere made
 Demonstrable that God is not—
 What then? it would not change this lot:
 The ghost would haunt, nor could be laid.”

190

200

Intense he spake, his eyes of blue
 Altering, and to eerie hue,
 Like Tyrrhene seas when overcast;
 The which Vine noted, nor in joy,
 Inferring thence an ocean-waste
 Of earnestness without a buoy:
 An inference which afterward
 Acquaintance led him to discard
 Or modify, or not employ.

Clarel ill-relished.

210

Rolfe, in tone

Half elegiac, thus went on:

"Phylæ, upon thy sacred ground

Osiris' broken tomb is found:

A god how good, whose good proved vain—

In strife with bullying Python slain.

For long the ritual chant or moan

Of pilgrims by that mystic stone

Went up, even much as now ascend

The liturgies of yearning prayer

220

To one who met a kindred end—

Christ, tombed in turn, and worshipped *there*,"

And pointed.—"Hint you," here asked Vine,

"In Christ Osiris met decline

Anew?"—"Nay, nay; and yet, past doubt,

Strange is that text St. Matthew won

From gray Hosea in sentence: *Out*

Of Egypt have I called my son."

Here Clarel spake, and with a stir

Not all assured in eager plight:

230

"But does not Matthew there refer

Only to the return from flight,

Flight into Egypt?"—"May be so,"

Said Rolfe; "but then Hosea?—Nay,

We'll let it pass."—And fell delay

Of talk; they mused.—

"To Cicero,"

Rolfe sudden said, "is a long way

From Matthew; yet somehow he comes

To mind here—he and his fine tomes,

240

Which (change the gods) would serve to read

For modern essays. And indeed

His age was much like ours: doubt ran,

Faith flagged; negations which sufficed

Lawyer, priest, statesman, gentleman,

Not yet being popularly prized,

The augurs hence retained some state—

Which served for the illiterate.
 Still, the decline so swiftly ran
 From stage to stage, that *To Believe*, 250
 Except for slave or artisan,
 Seemed heresy. Even doubts which met
 Horror at first, grew obsolete,
 And in a decade. To bereave
 Of founded trust in Sire Supreme,
 Was a vocation. Sophists throve—
 Each weaving his thin thread of dream
 Into the shroud for Numa's Jove.
 Cæsar his atheism avowed
 Before the Senate. But why crowd 260
 Examples here: the gods were gone.
 Tully scarce dreamed they could be won
 Back into credence; less that earth
 Ever could know yet mightier birth
 Of deity. He died. Christ came.
 And, in due hour, that impious Rome,
 Emerging from vast wreck and shame,
 Held the fore-front of Christendom.
 The inference? the lesson?—come:
 Let fools count on faith's closing knell— 270
 Time, God, are inexhaustible.—
 But what? so earnest? ay, again.”
 “Hard for a fountain to refrain,”
 Breathed Vine. Was that but irony?
 At least no envy in the strain.
 Rolfe scarce remarked, or let go by.
 For Clarel—when ye, meeting, scan
 In waste the Bagdad caravan,
 And solitude puts on the stir,
 Clamor, dust, din of Nineveh, 280
 As horsemen, camels, footmen all,
 Soldier and merchant, free and thrall,
 Pour by in tide processional;
 So to the novice streamed along
 Rolfe's filing thoughts, a wildering throng.

Their sway he owned. And yet how Vine—
 Who breathed few words, or gave dumb sign—
 Him more allured, suggestive more
 Of choicer treasure, rarer store
 Reserved, like Kidd's doubloons long sought
 Without the wand.

290

The ball of thought
 And chain yet dragging, on they strained
 Oblique along the upland—slow
 And mute, until a point they gained
 Where devotees will pause, and know
 A tenderness, may be. Here then,
 While tarry now these pilgrim men,
 The interval let be assigned
 A niche for image of a novel mind.

300

xxxii

OF RAMA

That Rama whom the Indian sung—
 A god he was, but knew it not;
 Hence vainly puzzled at the wrong
 Misplacing him in human lot.
 Curtailment of his right he bare
 Rather than wrangle; but no less
 Was taunted for his tameness there.
 A fugitive without redress,
 He never the Holy Spirit grieved,
 Nor the divine in him bereaved,
 Though what that was he might not guess.

10

Live they who, like to Rama, led
 Unspotted from the world aside,
 Like Rama are discredited—
 Like him, in outlawry abide?
 May life and fable so agree?—

The innocent if lawless elf,
 Ethereal in virginity,
 Retains the consciousness of self.
 Though black frost nip, though white frost chill, 20
 Nor white frost nor the black may kill
 The patient root, the vernal sense
 Surviving hard experience
 As grass the winter. Even that curse
 Which is the wormwood mixed with gall—
 Better dependent on the worse—
 Divine upon the animal—
 That can not make such natures fall.

Though yielding easy rein, indeed,
 To impulse which the fibers breed, 30
 Nor quarreling with indolence;
 Shall these the cup of grief dispense
 Deliberate to any heart?
 Not craft they know, nor envy's smart.
 Theirs be the thoughts that dive and skim,
 Theirs the spiced tears that overbrim,
 And theirs the dimple and the lightsome whim.

Such natures, and but such, have got
 Familiar with strange things that dwell
 Repressed in mortals; and they tell 40
 Of riddles in the prosiest lot.

Mince ye some matter for faith's sake
 And heaven's good name? 'Tis these shall make
 Revolt there, and the gloss disclaim.

They con the page kept down with those
 Which Adam's secret frame disclose,
 And Eve's; nor dare dissent from truth
 Although disreputable, sooth.

The riches in them be a store
 Unmerchantable in the ore. 50
 No matter: "'Tis an open mine:
 Dig; find ye gold, why, make it thine.
 The shrewder knack hast thou, the gift:
 Smelt then, and mold, and good go with thy thrift."

Was ever earth-born wight like this?
 Ay—in the verse, may be, he is.

xxxiii

BY THE STONE

Over against the Temple here
 A monastery unrestored—
 Named from Prediction of Our Lord—
 Crumbled long since. Outlying near,
 Some stones remain, which seats afford:
 And one, the fond traditions state,
 Is that whereon the Saviour sate
 And prophesied, and sad became
 To think, what, under sword and flame,
 The proud Jerusalem should be,
 Then spread before him sunnily—
 Pillars and palms—the white, the green—
 Marble enfoliated, a fair scene;
 But *now*—a vision here conferred
 Pale as Pompeii disinterred.

10

Long Rolfe, on knees his elbows resting
 And head enlocked in hands upright,
 Sat facing it in steadfast plight
 And brooded on that town slow wasting.
 “And here,” he said, “here did He sit—
 In leafy covert, say—*Beheld*
The city, and wept over it:
 Luke’s words, and hard to be excelled,
 So just the brief expression there:
 Truth’s rendering.”—With earnest air,
 More he threw out, in kind the same,
 The which did Clarel ponder still;
 For though the words might frankness claim,

20

With reverence for site and name;
 No further went they, nor could fill 30
 Faith's measure—scarce her dwindled gill
 Now standard. On the plain of Troy
 (Mused Clarel) as one might look down
 From Gargarus with quiet joy
 In verifying Homer's sites,
 Yet scarce believe in Venus' crown
 And rescues in those Trojan fights
 Whereby she saved her supple son;
 So Rolfe regards from these wan heights
 Yon walls and slopes to Christians dear. 40
 Much it annoyed him and perplexed:
 Than free concession so sincere—
 Concession due both site and text—
 Dissent itself would less appear
 To imply negation.

But anon
 They mark in groups, hard by the gate
 Which overlooks Jehoshaphat,
 Some Hebrew people of the town.
 "Who marvels that outside they come 50
 Since few within have seemly home,"
 Said Rolfe; "they chat there on the seats,
 But seldom gossip in their streets.
 Who here may see a busy one?
 Where's naught to do not much is done.
 How live they then? what bread can be?
 In almost every country known
 Rich Israelites these kinsmen own:
 The hat goes round the world. But see!"

Moved by his words, their eyes more reach 60
 Toward that dull group. Dwarfed in the dream
 Of distance sad, penguins they seem
 Drawn up on Patagonian beach.

"O city," Rolfe cried; "house on moor,
 With shutters burst and blackened door—

Like that thou showest; and the gales
Still round thee blow the Banshee-wails:
Well might the priest in temple start,
Hearing the voice—"Woe, we depart!"

Clarel gave ear, albeit his glance
Diffident skimmed Vine's countenance,
As mainly here he interest took
In all the fervid speaker said,
Reflected in the mute one's look:
A face indeed quite overlaid
With tremulous meanings, which evade
Or shun regard, nay, hardly brook
Fraternal scanning.

70

Rolfe went on:
"The very natives of the town
Methinks would turn from it and flee
But for that curse which is its crown—
That curse which clogs so, poverty.
See them, but see yon cowering men:
The brood—the brood without the hen!"—

80

"City, that dost the prophets stone,
How oft against the judgment dread,
How often would I fain have spread
My wings to cover thee, mine own;
And ye would not! Had'st thou but known
The things which to thy peace belong!"

90

Nehemiah it was, rejoining them—
Gray as the old Jerusalem
Over which how earnestly he hung.
But him the seated audience scan
As he were sole surviving man
Of tribe extinct or world. The ray
Which lit his features, died away;
He flagged; and, as some trouble moved,
Apart and aimlessly he roved.

100

xxxiv

THEY TARRY

"How solitary on the hill
 Sitteth the city; and how still—
 How still!" From Vine the murmur came—
 A cadence, as it were compelled
 Even by the picture's silent claim.
 That said, again his peace he held,
 Biding, as in a misty rain
 Some motionless lone fisherman
 By mountain brook. But Rolfe: "Thy word
 Is Jeremiah's, and here well heard. 10
 Ay, seer of Anathoth, behold,
 Yon object tallies with thy text.
 How then? Stays reason quite unvexed?
 Fulfillment here but falleth cold.
 That stable proof which man would fold,
 How may it be derived from things
 Subject to change and vanishings?
 But let that pass. All now's revised:
 Zion, like Rome, is Niebuhrized.
 Yes, doubt attends. Doubt's heavy hand 20
 Is set against us; and his brand
 Still warreth for his natural lord—
 King Common-Place—whose rule abhorred
 Yearly extends in vulgar sway,
 Absorbs Atlantis and Cathay;
 Ay, reaches toward Diana's moon,
 Affirming it a clinkered blot,
 Deriding pale Endymion.
 Since thus he aims to level all,
 The Milky Way he'll yet allot 30
 For Appian to his Capital.
 Then tell, tell then, what charm may save
 Thy marvel, Palestine, from grave
 Whereto winds many a bier and pall

Of old Illusion? What for earth?
Ah, change irreverent—at odds
With goodly customs, gracious gods;
New things elate so thrust their birth
Up through dejection of the old,
As through dead sheaths; is here foretold 40
The consummation of the past,
And garish dawning of a day
Whose noon not saints desire to stay—
And hardly I? Who brake love's fast
With Christ—with what strange lords may sup?
The reserves of time seem marching up.
But, nay: what novel thing may be,
No germ being new? By Fate's decree
Have not earth's vitals heaved in change
Repeated? some wild element 50
Or action been evolved? the range
Of surface split? the deeps unpent?
Continents in God's caldrons cast?
And this without effecting so
The neutralizing of the past,
Whose rudiments persistent flow,
From age to age transmitting, own,
The evil with the good—the taint
Deplored in Solomon's complaint.
Fate's pot of ointment! Wilt have done, 60
Lord of the fly, god of the grub?
Need'st foul all sweets, thou Beelzebub?"

He ended.—To evade or lay
Deductions hard for tender clay,
Clarel recalled each prior word
Of Rolfe which scarcely kept accord,
As seemed, with much dropped latterly.
For Vine, he twitched from ground a weed,
Apart then picked it, seed by seed.
Ere long they rise, and climbing greet 70
A thing preëminent in seat,

Whose legend still can touch the heart:
 It prompted one there to impart
 A chapter of the Middle Age—
 Which next to give. But let the page
 The narrator's rambling way forget,
 And make to run in even flow
 His interrupted tale. And let
 Description brief the site foreshow.

XXXV

ARCULF AND ADAMNAN

In spot revered by myriad men,
 Whence, as alleged, Immanuel rose
 Into the heaven—receptive then—
 A little plastered tower is set,
 Pale in the light that Syria knows,
 Upon the peak of Olivet.
 'Tis modern—a replacement, note,
 For ample pile of years remote,
 Nor yet ill suits in dwindled bound,
 Man's faith retrenched. 'Twas Hakeem's deed, 10
 Mad Caliph (founder still of creed
 Long held by tribes not unrenowned)
 Who erst the pastoral height discrowned
 Of Helena's church. Woe for the dome,
 And many a goodly temple more,
 Which hither lured from Christendom
 The child-like pilgrim throngs of yore.
 'Twas of that church, so brave erewhile—
 Blest land-mark on the Olive Height—
 Which Arculf told of in the isle 20
 Iona. Shipwrecked there in sight,
 The palmer dragged they from the foam,
 The Culdees of the abbey fair—
 Him shelter yielding and a home.

In site revealed through Jesu's grace"—
 (Hereat both cross themselves apace)
 "A great round church with goodly skill
 Is nobly built; and fragrant blows
 Morning through triple porticoes.
 But over that blest place where meet
 The last prints of the Wounded Feet,
 The roof is open to the sky;
 'Tis there the sparrows love to fly.
 Upon Ascension Day—at end
 Of mass—winds, vocal winds descend
 Among the worshipers." Amain
 The abbot signs the cross again;
 And Arculf on: "And all that night
 The mountain temple's western flank—
 The same which fronts Moriah's height—
 In memory of the Apostles' light
 Shows twelve dyed fires in oriels twelve.
 Thither, from towers on Kedron's bank
 And where the slope and terrace shelve,
 The gathered townsfolk gaze afar;
 And those twelve flowers of flame suffuse
 Their faces with reflected hues
 Of violet, gold, and cinnabar.
 Much so from Naples (in our sail
 We touched there, shipping jar and bale)
 I saw Vesuvius' plume of fire
 Redden the bay, tinge mast and spire.
 But on Ascension Eve, 'tis then
 A light shows—kindled not by men.
 Look," pointing to the hearth; "dost see
 How these dun embers here by me,
 Lambent are licked by flaky flame?
 Olivet gleams then much the same—
 Caressed, curled over, yea, encurled
 By fleecy fires which typic be:
 O lamb of God, O light o' the world!"
 In fear, and yet a fear divine,

70

80

90

100

Once more the Culdee made the sign;
 Then fervid snatched the palmer's hand—
 Clung to it like a very child
 Thrilled by some wondrous story wild
 Of elf or fay, nor could command
 His eyes to quit their gaze at him—
 Him who had seen it. But how grim
 The Pictish storm-king sang refrain,
 Scoffing about those gables high
 Over Arculf and good Adamnan.

110

The abbot and the palmer rest:
 The legends follow them and die—
 Those legends which, be it confessed,
 Did nearer bring to them the sky—
 Did nearer woo it to their hope
 Of all that seers and saints avow—
 Than Galileo's telescope
 Can bid it unto prosing Science now.

xxxvi

THE TOWER

The tower they win. Some Greeks at hand,
 Pilgrims, in silence view the land.
 One family group in listless tone
 Are just in act of faring down.
 All leave at last. And these remain
 As by a hearthstone on the plain
 When roof is gone. But can they shame
 To tell the evasive thought within?
 Does intellect assert a claim
 Against the heart, her yielding kin?
 But he, the wanderer, the while—
 See him; and what may so beguile?
 Images he the ascending Lord

10

Pale as the moon which dawn may meet,
 Convoyed by a serene accord
 And swoon of faces young and sweet—
 Mid chaplets, stars, and halcyon wings,
 And many ministering things?

As him they mark enkindled so,
 What inklings, negatives, they know!
 But leaving him in silence due,
 They enter there, the print to view—
 Affirmed of Christ—the parting foot:
 They mark it, nor a question moot;
 Next climb the stair and win the roof;
 Thence on Jerusalem look down,
 And Kedron cringing by the town,
 Whose stony lanes map-like were shown.

20

“Is yon the city Dis aloof?”
 Said Rolfe; “nay, liker ’tis some print,
 Old blurred, bewrinkled mezzotint.
 And distant, look, what lifeless hills!
 Dead long for them the hymn of rills
 And birds. Nor trees, nor ferns they know;
 Nor lichen there hath leave to grow
 In baleful glens which blacked the blood
 O’ the son of Kish.”

30

Far peep they gain
 Of waters which in caldron brood,
 Sunk mid the mounts of leaden bane:
 The Sodom Wave, or Putrid Sea,
 Or Sea of Salt, or Cities Five,
 Or Lot’s, or Death’s, Asphaltite,
 Or Asafœtida; all these
 Being names indeed with which they gyve
 That site of foul iniquities
 Abhorred.

40

With wordless look intent,
 As if the scene confirmed some thought
 Which in heart’s lonelier hour was lent,
 Vine stood at gaze. The rest were wrought

50

According unto kind. The Mount
Of Olives, and, in distance there
The charnel wave—who may recount?
Hope's hill describes the pit Despair:
Flitted the thought; they nothing said;
And down they drew. As ground they tread,
Nehemiah met them: "Pleaseth ye,
Fair stroll awaits; if all agree,
Over the hill let us go on—
Bethany is a pleasant town.
I'll lead, for well the way I know."

60

He gazed expectant: Would they go?
Before that simpleness so true
Vine showed embarrassed (Clarel too)
Yet thanked him with a grateful look
Benign; and Rolfe the import took,
And whispered him in softened key,
"Some other day."

And might it be
Such influence their spirits knew
From all the tower had given to view,
Untuned they felt for Bethany?

70

xxxvii

A SKETCH

Not knowing them in very heart,
Nor why to join him they were loath,
He, disappointed, moved apart,
With sad pace creeping, dull, as doth
Along the bough the nerveless sloth.

For ease upon the ground they sit;
And Rolfe, with eye still following
Where Nehemiah slow footed it,
Asked Clarel: "Know you anything

Of this man's prior life at all?"

10

"Nothing," said Clarel.—"I recall,"

Said Rolfe, "a mariner like him."

"A mariner?"—"Yes; one whom grim

Disaster made as meek as he

There plodding." Vine here showed the zest

Of a deep human interest:

"We crave of you his history:"

—And Rolfe began: "Scarce would I tell

Of what this mariner befell—

So much is it with cloud o'ercast—

20

Were he not now gone home at last

Into the green land of the dead,

Where he encamps and peace is shed.

Hardy he was, sanguine and bold,

The master of a ship. His mind

In night-watch frequent he unrolled—

As seamen sometimes are inclined—

On serious topics, to his mate,

A man to creed austere resigned.

The master ever spurned at fate,

30

Calvin's or Zeno's. Always still

Man-like he stood by man's free will

And power to effect each thing he would,

Did reason but pronounce it good.

The subaltern held in humble way

That still heaven's overrulings sway

Will and event.

"On waters far,

Where map-man never made survey,

Gliding along in easy plight,

40

The strong one brake the lull of night

Emphatic in his willful war—

But staggered, for there came a jar

With fell arrest to keel and speech:

A hidden rock. The pound—the grind—

Collapsing sails o'er deck declined—

Sleek billows curling in the breach,

And nature with her neutral mind.
A wreck. 'Twas in the former days,
Those waters then obscure; a maze; 50
The isles were dreaded—every chain;
Better to brave the immense of sea,
And venture for the Spanish Main,
Beating and rowing against the trades,
Than float to valleys 'neath the lee,
Nor far removed, and palmy shades.
So deemed he, strongly erring there.
To boats they take; the weather fair—
Never the sky a cloudlet knew;
A temperate wind unvarying blew 60
Week after week; yet came despair;
The bread though doled, and water stored,
Ran low and lower—ceased. They burn—
They agonize till crime abhorred
Lawful might be. O trade-wind, turn!
“Well may some items sleep unrolled—
Never by the one survivor told.
Him they picked up, where, cuddled down,
They saw the jacketed skeleton,
Lone in the only boat that lived— 70
His signal frittered to a shred.
“‘Strong need'st thou be,’ the rescuers said,
‘Who hast such trial sole survived.’
‘I *willed* it,’ gasped he. And the man,
Renewed ashore, pushed off again.
How bravely sailed the pennoned ship
Bound outward on her sealing trip
Antarctic. Yes; but who returns
Too soon, regaining port by land
Who left it by the bay? What spurns 80
Were his that so could countermand?
Nor mutineer, nor rock, nor gale
Nor leak had foiled him. No; a whale
Of purpose aiming, stove the bow:

They foundered. To the master now
 Owners and neighbors all impute
 An inauspiciousness. His wife—
 Gentle, but unheroic—she,
 Poor thing, at heart knew bitter strife
 Between her love and her simplicity: 90
 A Jonah is he?—And men bruit
 The story. None will give him place
 In a third venture. Came the day
 Dire need constrained the man to pace
 A night patrolman on the quay
 Watching the bales till morning hour
 Through fair and foul. Never he smiled;
 Call him, and he would come; not sour
 In spirit, but meek and reconciled;
 Patient he was, he none withstood; 100
 Oft on some secret thing would brood.
 He ate what came, though but a crust;
 In Calvin's creed he put his trust;
 Praised heaven, and said that God was good,
 And his calamity but just.
 So Sylvio Pellico from cell-door
 Forth tottering, after dungeoned years,
 Crippled and bleached, and dead his peers:
 'Grateful, I thank the Emperor.' ”

There ceasing, after pause Rolfe drew 110
 Regard to Nehemiah in view:
 “Look, the changed master, roams he there?
 I mean, is such the guise, the air?”

The speaker sat between mute Vine
 And Clarel. From the mystic sea
 Laocoon's serpent, sleek and fine,
 In loop on loop seemed here to twine
 His clammy coils about the three.
 Then unto them the wannish man
 Draws nigh; but absently they scan; 120

A phantom seems he, and from zone
Where naught is real though the winds aye moan.

xxxviii

THE SPARROW

After the hint by Rolfe bestowed,
Redoubled import, one may ween,
Had Nehemiah's submissive mien
For Clarel. Nay, his poor abode—
And thither now the twain repair—
A new significance might bear.

Thin grasses, such as sprout in sand,
Clarel observes in crannies old
Along the cornice. Not his hand
The mower fills with such, nor arms
Of him that binds the sheaf, enfold.
Now mid the quiet which becharms
That mural wilderness remote,
Querulous came the little note
Of bird familiar—one of them
So numerous in Jerusalem,
Still snared for market, it is told,
And two were for a farthing sold—
The sparrow. But this single one
Plaining upon a terrace nigh,
Was like the Psalmist's making moan
For loss of mate—forsaken quite,
Which on the house-top doth alight
And watches, and her lonely cry
No answer gets.—In sunny height
Like dotting bees against the sky
What twitterers o'er the temple fly!

But now the arch and stair they gain,
And in the chamber sit the twain.
Clarel in previous time secure,

10

20

30

From Nehemiah had sought to lure
 Some mention of his life, but failed.
 Rolfe's hintful story so prevailed,
 Anew he thought to venture it.
 But while in so much else aside
 Subject to senile lapse of tide,
 In this hid matter of his past
 The saint evinced a guardful wit;
 His waning energies seemed massed
 Here, and but here, to keep the door.
 At present his reserve of brow
 Reproach in such sort did avow,
 That Clarel never pressed him more.
 Nay, fearing lest he trespass might
 Even in tarrying longer now,
 He parted. As he slow withdrew,
 Well pleased he noted in review
 The hermitage improved in plight.

40

Some one had done a friendly thing:
 Who? Small was Clarel's wondering.

50

xxxix

CLAREL AND RUTH

In northern clime how tender show
 The meads beneath heaven's humid Bow
 When showers draw off and dew-drops cling
 To sunset's skirt, and robins sing
 Though night be near. So did the light
 Of love redeem in Ruth the trace
 Of grief, though scarce might it efface.

From wider rambles which excite
 The thought, or study's lone repose,
 Daily did Clarel win the close.
 With interest feminine and true
 The matron watched that love which grew;

10

She hailed it, since a hope was there
Made brighter for the grief's degree:
How shines the gull ye watch in air
White, white, against the cloud at sea.

Clarel, bereft while still but young,
Mother or sister had not known;
To him now first in life was shown,
In Agar's frank demeanor kind,
What charm to woman may belong
When by a natural bent inclined
To goodness in domestic play:
On earth no better thing than this—
It canonizes very clay:
Madonna, hence thy worship is.

But Ruth: since Love had signed with Fate
The bond, and the first kiss had sealed,
Both for her own and Agar's state
Much of her exile-grief seemed healed:

New vistas opened; and if still
Forebodings might not be forgot
As to her sire's eventual lot,
Yet hope, which is of youth, could thrill.
That frame to foster and defend,
Clarel, when in her presence, strove
The unrest to hide which still could blend
With all the endearings of their love.

Ruth part divined the lurking care,
But more the curb, and motive too:

It made him but love's richer heir;
So much the more attachment grew.
She could not think but all would prove
Subject in end to mighty Love.

That cloud which in the present reigned,
By flushful hope's aurora stained,
At times redeemed itself in hues
Of shell, and humming-bird, and flower.
Could heaven two loyal hearts abuse?
The death-moth, let him keep his bower.

xl

THE MOUNDS

Ere twilight and the shadow fall
 On Zion hill without the wall
 In place where Latins set the bier
 Borne from the gate—who lingers here,
 Where, typing faith exempt from loss,
 By sodless mound is seen a cross?
 Clarel it is, at Celio's grave.
 For him, the pale one, ere yet cold,
 Assiduous to win and save,
 The friars had claimed as of their fold; 10
 Lit by the light of ritual wicks,
 Had held to unprotesting lips
 In mistimed zeal the crucifix;
 And last, among the fellowships
 Of Rome's legitimate dead, laid one
 Not saved through faith, nor Papal Rome's true son.
 Life's flickering hour they made command
 Faith's candle in Doubt's dying hand.
 So some, who other forms did hold,
 Rumored, or criticised, or told 20
 The tale.

Not this did Clarel win
 To visit the hermit of the mound.
 Nay, but he felt the appeal begin—
 The poor petition from the ground:
 Remember me! for all life's din
 Let not my memory be drowned.
 And thought was Clarel's even for one
 Of tribe not his—to him unknown
 Through vocal word or vital cheer: 30
 A stranger, but less strange made here,
 Less distant. Whom life held apart—
 Life, whose cross-purposes make shy—
 Death yields without reserve of heart

To meditation.

With a sigh
Turning, he slow pursued the steep
Until he won that leveled spot,
Terraced and elevated plot
Over Gihon, where yet others keep 40
Death's tryst—afar from kindred lie:
Protestants, which in Salem die.

There, fixed before a founded stone
With Bible mottoes part bestrown,
Stood one communing with the bier.
'Twas Rolfe. "Him, him I knew," said he,
Down pointing; "but 'twas far from here—
How far from here!" A pause. "But see,
Job's text in wreath, what trust it giveth;
'I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.' 50
Poor Ethelward! Thou didst but grope;
I knew thee, and thou hadst small hope.
But if at this spent man's death-bed
Some kind soul kneeled and chapter read—
Ah, own! to moderns death is drear,
So drear: we die, we make no sign,
We acquiesce in any cheer—
No rite we seek, no rite decline.
Is't nonchalance of languid sense,
Or the last, last indifference? 60
With some, no doubt, 'tis peace within;
In others, may be, care for kin:
Exemplary through life, as well
Dying they'd be so, nor repel."

He let his eyes half absent move
About the mound: "One's thoughts will rove:
This minds me that in like content,
Other forms were kept without dissent
By one who hardly owned their spell.
He, in fulfillment of pledged work, 70
Among Turks having passed for Turk,
Sickened among them. On death-bed

Silent he heard the Koran read:
 They shrilled the Islam wail for him,
 They shawled him in his burial trim;
 And now, on brinks of Egypt's waste,
 Where the buried Sultans' chapels rise,
 Consistently toward Mecca faced,
 The blameless simulator lies:
 The turbaned Swiss, Sheik Ibrahim—
 Burckhardt.—But home the sparrow flees.
 Come, move we ere the gate they quit,
 And we be shut out here with these
 Who never shall re-enter it."

80

xli

ON THE WALL

They parted in the port. Near by,
 Long stone stairs win the battlement
 Of wall, aerial gallery;
 And thither now the student bent
 To muse abroad.

The sun's last rays

Shed round a nearing train the haze
 Of mote and speck. Advanced in view
 And claiming chief regard, came two
 Dismounted, barefoot; one in dress
 Expressive of deep humbleness
 Of spirit, scarce of social state—
 His lineaments rebutted that,
 Though all was overcast with pain—
 The visage of a doom-struck man
 Not idly seeking holy ground.
 Behind, his furnished horse did bound
 Checked by a groom in livery fair.
 The master paced in act of prayer
 Absorbed—went praying through the gate.

10

20

The attentive student, struck thereat,
The wall crossed—from the inner arch,
Viewed him emerging, while in starch
Of prelate robes, some waiting Greeks
Received him, kissed him on both cheeks,
Showing that specializing love
And deference grave, how far above
What Lazarus in grief may get;
Nor less sincere those priests were yet.

Second in the dismounted list 30
Was one, a laic votarist,
The cross and chaplet by his side,
Sharing the peace of eventide
In frame devout. A Latin he,
But not, as seemed, of high degree.
Such public reverence profound
In crossing Salem's sacred bound
Is not so common, in late day,
But that the people by the way
In silent-viewing eyes confessed 40
The spectacle had interest.

Nazarene Hebrews twain rode next,
By one of the escort slyly vexed.
In litter borne by steady mules
A Russian lady parts the screen;
A rider, as the gate is seen,
Dismounts, and her alighting rules—
Her husband. Checkered following there,
Like envoys from all Adam's race,
Mixed men of various nations pace, 50
Such as in crowded steamer come
And disembark at Jaffa's stair.

Mute mid the buzz of chat and prayer,
Plain-clad where others sport the plume,
What countrymen are yonder three?
The critic-coolness in their eyes
Disclaims emotion's shallow sea;
Or misapply they precept wise,

Nil admirari? Or, may be,
 Rationalists these riders are,
 Men self-sufficing, insular.
 Nor less they show in grave degree
 Tolerance for each poor votary.

60

Now when the last rays slanting fall,
 The last new-comer enters in:
 The gate shuts after with a din.
 Tarries the student on the wall.
 Dubieties of recent date—
 Scenes, words, events—he thinks of all.
 As, when the autumn sweeps the down,
 And gray skies tell of summer gone,
 The swallow hovers by the strait—
 Impending on the passage long;
 Upon a brink and poise he hung.
 The bird in end must needs migrate
 Over the sea: shall Clarel too
 Launch o'er *his* gulf, e'en Doubt, and woo
 Remote conclusions?

70

Unresigned,
 He sought the inn, and tried to read
 The Fathers with a filial mind.
 In vain; heart wandered or repined.
 The Evangelists may serve his need:
 Deep as he felt the beauty sway,
 Estrangement there he could but heed,
 Both time and tone so far away
 From him the modern. Not to dwell,
 Rising he walked the floor, then stood
 Irresolute. His eye here fell
 Upon the blank wall of the cell,
 The wall before him, and he viewed
 A place where the last coat of lime—
 White flakes whereof lay dropped below—
 Thin scaling off, laid open so
 Upon the prior coat a rhyme

80

90

Pale penciled. In one's nervous trance
 Things near will distant things recall,
 And common ones suggest romance:
 He thought of her built up in wall,
 Cristina of Coll'alto; yes, 100
 The verse here breaking from recess—
 Though immaterial, but a thought
 In some sojourning traveler wrought—
 Scribbled, overlaid, again revealed—
 Seemed like a tragic fact unsealed:
 So much can mood possess a man.
 He read: obscurely thus it ran:—

“For me who never loved the stride,
 Triumph and taunt that shame the winning side—
 Toward Him over whom, in expectation's glow, 110
 Elate the advance of rabble-banners gleam—
 Turned from a world that dare renounce Him so,
 My unweaned thoughts in steadfast trade-wind stream.
 If Atheists and Vitriolists of doom
 Faith's gathering night with rockets red illumine—
 So much the more in pathos I adore
 The low lamps flickering in Syria's Tomb.”—

“What strain is this?—But, here, in blur:—
 ‘After return from Sepulcher:
 B. L.’”—On the ensuing day 120
 He plied the host with question free:
 Who answered him, “A pilgrim—nay,
 How to remember! English, though—
 A fair young Englishman. But stay:”
 And after absence brief he slow
 With volumes came in hand: “These, look—
 He left behind by chance.”—One book,
 With portrait of a mitred man,
 Treated of high church Anglican,
 Confession, fast, saint-day—deplored 130
 That rubric old was not restored.

But under *Finis* there was writ
A comment that made grief of it.

The second work had other cheer—
Started from Strauss, disdained Renan—
By striding paces up to Pan;
Nor rested, but the goat-god here
Capped with the red cap in the twist
Of Proudhon and the Communist.
But random jottings in the marge
Disclosed some reader of the text
Whose fervid comments did discharge
More dole than e'en dissent. Annexed,
In either book was penciled small:
"B. L.: Oxford: St. Mary's Hall."

140

Such proved these volumes—such, as scanned
By Clarel, wishful to command
Some hint that might supply a clew
Better enabling to construe
The lines their owner left on wall.

150

xlii

TIDINGS

Some of the strangers late arrived
Tarried with Abdon at the inn;
And, ere long, having viewed the town
Would travel further, and pass on
To Siddim, and the Dead Sea win
And Saba. And would Clarel go?
'Twas but for days. They would return
By Bethlehem, and there sojourn
Awhile, regaining Zion so.
But Clarel undetermined stood,
And kept his vacillating mood,
Though learning, as it happed, that Vine

10

And Rolfe would join the journeying band.

Loath was he here to disentwine
Himself from Ruth. Nor less Lot's land,
And sea, and Judah's utmost drought
Fain would he view, and mark their tone:
And prove if, unredeemed by John,
John's wilderness augmented doubt.

As chanced, while wavering in mind, 20

And threading a hushed lane or wynd
Quick warning shout he heard behind
And clattering hoofs. He hugged the wall,
Then turned; in that brief interval
The dust came on him, powdery light,
From one who like a javelin flew
Spectral with dust, and all his plight
Charged with the desert and its hue;
A courier, and he bent his flight—
(As Clarel afterward recalled) 30
Whither lay Agar's close inwalled.

The clank of arms, the clink of shoe,
The cry admonitory too,
Smote him, and yet he scarce knew why;
But when, some hours having flitted by,
Nearing the precincts of the Jew
His host, he did Nehemiah see
Waiting in arch, and with a look
Which some announcement's shadow took,
His heart stood still—Fate's herald, he? 40

"What is it? what?"—The saint delayed.—
"Ruth?"—"Nathan;" and the news conveyed.
The threat, oft hurled, as oft reviled
By one too proud to give it heed,
The menace of stern foemen wild,
No menace now was, but a deed:
Burned was the roof on Sharon's plain;
And timbers charred showed clotted stain:
But, spirited away, each corse
Unsepulchered remained, or worse. 50

Ah, Ruth—woe, Agar! Ill breeds ill;
 The widow with no future free,
 Without resource perhaps, or skill
 To steer upon grief's misty sea.

To grieve with them and lend his aid,
 Straight to the house see Clarel fare,
 The house of mourning—sadder made
 For that the mourned one lay not there—
 But found it barred. He, waiting so,
 Doubtful to knock or call them—lo,
 The rabbi issues, while behind
 The door shuts to. The meeting eyes
 Reciprocate a quick surprise,
 Then alter; and the secret mind
 The rabbi bears to Clarel shows
 In dark superior look he throws:
 Censorious consciousness of power:
 Death—and it is the Levite's hour.
 No word he speaks, but turns and goes.

60

The student lingered. He was told
 By one without, a neighbor old,
 That never Jewish modes relent:
 Sealed long would be the tenement
 To all but Hebrews—of which race
 Kneeled comforters by sorrow's side.
 So both were cared for. Clogged in pace
 He turned away. How pass the tide
 Of Ruth's seclusion? Might he gain
 Relief from dull inaction's pain?
 Yes, join he would those pilgrims now
 Which on the morrow would depart
 For Siddim, by way of Jericho.

70

80

But first of all, he letters sent,
 Brief, yet dictated by the heart—
 Announced his plan's constrained intent
 Reluctant; and consigned a ring
 For pledge of love and Ruth's remembering.

xliii

A PROCESSION

But what!—nay, nay: without adieu
Of vital word, dear presence true,
Part shall I?—break away from love?
But think: the circumstances move,
And warrant it. Shouldst thou abide,
Cut off yet wert thou from her side
For time: though she be sore distressed,
Herself would whisper: “Go—’tis best.”

Unstable! It was in a street,
Half vault, where few or none do greet, 10
He paced. Anon, encaved in wall
A fount arrests him, sculpture wrought
After a Saracen design—
Ruinous now and arid all
Save dusty weeds which trail or twine.
While lingering in way that brought
The memory of the Golden Bowl
And Pitcher broken, music rose—
Young voices; a procession shows:
A litter rich, with flowery wreath, 20
Singers and censers, and a veil.
She comes, the bride; but, ah, how pale:
Her groom that Blue-Beard, cruel Death,
Wedding his millionth maid to-day;
She, stretched on that Armenian bier,
Leaves home and each familiar way—
Quits all for him. Nearer, more near—
Till now the ineffectual flame
Of burning tapers borne he saw:
The westering sun puts these to shame. 30

But, hark: responsive marching choirs,
Robed men and boys, in rhythmic law

A contest undetermined keep:
 Ay, as the bass in dolings deep
 The serious, solemn thought inspires—
 In unconcern of rallying sort
 The urchin-treble shrills retort;
 But, true to part imposed, again
 The beards dirge out. And so they wind
 Till through the city gate the train
 Files forth to sepulcher.

40

Behind
 Left in his hermitage of mind,
 What troubles Clarel? See him there
 As if admonishment in air
 He heard. Can love be fearful so?
 Jealous of fate? the future? all
 Reverse—mischance? nay, even the pall
 And pit?—No, I'll not leave her: no,
 'Tis fixed; I waver now no more.—

50

But yet again he thought it o'er,
 And self-rebukeful, and with mock:
 Thou superstitious doubter—own,
 Biers need be borne; why such a shock
 When passes this Armenian one?
 The word's dispatched, and wouldst recall?
 'Tis but for fleeting interval.

xliv

THE START

The twilight and the starlight pass,
 And breaks the morn of Candlemas.

The pilgrims muster; and they win
 A common terrace of the inn,
 Which, lifted on Mount Acra's cope,
 Looks off upon the town aslope
 In gray of dawn. They hear the din

Of mongrel Arabs—the loud coil
And uproar of high words they wage
Harnessing for the pilgrimage. 10
’Tis special—marks the Orient life,
Which, roused from indolence to toil,
Indignant starts, enkindling strife.
Though spite the fray no harm they share,
How fired they seem by burning wrong;
And small the need for strenuous care,
And languor yet shall laze it long.

Wonted to man and used to fate
A pearl-gray ass there stands sedate
While being saddled by a clown 20
And buffeted. Of her anon.

Clarel regards; then turns his eye
Away from all, beyond the town,
Where pale against the tremulous sky
Olivet shows in morning shy;
Then on the court again looks down.
The mountain mild, the wrangling crew—
In contrast, why should these indue
With vague unrest, and swell the sigh?
Add to the burden? tease the sense 30
With unconfirmed significance?

To horse. And, passing one by one
Their host the Black Jew by the gate,
His grave salute they take, nor shun
His formal God-speed. One, elate
In air Auroral, June of life,
With quick and gay response is rife.
But he, the Israelite alone,
’Tis he reflects Jehovah’s town;
Experienced he, the vain elation gone; 40
While flit athwart his furrowed face
Glimpses of that ambiguous thought
Which in some aged men ye trace
When Venture, Youth and Bloom go by;

Scarce cynicism, though 'tis wrought
Not all of pity, since it scants the sigh.

They part. Farewell to Zion's seat.
Ere yet anew her place they greet,
In heart what hap may Clarel prove?
Brief term of days, but a profound remove.

50

END OF PART I

PART II

THE WILDERNESS

PART II
THE WILDERNESS

i

THE CAVALCADE

Adown the Dolorosa Lane
The mounted pilgrims file in train
Whose clatter jars each open space;
Then, muffled in, shares change apace
As, striking sparks in vaulted street,
Clink, as in cave, the horses' feet.

Not from brave Chaucer's Tabard Inn
They pictured wend; scarce shall they win
Fair Kent, and Canterbury ken;
Nor franklin, squire, nor morris-dance
Of wit and story good as then:
Another age, and other men,
And life an unfulfilled romance.

10

First went the turban—guide and guard
In escort armed and desert trim;
The pilgrims next: whom now to limn.
One there the light rein slackly drew,
And skimming glanced, dejected never—
While yet the pilgrimage was new—
On sights ungladsome howsoever.
Cordial he turned his aspect clear
On all that passed; man, yea, and brute
Enheartening by a blithe salute,
Chirrup, or pat, in random cheer.
This pleasantness, which might endear,

20

Suffused was with a prosperous look
That bordered vanity, but took
Fair color as from ruddy heart.

A priest he was—though but in part;
For as the Templar old combined
The cavalier and monk in one;
In Derwent likewise might you find
The secular and cleric tone.

Imported or domestic mode,
Thought's last adopted style he showed;
Abreast kept with the age, the year,
And each bright optimistic mind,
Nor lagged with Solomon in rear,
And Job, the furthestmost behind—
Brisk marching in time's drum-corps van
Abreast with whistling Jonathan.

Though English, with an English home,
His spirits through Creole cross derived
The light and effervescent foam;
And youth in years mature survived.
At saddle-bow a book was laid
Convenient—tinted in the page
Which did urbanely disengage
Sadness and doubt from all things sad
And dubious deemed. Confirmed he read:
A priest o' the club—a taking man,
And rather more than Lutheran.
A cloth cape, light in air afloat,
And easy set of cleric coat,
Seemed emblems of that facile wit,
Which suits the age—a happy fit.

Behind this good man's stirrups, rode
A solid stolid Elder, shod
With formidable boots. He went
Like Talus in a foundry cast;
Furrowed his face, with wrinkles massed.
He claimed no indirect descent
From Grampian kirk and covenant.

30

40

50

60

But recent sallying from home,
Late he assigned three days to Rome.
He saw the host go by. The crowd,
Made up from many a tribe and place
Of Christendom, kept seemly face:
Took off the hat, or kneeled, or bowed;
But he the helm rammed down apace: 70
Discourteous to the host, agree,
Though to a parting soul it went;
Nor deemed that, were it mummary,
’Twas pathos too. This hard dissent—
Transferred to Salem in remove—
Led him to carp, and try disprove
Legend and site by square and line:
Aside time’s violet mist he’d shove—
Quite disenchant the Land Divine.
So fierce he hurled zeal’s javelin home, 80
It drove beyond the mark—pierced Rome,
And plunged beyond, through enemy
To friend. Scarce natural piety
Might live, abiding such a doom.
Traditions beautiful and old
Which with maternal arms enfold
Millions, else orphaned and made poor,
No plea could lure him to endure.
Concerned, meek Christian ill might bear
To mark this worthy brother rash, 90
Deeming he served religion there,
Work up the fag-end of Voltaire,
And help along faith’s final crash—
If that impend.

His fingers pressed
A ferule of black thorn: he bore
A pruning-knife in belt; in vest
A measuring-tape wound round a core;
And field-glass slung athwart the chest;
While peeped from holsters old and brown, 100
Horse-pistols—and they were his own.

A hale one folowed, good to see,
English and Greek in pedigree;
Of middle-age; a ripe gallant,
A banker of the rich Levant;
In florid opulence preserved
Like peach in syrup. Ne'er he swerved
From morning bath, and dinner boon,
And velvet nap in afternoon,
And lounge in garden with cigar.
His home was Thessalonica,
Which views Olympus. But, may be,
Little he weened of Jove and gods
In synod mid those brave abodes;
Nor, haply, read or weighed Paul's plea
Addressed from Athens o'er the sea
Unto the Thessalonians old:
His bonds he scanned, and weighed his gold.

110

Parisian was his garb, and gay.
Upon his saddle-pommel lay
A rich Angora rug, for shawl
Or pillow, just as need might fall;
Not the Brazilian leopard's hair
Or toucan's plume may show more fair;
Yet, serving light convenience mere,
Proved but his heedless affluent cheer.

120

Chief exercise this sleek one took
Was toying with a tissue book
At intervals, and leaf by leaf
Gently reducing it. In brief,
With tempered yet Capuan zest,
Of cigarettes he smoked the best.
This wight did Lady Fortune love:
Day followed day in treasure-trove.
Nor only so, but he did run
In unmistrustful reveries bright
Beyond his own career to one
Who should continue it in light
Of lineal good times.

130

High walled,

140

An Eden owned he nigh his town,
Which locked in leafy emerald
A frescoed lodge. There Nubians armed,
Tall eunuchs virtuous in zeal,
In shining robes, with glittering steel,
Patrolled about his daughter charmed,
Inmost inclosed in nest of bowers,
By gorgons served, the dread she-powers,
Duennas: maiden more than fair:

How fairer in his rich conceit—

150

An Argive face, and English hair
Sunny as May in morning sweet:
A damsel for Apollo meet;
And yet a mortal's destined bride—
Bespoken, yes, affianced late
To one who by the senior's side
Rode rakishly deliberate—

A sprig of Smyrna, Glaucon he.

His father (such ere long to be)

Well loved him, nor that sole he felt

160

That fortune here had kindly dealt

Another court-card into hand—

The youth with gold at free command;—

No, but he also liked his clan,

His kinsmen, and his happy way;

And over wine would pleased repay

His parasites: Well may ye say

The boy's the bravest gentleman!—

From Beyrout late had come the pair

To further schemes of finance hid,

170

And for a pasha's favor bid

And grave connivance. That affair

Yet lingered. So, dull time to kill,

They wandered, anywhere, at will.

Scarce through self-knowledge or self-love

They ventured Judah's wilds to rove,

As time, ere long, and place, may prove.

Came next in file three sumpter mules
With all things needful for the tent,
And panniers which the Greek o'errules; 180
For there, with store of nourishment,
Rosoglio pink and wine of gold
Slumbered as in the smuggler's hold.

Viewing those Levantines in way
Of the snared lion, which from grate
Marks the light throngs on holiday,
Nor e'er relaxes in his state
Of rigorous gloom; rode one whose air
Revealed—but, for the nonce, forbear.
Mortmain his name, or so in whim 190
Some moral wit had christened him.

Upon that creature men traduce
For patience under their abuse;
For whose requital there's assigned
No heaven; that thing of dreamful kind—
The ass—elected for the ease,
Good Nehemiah followed these;
His Bible under arm, and leaves
Of tracts still fluttering in sheaves.
In pure good will he bent his view 200
To right and left. The ass, pearl-gray,
Matched well the rider's garb in hue,
And sorted with the ashy way;
Upon her shoulders' jointed play
The white cross gleamed, which the untrue
Yet innocent fair legends say,
Memorializes Christ our Lord
When Him with palms the throngs adored
Upon the foal. Many a year
The wanderer's heart had longed to view 210
Green banks of Jordan dipped in dew;
Oft had he watched with starting tear
Pack-mule and camel, horse and spear,

Monks, soldiers, pilgrims, helm and hood,
 The variegated annual train
 In vernal Easter caravan,
 Bound unto Gilgal's neighborhood.
 Nor less belief his heart confessed
 Not die he should till knees had pressed
 The Palmers' Beach. Which trust proved true: 220
 'Twas charity gave faith her due:
 Without publicity or din
 It was the student moved herein.

He, Clarel, with the earnest face
 Which fitful took a hectic dye,
 Kept near the saint. With equal pace
 Came Rolfe in saddle pommeled high,
 Yet e'en behind that peaked redoubt
 Sat Indian-like, in pliant way,
 As if he were an Osage scout, 230
 Or Gaucho of the Paraguay.

Lagging in rear of all the train
 As hardly he pertained thereto
 Or his right place therein scarce knew,
 Rode one who frequent turned again
 To pore behind. He seemed to be
 In reminiscence folded ever,
 Or some deep moral fantasy;
 At whiles in face a dusk and shiver,
 As if in heart he heard amazed 240
 The sighing of Ravenna's wood
 Of pines, and saw the phantom knight
 (Boccaccio's) with the dagger raised
 Still hunt the lady in her flight
 From solitude to solitude.
 'Twas Vine. Nor less for day dream, still
 The rein he held with lurking will.

So filed the muster whose array
 Threaded the Dolorosa's way.

ii

THE SKULL-CAP

"See him in his uncheerful head-piece!
 Libertad's on the Mexic coin
 Would better suit me for a shade-piece:
 Ah, had I known he was to join!"—

So chid the Greek, the banker one
 Perceiving Mortmain there at hand,
 And in allusion to a dun
 Skull-cap he wore. Derwent light reined
 The steed; and thus: "Beg pardon now,
 It looks a little queer, concede;
 Nor less the cap fits well-shaped brow;
 It yet may prove the wishing-cap
 Of Fortunatus."

10

"No indeed,
 No, no, for *that* had velvet nap
 Of violet with silver tassel—
 Much like my smoking-cap, you see,"
 Light laughed the Smyrniote, that vassal
 Of health and young vivacity.

"Glaucou, be still," the senior said
 (And yet he liked to hear him too);
 "I say it doth but ill bestead
 To have a black cap in our crew."

20

"Pink, pink," cried Glaucou, "pink's the hue:—

'Pink cap and ribbons of the pearl,
 A Paradise of bodice,
 The Queen of Sheba's laundry girl—

Hallo, what now? They come to halt
 Down here in glen! Well, well, we'll vault."
 His song arrested, so he spake
 And light dismounted, wide awake.—

30

“A sprightly comrade have you here,”
 Said Derwent in the senior’s ear.
 The banker turned him: “Folly, folly—
 But good against the melancholy.”

iii

BY THE GARDEN

Sheep-tracks they’d look, at distance seen,
 Did any herbage border them,
 Those slender foot-paths slanting lean
 Down or along waste slopes which hem
 The high-lodged, walled Jerusalem.

Slipped from Bethesda’s Pool leads one
 Which by an arch across is thrown
 Kedron the brook. The Virgin’s Tomb
 (Whence the near gate the Latins name—
 St. Stephen’s, as the Lutherans claim—
 Hard by the place of martyrdom),
 Time-worn in sculpture dim, is set
 Humbly inearthed by Olivet.

10

’Tis hereabout now halt the band,
 And by Gethsemane at hand,
 For few omitted trifles wait
 And guardsman whom adieus belate.
 Some light dismount.

But hardly here,
 Where on the verge they might foretaste
 Or guess the flavor of the waste,
 Greek sire and son took festive cheer.

20

Glaucon not less a topic found
 At venture. One old tree becharmed
 Leaned its decrepit trunk deformed
 Over the garden’s wayside bound:
 “See now: this yellow olive wood
 They carve in trinkets—rosary—rood:

Of these we must provide some few
 For travel-gifts, ere we for good
 Set out for home. And why not too
 Some of those gems the nuns revere—
 In hands of veteran venders here,
 Wrought from the Kedron's saffron block
 In the Monk's Glen, Mar Saba's rock;
 And cameos of the Dead Sea stone?"

30

"Buy what ye will, be it Esau's flock,"
 The other said: "but for that stone—
 Avoid, nor name!"

"*That* stone? what one?"

40

And cast a look of grieved surprise
 Marking the senior's ruffled guise;
 "Those cameos of Death's Sea—"

"Have done,

I beg! Unless all joy you'd cripple,
 Both noun omit and participle."

"Dear sir, what noun? strange grammar's this."

"Have I expressed myself amiss?"

Oh, don't you think it is but spleen:

A well-bred man counts it unclean

50

This name of—boy, and can't you guess?

Last bankruptcy without redress!"

"For heaven's sake!"

"With that ill word

Whose first is D and last is H,

No matter what be in regard,

Let none of mine ere crape his speech,

But shun it, ay, and shun the knell

Of each derivative."

"Oh, well—

60

I see, I see; with all my heart!

Each conjugation will I curb,

All moods and tenses of the verb;

And, for the noun, to save from errors

I'll use instead—the '*King of Terrors*.' "

"Sir, change the topic.—Would 'twere done,

This scheme of ours, and we clean gone
 From out this same dull land so holy
 Which breeds but blues and melancholy.
 To while our waiting I thought good
 To join these travelers on their road;
 But there's a bird in saucy glee
 Trills—*Fool, retreat; 'tis not for thee.*
 Had I fair pretext now, I'd turn.
 But yonder—he don't show concern,
 Glancing toward Derwent, lounging there
 Holding his horse with easy air
 Slack by the rein.

70

With morning zest,
 In sound digestion unoppressed,
 The clergyman's good spirits made
 A Tivoli of that grim glade.
 And turning now his cheery eyes
 Toward Salem's towers in solemn guise
 Stretched dumb along the Mount of God,
 He cried to Clarel waiting near
 In saddle-seat and gazing drear:
 "A canter, lad, on steed clean-shod
 Didst ever take on English sod?
 The downs, the downs! Yet even here
 For a fair matin ride withal
 I like the run round yonder wall.
 Height have you, outlook; and the view
 Varies as you the turn pursue."—
 So he, through inobservance, blind
 To that preoccupied young mind,
 In frame how different, in sooth—
 Pained and reverting still to Ruth
 Immured and parted from him there
 Behind those ramparts of despair.

80

90

100

Mortmain, whose wannish eyes declared
 How ill through night-hours he had fared,
 By chance overheard, and muttered—"Brass,
 A sounding brass and tinkling cymbal!

Who he that with a tongue so nimble
 Affects light heart in such a pass?"
 And full his cloud on Derwent bent:
 "Yea, and but thou seem'st well content.
 But turn, another thing's to see:
 Thy back's upon Gethsemane."

110

The priest wheeled short: What kind of man
 Was this? The other re-began:
 "'Tis *Terra Santa*—Holy Land:
Terra Damnata though's at hand
 Within."—"You mean where Judas stood?
 Yes, monks locate and name that ground;
 They've railed it off. Good, very good:
 It minds one of a vacant pound.—
 We tarry long: why lags our man?"

120

And rose; anew glanced toward the height.
 Here Mortmain from the words and plight
 Conjecture drew; and thus he ran:
 "Be some who with the god will sup,
 Happy to share his paschal wine.
 'Tis well. But the ensuing cup,
 The bitter cup?"

"Art a divine?"

Asked Derwent, turning that aside;
 "Methinks, good friend, too much you chide.
 I know these precincts. Still, believe—
 And let's discard each idle trope—
 Rightly considered, they can give
 A hope to man, a cheerful hope."

130

"Not for this world. The Christian plea—
 What basis has it, but that here
 Man is not happy, nor can be?
 There it confirms philosophy:
 The compensation of its cheer
 Is reason why the grass survives
 Of verdurous Christianity,
 Ay, trampled, lives, though hardly thrives
 In these mad days."—

140

Surprised at it,

Derwent intently viewed the man,
Marked the unsolaced aspect wan;
And fidgeted; yet matter fit
Had offered; but the other changed
In quick caprice, and willful ranged
In wild invective: "O abyss!

Here, upon what was erst the sod,
A man betrayed the yearning god;
A man, yet with a woman's kiss.

'Twas *human*, that unanimous cry,
'We're fixed to hate him—crucify!'
The which they did. And hands, nailed down,
Might not avail to screen the face
From each head-wagging mocking one.
This day, with some of earthly race,
May passion similar go on?"—

Inferring, rightly or amiss,
Some personal peculiar cause
For such a poignant strain as this,
The priest disturbed not here the pause
Which sudden fell. The other turned,
And, with a strange transition, burned
Invokingly: "Ye trunks of moan—

Gethsemane olives, do ye hear
The trump of that vain-glorious land
Where human nature they enthrone
Displacing the divine?" His hand
He raised there—let it fall, and fell
Himself, with the last syllable,

To moody hush. Then, fierce: "Hired band
Of laureates of man's fallen tribe—
Slaves are ye, slaves beyond the scribe
Of Nero; he, if flatterer blind,
Toadied not total human kind,
Which ye kerns do. But Bel shall bow
And Nebo stoop."

"Ah, come, friend, come,"

Pleaded the charitable priest
 Still bearing with him, anyhow,
 By fate unbidden to joy's feast:
 "Thou'rt strong; yield then the weak some room.
 Too earnest art thou;" and with eye
 Of one who fain would mollify
 All frowardness, he looked a smile.

But not that heart might he beguile:
 "Man's vicious: snaffle him with kings;
 Or, if kings cease to curb, devise
 Severer bit. This garden brings
 Such lesson. Heed it, and be wise
 In thoughts not new."

190

"Thou'rt ill to-day,"

Here peering, but in cautious way,
 "Nor solace find in valley wild."

The other wheeled, nor more would say;
 And soon the cavalcade defiled.

iv

OF MORTMAIN

"Our friend there—he's a little queer,"
 To Rolfe said Derwent riding on;
 "Beshrew me, there is in his tone
 Naught of your new world's chanticleer.
 Who's the eccentric? can you say?"

"Partly; but 'tis at second hand.
 At the Black Jew's I met with one
 Who, in response to my demand,
 Did in a strange disclosure run
 Respecting him."—"Repeat it, pray."—
 And Rolfe complied. But here receive
 Less the details of narrative
 Than what the drift and import may convey.

10

A Swede he was—illicit son
Of noble lady, after-wed,
Who, for a cause over which be thrown
Charity of oblivion dead—
Bore little love, but rather hate,
Even practiced to ensnare his state.
His father, while not owning, yet
In part discharged the natural debt
Of duty; gave him liberal lore
And timely income; but no more.

20

Thus isolated, what to bind
But the vague bond of human kind?
The north he left, to Paris came—
Paris, the nurse of many a flame
Evil and good. This son of earth,
This Psalmanazer, made a hearth
In warm desires and schemes for man:
Even *he* was an Arcadian.
Peace and good will was his acclaim—
If not in words, yet in the aim:
Peace, peace on earth: that note he thrilled,
But scarce in way the cherubs trilled
To Bethlehem and the shepherd band.
Yet much his theory could tell;
And he expounded it so well,
Disciples came. He took his stand.

30

Europe was in a decade dim:
Upon the future's trembling rim
The comet hovered. His a league
Of frank debate and close intrigue:
Plot, proselyte, appeal, denounce—
Conspirator, pamphleteer, at once,
And prophet. Wear and tear and jar
He met with coffee and cigar:
These kept awake the man and mood
And dream. That uncreated Good
He sought, whose absence is the cause
Of creeds and Atheists, mobs and laws.

40

50

Precocities of heart outran
The immaturities of brain.

Along with each superior mind
The vain, foolhardy, worthless, blind,
With Judases, are nothing loath
To clasp pledged hands and take the oath
Of aim, the which, if just, demands
Strong hearts, brows deep, and priestly hands.
Experience with her sharper touch
Stung Mortmain: Why, if men prove such,
Dote I? love theory overmuch?
Yea, also, whither will advance
This Revolution sprung in France
So many years ago? where end?
That current takes me. Whither tend?
Come, thou who makest such hot haste
To forge the future—weigh the past.

60

Such frame he knew. And timed event
Cogent a further question lent:
Wouldst meddle with the state? Well, mount
Thy guns; how many men dost count?
Besides, there's more that here belongs:
Be many questionable wrongs:
By yet more questionable war,
Prophet of peace, these wouldst thou bar?
The world's not new, nor new thy plea.
Though even shouldst thou triumph, see,
Prose overtakes the victor's songs:
Victorious right may need redress:
No failure like a harsh success.
Yea, ponder well the historic page:
Of all who, fired with noble rage,
Have warred for right without reprieve,
How many spanned the wings immense
Of Satan's muster, or could cheat
His cunning tactics of retreat
And ambushade? Oh, now dispense!
The world is portioned out, believe:

70

80

The good have but a patch at best,
The wise their corner; for the rest—
Malice divides with ignorance.
And what is stable? find one boon
That is not lackey to the moon
Of fate. The flood weaves out—the ebb
Weaves back; the incessant shuttle shifts
And flies, and wears and tears the web.
Turn, turn thee to the proof that sifts:
What if the kings in Forty-Eight
Fled like the gods? even as the gods
Shall do, return they made; and sate
And fortified their strong abodes;
And, to confirm them there in state,
Contrived new slogans, apt to please—
Pan and the tribal unities.
Behind all this still works some power
Unknowable, thou'lt yet adore.
That steers the world, not man. States drive;
The crazy rafts with billows strive.—
Go, go—absolve thee. Join that band
That wash them with the desert sand
For lack of water. In the dust
Of wisdom sit thee down, and rust.

100

110

So mused he—solitary pined.
Though his apostolate had thrown
New prospects ope to Adam's kind,
And fame had trumped him far and free—
Now drop he did—a clod unknown;
Nay, rather, he would not disown
Oblivion's volunteer to be;
Like those new-world discoverers bold
Ending in stony convent cold,
Or dying hermits; as if they,
Chastised to Micah's mind austere,
Remorseful felt that ampler sway
Their lead had given for old career

120

Of human nature.

But this man
No cloister sought. He, under ban
Of strange repentance and last dearth,
Roved the gray places of the earth.
And what seemed most his heart to wring
Was some unrenderable thing:
'Twas not his bastardy, nor bale
Medean in his mother pale,
Nor thwarted aims of high design;
But deeper—deep as nature's mine.

130

Though frequent among kind he sate
Tranquil enough to hold debate,
His moods he had, mad fitful ones,
Prolonged or brief, outbursts or moans;
And at such times would hiss or cry:
"Fair Circe—goddess of the sty!"
More frequent this: "Mock worse than wrong:
The Siren's kiss—the Fury's thong!"

140

Such he. Though scarce as such portrayed
In full by Rolfe, yet Derwent said
At close: "There's none so far astray,
Detached, abandoned, as might seem,
As to exclude the hope, the dream
Of fair redemption. One fine day
I saw at sea, by bit of deck—
Weedy—adrift from far away—
The dolphin in his gambol light
Through showery spray, arch into sight:
He flung a rainbow o'er that wreck."

150

V

CLAREL AND GLAUCON

Now slanting toward the mountain's head
They round its southern shoulder so;

That immemorial path they tread
 Whereby to Bethany you go
 From Salem over Kedron's bed
 And Olivet. Free change was made
 Among the riders. Lightly strayed,
 With overtures of friendly note,
 To Clarel's side the Smyrniote.

Wishful from every one to learn,
 As well his giddy talk to turn,
 Clarel—in simpleness that comes
 To students versed more in their tomes
 Than life—of Homer spake, a man
 With Smyrna linked, born there, 'twas said.
 But no, the light Ionian
 Scarce knew that singing beggar dead,
 Though wight he'd heard of with the name;
 "Homer? yes, I remember me;
 Saw note-of-hand once with his name:
 A fig for him, fig-dealer he,
 The veriest old nobody:"

Then lightly skimming on: "Did you
 By Joppa come? I did, and rue
 Three dumpish days, like Sundays dull
 Such as in London late I knew;
 The gardens though are bountiful.
 But Bethlehem—beyond compare!
 Such roguish ladies! Tarried there?
 You know it is a Christian town,
 Decreed so under Ibrahim's rule
 The Turk." E'en thus he rippled on,
 Way giving to his spirits free,
 Relieved from that disparity
 Of years he with the banker felt,
 Nor noted Clarel's puzzled look,
 Who, novice-like, at first mistook,
 Doubting lest satire might be dealt.

Adjusting now the sporting gun
 Slung to his back with pouch and all:

10

20

30

40

"Oh, but to sight a bird, just one,
 An eagle say, and see him fall."
 And, chatting still, with giddy breath,
 Of hunting feats over hill and dale:
 "Fine shot was mine by Nazareth;
 But birding's best in Tempe's Vale:
 From Thessalonica, you know
 'Tis thither that we fowlers stray.
 But you don't talk, my friend.—Heigh-ho,
 Next month I wed; yes, so they say.
 Meantime do sing a song or so
 To cheer one. Won't? Must I?—Let's see:
 Song of poor-devil dandy: he:—

50

'She's handsome as a jeweled priest
 In ephod on the festa,
 And each poor blade like me must needs
 Idolize and detest her.

'With rain-beads on her odorous hair
 From gardens after showers,
 All bloom and dew she trips along,
 Intent on selling flowers.

60

'She beams—the rainbow of the bridge;
 But, ah, my blank abhorrence,
 She buttonholes me with a rose,
 This flower-girl of Florence.

'My friends stand by; and, "There!" she says—
 An angel arch, a sinner:
 I grudge to pay, but pay I must,
 Then—dine on half a dinner!—

Heigh-ho, next month I marry: well!"
 With that he turned aside, and went
 Humming another air content.
 And Derwent heard him as befell.

70

"This lad is like a land of springs,"
 He said, "he gushes so with song."—
 "Nor heeds if Olivet it wrong,"
 Said Rolfe; "but no—he sings—he rings;
 His is the guinea, fiddle-strings
 Of youth too—which may heaven make strong!"

Meanwhile, in tetchy tone austere 80
 That reprobated song and all,
 Lowering rode the presbyter,
 A cloud whose rain ere long must fall.

vi

THE HAMLET

In silence now they pensive win
 A slope of upland over hill
 Eastward, where heaven and earth be twin
 In quiet, and earth seems heaven's sill.
 About a hamlet there full low,
 Nor cedar, palm, nor olive show—
 Three trees by ancient legend claimed
 As those whereof the cross was framed.
 Nor dairy white, nor well-curb green,
 Nor cheerful husbandry was seen,
 Though flinty tillage might be named:
 Nor less if all showed strange and lone
 The peace of God seemed settled down:
 Mary and Martha's mountain-town.

10

To Rolfe the priest said, breathing low:
 "How placid! Carmel's beauty here,
 If added, could not more endear."—
 Rolfe spake not, but he bent his brow.

Aside glanced Clarel on the face
 Of meekness; and he mused: In thee 20
 Methinks similitude I trace

To Nature's look in Bethany.
 But, ah, and can one dream the dream
 That hither through the shepherds' gate,
 Even by the road we traveled late,
 Came Jesus from Jerusalem,
 Who pleased him so in fields and bowers,
 Yes, crowned with thorns, still loved the flowers?
 Poor gardeners here that turned the sod
 Friends were they to the Son of God? 30
 And shared He e'en their humble lot?
 The sisters here in pastoral plot
 Green to the door—did they yield rest,
 And bathe the feet, and spread the board
 For Him, their own and brother's guest,
 The kindly Christ, even man's fraternal Lord?
 But see: how with a wandering hand,
 In absent-mindedness afloat,
 And dreaming of his fairy-land,
 Nehemiah smooths the ass's coat. 40

vii

GUIDE AND GUARD

Descending by the mountain-side
 When crags give way to pastures wide,
 And lower opening, ever new,
 Glades, meadows, hamlets meet the view,
 Which from above did coyly hide—
 And with re-kindled breasts of spring
 The robins through the orchard wing;
 Excellent then—as *there* bestowed—
 And true in charm the downward road.
 Quite other spells an influence throw 10
 Down going, down, to Jericho.

Here first on path so evil-starred
 Their guide they scan, and prize the guard.

The guide, a Druze of Lebanon,
Was rumored for an Emir's son,
Or offspring of a lord undone
In Ibrahim's time. Abrupt reverse
The princes in the East may know:
Lawgivers are outlaws at a blow,
And Cræsus dwindles in the purse. 20
Exiled, cut off, in friendless state,
The Druze maintained an air sedate;
Without the sacrifice of pride,
Sagacious still he earned his bread,
E'en managed to maintain the head,
Yes, lead men still, if but as guide
To pilgrims.

Here his dress to mark:

A simple woolen cloak, with dark
Vertical stripes; a vest to suit; 30
White turban like snow-wreath; a boot
Exempt from spur; a sash of fair
White linen, long-fringed at the ends:
The garb of Lebanon. His mare
In keeping showed: the saddle plain:
Head-stall untassled, slender rein.
But nature made her rich amends
For art's default: full eye of flame
Tempered in softness, which became 40
Womanly sometimes, in desire
To be caressed; ears fine to know
Least intimation, catch a hint
As tinder takes the spark from flint
And steel. Veil-like her clear attire
Of silvery hair, with speckled show
Of grayish spots, and ample flow
Of milky mane. Much like a child
The Druze she'd follow, more than mild.
Not less, at need, what power she'd don,
Clothed with the thunderbolt would run 50
As conscious of the Emir's son

She bore; nor knew the hireling's lash,
Red rowel, or rebuke as rash.
Courteous her treatment. But deem not
This tokened a luxurious lot:
Her diet spare; sole stable, earth;
Beneath the burning sun she'd lie
With mane disheveled, whence her eye
Would flash across the fiery dearth,
As watching for that other queen,
Her mate, a beauteous Palmyrene,
The pride of Tadmora's tented scene.

60

Athwart the pommel-cloth coarse-spun
A long pipe lay, and longer gun,
With serviceable yataghan.
But prized above these arms of yore,
A new revolver bright he bore
Tucked in the belt, and oft would scan.
Accoutered thus, through desert-blight
Whose lord is the Amalekite,
And proffering or peace or war,
The swart Druze rode his silvery Zar.

70

Behind him, jogging two and two,
Came troopers six of tawny hue,
Bewrinkled veterans, and grave
As Carmel's prophets of the cave:
Old Arab Bethlehemites, with guns
And spears of grandsires old. Weird ones,
Their robes like palls funereal hung
Down from the shoulder, one fold flung
In mufflement about the head,
And kept there by a fillet's braid.

80

Over this venerable troop
Went Belex doughty in command,
Erst of the Sultan's saucy troop
Which into death he did disband—
Politic Mahmoud—when that clan

By fair pretence, in festive way,
 He trapped within the Artmedan—
 Of old, Byzantium's circus gay. 90
 But Belex a sultana saved—
 His senior, though by love enslaved,
 Who fed upon the stripling's May—
 Long since, for now his beard was gray;
 Though goodly yet the features fine,
 Firm chin, true lip, nose aquiline—
 Type of the pure Osmanli breed.
 But ah, equipments gone to seed—
 Ah, shabby fate! his vesture's cloth
 Hinted the Jew bazaar and moth: 100
 The saddle, too, a cast-off one,
 An Aga's erst, and late was sown
 With seed-pearl in the seat: but now
 All that, with tag-work, all was gone—
 The tag-work of wee bells in row
 That made a small, snug, dulcet din
 About the housings Damascene.
 But mark the bay: his twenty years
 Still showed him pawing with his peers.
 Pure desert air, doled diet pure, 110
 Sleek tendance, brave result insure.
 Ample his chest; small head, large eye—
 How interrogative with soul—
 Responsive too, his master by:
 Trim hoof, and pace in strong control.
 Thy birth-day well they keep, thou Don,
 And well thy birth-day ode they sing;
 Nor ill they named thee Solomon,
 Prolific sire. Long live the king.

viii

ROLFE AND DERWENT

They journey. And, as heretofore,
 Derwent invoked his spirits bright

Against the wilds expanding more:

“Do but regard yon Islamite
And horse: equipments be but lean,
Nor less the nature still is rife—
Mettle, you see, mettle and mien.
Methinks fair lesson here we glean:
The inherent vigor of man’s life
Transmitted from strong Adam down,
Takes no infirmity that’s won
By institutions—which, indeed,
Be as equipments of the breed.
God bless the marrow in the bone!
What’s Islam now? does Turkey thrive?
Yet Islamite and Turk they wive
And flourish, and the world goes on.”

10

“Ay. But all qualities of race
Which make renown—these yet may die,
While leaving unimpaired in grace
The virile power,” was Rolfe’s reply;
“For witness here I cite a Greek—
God bless him! who tricked me of late
In Argos. What a perfect beak
In contour—oh, ’twas delicate;
And hero-symmetry of limb:
Clownish I looked by side of him.
Oh, but it does one’s ardor damp—
That splendid instrument, a scamp!
These Greeks indeed they wear the kilt
Bravely; they skim their lucid seas;
But, prithee, where is Pericles?
Plato is where? Simonides?
No, friend: much good wine has been spilt:
The rank world prospers; but alack!
Eden nor Athens shall come back:—
And what’s become of Arcady?”

20

30

He paused; then in another key:
“Prone, prone are era, man and nation
To slide into a degradation?”

40

With some, to age is that—but that.”

“Pathetic grow’st thou,” Derwent said:
And lightly, as in leafy glade,
Lightly he in the saddle sat.

ix

THROUGH ADOMMIN

In order meet they take their way
Through Bahurim where David fled;
And Shimei like a beast of prey
Prowled on the side-cliff overhead,
And flung the stone, the stone and curse,
And called it just, the king’s reverse:
Still grieving grief, as demons may.

In flanking parched ravine they won,
The student wondered at the bale
So arid, as of Acheron
Run dry. Alert showed Belex hale,
Uprising in the stirrup, clear
Of saddle, outlook so to gain.
Rattling his piece and scimeter.

10

“Dear me, I say,” appealing ran
From the sleek Thessalonian.

“Say on!” the Turk, with bearded grin;
“This is the glen named Adommin!”

Uneasy glance the banker threw,
Though first now of such name he knew
Or place. Nor was his flutter stayed
When Belex, heading his brigade,
Drew sword, and with a summons cried:
“Ho, rout them!” and his cohort veered,
Scouring the dens on either side,
Then all together disappeared

20

Amid wild turns of ugly ground
Which well the sleuth-dog might confound.

The Druze, as if 'twere nothing new—
The Turk doing but as bid to do—
A higher stand-point would command;
But here across his shortened rein
And loosened, shrewd, keen yataghan,
Good Nehemiah laid a hand:
“Djalea, stay—not long I’ll be;
A word, one Christian word with ye.
I’ve just been reading in the place
How, on a time, carles far from grace
Left here half dead the faring man:
Those wicked thieves. But heaven befriends,
Still heaven at need a rescue lends:
Mind ye the Good Samaritan?”—

In patient self-control high-bred,
Half of one sense, an ear, the Druze
Inclined; the while his grave eye fed
Afar; his arms at hand for use.

“He,” said the meek one going on,
Naught heeding but the tale he spun,
“He, when he saw him in the snare,
He had compassion; and with care
Him gently wakened from the swoond
And oil and wine poured in the wound;
Then set him on his own good beast,
And bare him to the nighest inn—
A man not of his town or kin—
And tended whom he thus released;
Up with him sat he all that night,
Put off he did his journey quite;
And on the morrow, ere he went,
For the mistrustful host he sent,
And taking out his careful purse,
He gave him pence; and thus did sue:
‘Beseech ye now that well ye nurse
This poor man whom I leave with you;

30

40

50

60

And whatsoe'er thou spendest more,
When I again come, I'll restore.'—
Ye mind the chapter? Well, this day
Were some forlorn one here to bleed,
Aid would be meted to his need
In good soul traveling this way.
Speak I amiss? an answer, pray?"—

70

 In deference the armed man,
O'er pistols, gun, and yataghan,
The turban bowed, but nothing said;
Then turned—resumed his purpose. Led
By old traditionary sense,
A liberal, fair reverence,
The Orientals homage pay,
And license yield in tacit way
To men demented, or so deemed.

80

Derwent meanwhile in saddle there
Heard all, but scarce at ease he seemed,
So ill the tale and time did pair.

Vine whispered to the saint aside:
"There was a Levite and a priest."
"Whom God forgive," he mild replied,
"As I forget;" and there he ceased.

Touching that trouble in advance,
Some here, much like to landsmen wise
At sea in hour which tackle tries,
The adventure's issue left to chance.

90

 In spent return the escort wind
Reporting they had put to flight
Some prowlers.—"Look!" one cried. Behind
A lesser ridge just glide from sight—
Though neither man nor horse appears—
Steel points and hair-tufts of five spears.
Like dorsal fins of sharks they show
When upright these divide the wave

And peer above, while down in grave
 Of waters, slide the body lean
 And charnel mouth.

100

With thoughtful mien
 The student fared, nor might withstand
 The something dubious in the Holy Land.

X

A HALT

In divers ways which vary it
 Stones mention find in hallowed Writ:
 Stones rolled from well-mouths, altar stones,
 Idols of stone, memorial ones,
 Sling-stones, stone tables; Bethel high
 Saw Jacob, under starry sky,
 On stones his head lay—desert bones;
 Stones sealed the sepulchers—huge cones
 Heaved there in bulk; death too by stones
 The law decreed for crime; in spite
 As well, for taunt, or type of ban,
 The same at place were cast, or man;
 Or piled upon the pits of fight
 Reproached or even denounced the slain:
 So in the wood of Ephraim, some
 Laid the great heap over Absalom.

10

Convenient too at willful need,
 Stones prompted many a ruffian deed
 And ending oft in parting groans;
 By stones died Naboth; stoned to death
 Was Stephen meek: and Scripture saith,
 Against even Christ they took up stones.

20

Moreover, as a thing profuse,
 Suggestive still in every use,
 On stones, still stones, the gospels dwell
 In lesson meet or happier parable.

Attesting here the Holy Writ—
In brook, in glen, by tomb and town
In natural way avouching it—
Behold the stones! And never one
A lichen greens; and, turn them o'er—
No worm—no life; but, all the more,
Good witnesses.

30

The way now led
Where shoals of flints and stones lay dead.
The obstructed horses tripped and stumbled,
The Thessalonian groaned and grumbled.

But Glaucon cried: "Alack the stones!
Or be they pilgrims' broken bones
Wherewith they pave the turnpikes here?
Is this your sort of world, Mynheer?"

40

'Not on your knee—no no, no no;
But sit you so: verily and verily
Paris, are you true or no?
I'll look down your eyes and see.

'Helen, look—and look and look;
Look me, Helen, through and through;
Make me out the only rake:
Set down one and carry two.'—

"Have done, sir," roared the Elder out;
"Have done with this lewd balladry."—

50

Amazed the singer turned about;
But when he saw that, past all doubt,
The Scot was in dead earnest, he,
"Oh now, monsieur—monsieur, monsieur!"
Appealing there so winningly—
Conceding, as it were, his age,
Station, and moral gravity,
And right to be morose indeed,
Nor less endeavoring to assuage
At least. But scarce did he succeed.

60

Rolfe likewise, if in other style,
 Here sought that hard road to beguile;
 "The stone was man's first missile; yes,
 Cain hurled it, or his sullen hand
 Therewith made heavy. Cain, confess,
 A savage was, although he planned
 His altar. Altars such as Cain's
 Still find we on far island-chains
 Deep mid the woods and hollows dark,
 And set off like the shittim Ark.
 Refrain from trespass; with black frown
 Each votary straight takes up his stone—
 As once against even me indeed:
 I see them now start from their rocks
 In malediction."

70

"Yet concede,
 They were but touchy in their creed,"
 Said Derwent; "but did you succumb?
 These irritable orthodox!"—

80

Thereat the Elder waxed more glum.

A halt being called now with design
 Biscuit to bite and sip the wine,
 The student saw the turbaned Druze
 A courtesy peculiar use
 In act of his accosting Vine,
 Though but in trifle—as to how
 The saddle suited. And before,
 In little things, he'd marked the show
 Of like observance. How explore
 The cause of this, and understand?
 The pilgrims were an equal band:
 Why this preferring way toward one?

90

But Rolfe explained in undertone:
 "But few, believe, have nicer eye
 For the cast of aristocracy
 Than Orientals. Well now, own,
 Despite at times a manner shy,

Shows not our countryman in mold
 Of a romanced nobility? 100
 His chary speech, his rich still air
 Confirm them in conjecture there.
 I make slim doubt these people hold
 Vine for some lord who fain would go
 For delicate cause, incognito.—
 What means Sir Crab?”—

In smouldering ire

The Elder, not dismounting, views
 The nearer prospect; ill content,
 The distance next his glance pursues, 110
 A land of Eblis burned with fire;
 Recoils; then, with big eyebrows bent,
 Lowers on the comrades—Derwent most,
 With luncheon now and flask engrossed;
 His bridle turns, adjusts his seat
 And holsters where the pistols be,
 Nor taking leave like Christian sweet
 (Quite mindless of Paul’s courtesy),
 With dumb indomitable chin
 Straight back he aims through Adommin, 120
 Alone, nor blandly self-sustained—
 Robber and robber-glen disdained.

As stiff he went, his humor dark
 From Vine provoked a vivid spark—
 Derisive comment, part restrained.

He passes. Well, peace with him go.
 If truth have painted heart but grim,
 None here hard measure meant for him;
 Nay, Haytian airs around him blow,
 And woo and win to cast behind 130
 The harsher and inclement mind.
 But needs narrate what followed now.

“Part from us,” Derwent cried, “that way?
 I fear we have offended. Nay,
 What other cause?”—

“The desert, see:

He and the desert don't agree,"
 Said Rolfe; "or rather, let me say
 He can't provoke a quarrel here
 With blank indifference so drear: 140
 Ever the desert waives dispute,
 Cares not to argue, bides but mute.
 Besides, no topographic cheer:
 Surveyor's tape don't come in play;
 The same with which upon a day
 He upon all fours soused did roam
 Measuring the sub-ducts of Siloam.
 Late asking him in casual way
 Something about the Tomb's old fane,
 These words I got: 'Sir, I don't know;
 But once I dropped in—not again; 150
 'Tis monkish, 'tis a raree-show—
 A raree-show. Saints, sites, and stuff.
 Had I my will I'd strip it, strip!
 I knew 'twere vain to try rebuff;
 But asked, 'Did Paul, embarked in ship
 With Castor and Pollux for a sign
 Deem it incumbent there to rip
 From stern and prow the name and shrine?'
 'St. Paul, sir, had not zeal enough; 160
 I always thought so;' and went on:
 'Where stands this fane, this Calvary one
 Alleged? why, sir, *within* the site
 Of Herod's wall? Can *that* be right?'
 But why detail. Suffice, in few,
 Even Zion's hill, he doubts that too;
 Nay, Sinai in his dry purview
 He's dubious if, as placed, it meet
 Requirements."

"Why then do his feet 170
 Tread Judah? no good end is won;"
 Said Derwent.

"Curs need have a bone
 To mumble, though but dry nor sweet.

Nay, that's too harsh and overdone.

'Tis still a vice these carpers brew—

They try us—us set carping too.”

“Ah well, quick then in thought we'll shun him,

And so foreclose all strictures on him.

Howbeit, this confess off-hand:

180

Amiss is robed in gown and band

A disenchanter.—Friend, the wine!”

The banker passed it without word.

Sad looked he: Why, these fools are stirred

About a nothing!—Plain to see

Such comradeship did ill agree:

Pedants, and poor! nor used to dine

In ease of table-talk benign—

Steeds, pictures, ladies, gold, Tokay,

Gardens and baths, the English news,

190

Stamboul, the market—gain or lose?

He turned to where young Glaucon lay,

Who now to startled speech was won:

“Look, is he crazy? see him there!”

The saint it was with busy care

Flinging aside stone after stone,

Yet feebly, natheless as he wrought

In charge imposed though not unloved;

While every stone that he removed

Laid bare but more. The student sighed,

200

So well he kenned his ways distraught

At influx of his eldritch tide.

But Derwent, hastening to the spot,

Exclaimed, “How now? surely, 'tis not

To mend the way?”

With patient look,

Poising a stone as 'twere a clod:

“All things are possible with God;

The humblest helper will he brook.”

Derwent stood dumb; but quick in heart

210

Conjecturing how it was, addressed

Some friendly words, and slid apart;

And, yet while by that scene impressed,
 Came, as it chanced, where unbecalmed
 Mortmain aloof sat all disarmed—
 Legs lengthwise crossed, head hanging low,
 The skull-cap pulled upon the brow,
 Hands groping toward the knees: "Then where?
 A Thug, the sword-fish roams the sea—
 The falcon's pirate in the air;
 Betwixt the twain, where shalt thou flee,
 Poor flying-fish? whither repair?
 What other element for thee?
 Whales, mighty whales have felt the wound—
 Plunged bleeding through the blue profound;
 But where their fangs the sand-sharks keep
 Be shallows worse than any deep."—

220

Hardly that chimed with Derwent's bell:
 Him too he left.

When it befell
 That new they started on their way;
 To turn the current or allay,
 He talked with Clarel, and first knew
 Nehemiah's conceit about the Jew:
 The ways prepared, the tilth restored
 For the second coming of Our Lord.

230

Rolfe overheard: "And shall we say
 That this is craze? or but, in brief,
 Simplicity of plain belief?
 The early Christians, how did they?
 For His return looked any day."

240

From dwelling on Rolfe's thought, ere long
 On Rolfe himself the student broods:
 Surely I would not think a wrong;
 Nor less I've shrunk from him in moods.
 A bluntness is about him set:
 Truth's is it? But he winneth yet
 Through taking qualities which join.
 Make these the character? the rest

But rim? On Syracusan coin
 The barbarous letters shall invest
 The relieve's infinite of charm.—
 I know not. Does he help, or harm?

250

xi

OF DESERTS

Though frequent in the Arabian waste
 The pilgrim, up ere dawn of day,
 Inhale thy wafted musk, Cathay;
 And Adam's primal joy may taste,
 Beholding all the pomp of night
 Bee'd thick with stars in swarms how bright;
 And so, rides on alert and braced—
 Though brisk at morn the pilgrim start,
 Ere long he'll know in weary hour
 Small love of deserts, if their power
 Make to retreat upon the heart
 Their own forsakenness.

10

Darwin quotes

From Shelley, that forever floats
 Over all desert places known,
 Mysterious doubt—an awful one.
 He quotes, adopts it. Is it true?
 Let instinct vouch; let poetry
 Science and instinct here agree,
 For truth requires strong retinue.

20

Waste places are where yet is given
 A charm, a beauty from the heaven
 Above them, and clear air divine—
 Translucent ether opaline;
 And some in evening's early dew
 Put on illusion of a guise
 Which Tantalus might tantalize
 Afresh; ironical unrolled

Like Western counties all in grain
Ripe for the sickleman and wain;
Or, tawnier than the Guinea gold,
More like a lion's skin unfold:
Attest the desert opening out
Direct from Cairo by the Gate
Of Victors, whence the annual rout
To Mecca bound, precipitate
Their turbaned frenzy.—

30

Sands immense

Impart the oceanic sense:
The flying grit like scud is made:
Pillars of sand which whirl about
Or arc along in colonnade,
True kin be to the water-spout.
Yonder on the horizon, red
With storm, see there the caravan
Straggling long-drawn, dispirited;
Mark how it labors like a fleet
Dismasted, which the cross-winds fan
In crippled disaster of retreat
From battle.—

40

50

Sinai had renown

Ere thence was rolled the thundered Law;
Ever a terror wrapped its crown;
Never did shepherd dare to draw
Too nigh (Josephus saith) for awe
Of one, some ghost or god austere—
Hermit unknown, dread mountaineer.—

When comes the sun up over Nile
In cloudlessness, what cloud is cast
O'er Libya? Thou shadow vast
Of Cheops' indissoluble pile,
Typ'st thou the imperishable Past
In empire posthumous and reaching sway
Projected far across to time's remotest day?
But curb.—Such deserts in air-zone

60

Or object lend suggestive tone,
 Redeeming them.

For Judah here—

Let Erebus her rival own:

'Tis horror absolute—severe,

70

Dead, livid, honeycombed, dumb, fell—

A caked depopulated hell;

Yet so created, judged by sense,

And visaged in significance

Of settled anger terrible.

Profoundly cloven through the scene

Winds Kedron—word (the scholar saith)

Importing anguish hard on death.

And aptly may such named ravine

Conduct unto Lot's mortal Sea

80

In cleavage from Gethsemane

Where it begins.

But why does man

Regard religiously this tract

Cadaverous and under ban

Of blastment? Nay, recall the fact

That in the pagan era old

When bolts, deemed Jove's, tore up the mound,

Great stones the simple peasant rolled

And built a wall about the gap

90

Deemed hallowed by the thunder-clap.

So here: men here adore this ground

Which doom hath smitten. 'Tis a land

Direful yet holy—blest though banned.

But to pure hearts it yields no fear;

And John, he found wild honey here.

xii

THE BANKER

Infer the wilds which next pertain.

Though travel here be still a walk,

Small heart was theirs for easy talk.
Oblivious of the bridle-rein
Rolfe fell to Lethe altogether,
Bewitched by that uncanny weather
Of sultry cloud. And home-sick grew
The banker. In his reverie blue
The cigarette, a summer friend,
Went out between his teeth—could lend 10
No solace, soothe him nor engage.
And now disrelished he each word
Of sprightly, harmless persiflage
Wherewith young Glaucon here would fain
Evince a jaunty disregard.
But hush betimes o'ertook the twain—
The more impressive, it may be,
For that the senior, somewhat spent,
Florid overmuch and corpulent,
Labored in lungs, and audibly. 20

Rolfe, noting that the sufferer's steed
Was far less easy than his own,
Relieved him in his hour of need
By changing with him; then in tone
Aside, half musing, as alone,
"Unwise he is to venture here,
Poor fellow; 'tis but sorry cheer
For Mammon. Ill would it accord
If nabob with asthmatic breath
Lighted on Holbein's Dance of Death 30
Sly slipped among his prints from Claude.
Cosmetic-users scarce are bold
To face a skull. That sachem old
Whose wigwam is man's heart within—
How taciturn, and yet can speak,
Imparting more than books can win;
Not Pleasure's darling cares to seek
Such counselor: the worse he fares;
Since—heedless, taken unawares—
Arrest he finds.—Look: at yon ground 40

How starts he now! So Abel's hound,
 Snuffing his prostrate master wan,
 Shrank back from earth's first murdered man.—
 But friend, how thrivest?" turning there
 To Derwent. He, with altered air,
 Made vague rejoinder, nor serene:
 His soul, if not cast down, was vexed
 By Nature in this dubious scene:
 His theory she harsh perplexed—
 The more so for wild Mortmain's mien: 50
 And Nehemiah in eldritch cheer:
 "Lord, now Thou goest forth from Seir;
 Lord, now from Edom marchest Thou!"—

Shunning the Swede—disturbed to know
 The saint in strange clairvoyance so,
 Clarel yet turned to meet the grace
 Of one who not infected dwelt—
 Yes, Vine, who shared his horse's pace
 In level sameness, as both felt
 At home in dearth. 60

But unconcern
 That never knew Vine's thoughtful turn
 The venerable escort showed:
 True natives of the waste abode,
 They moved like insects of the leaf—
 Tint, tone adapted to the fief.

xiii

FLIGHT OF THE GREEKS

"King, who betwixt the cross and sword
 On ashes died in cowl and cord—
 In desert died; and, if thy heart
 Betrayed thee not, from life didst part
 A martyr for thy martyred Lord;

Anointed one and undefiled—
O warrior manful, though a child
In simple faith—St. Louis! rise,
And teach us out of holy eyes
Whence came thy trust.”

10

So Rolfe, and shrank,
Awed by that region dread and great;
Thence led to take to heart the fate
Of one who tried in such a blank,
Believed—and died.

Lurching was seen
An Arab tall, on camel lean,
Up laboring from a glen's remove,
His long lance upright fixed above
The gun across the knee in guard.
So rocks in hollow trough of sea
A wreck with one gaunt mast, and yard
Displaced and slanting toward the lee.
Closer he drew; with visage mute,
Austere in passing made salute.
Such courtesy may vikings lend
Who through the dreary Hecla wend.

20

Under gun, lance, and scabbard hacked
Pressed Nehemiah; with ado
High he reached up an Arab tract
From the low ass—"Christ's gift to you!"
With clatter of the steel he bore
The lofty nomad bent him o'er
In grave regard. The camel too
Her crane-like neck swerved round to view;
Nor more to camel than to man
Inscrutable the ciphers ran.
But wonted unto arid cheer,
The beast, misjudging, snapped it up,
And would have munched, but let it drop;
Her master, poling down his spear

30

40

Transfixed the page and brought it near,
Nor stayed his travel.

On they went
Through solitudes, till made intent
By small sharp shots which stirred rebound
In echo. Over upland drear
On tract of less obstructed ground
Came fairly into open sight
A mounted train in tulip plight: 50
Ten Turks, whereof advanced rode four,
With leveled pistols, left and right
Graceful diverging, as in plume
Feather from feather. So brave room
They make for turning toward each shore
Ambiguous in nooks of blight,
Discharging shots; then reunite,
And, with obeisance bland, adore
Their prince, a fair youth, who, behind—
'Tween favorites of equal age, 60
Brilliant in paynim equipage—
With Eastern dignity how sweet,
Nods to their homage, pleased to mind
Their gallant curvets. Still they meet,
Salute and wheel, and him precede,
As in a pleasure-park or mead.

The escorts join; and some would take
To parley, as is wont. The Druze,
Howbeit, hardly seems to choose
The first advances here to make; 70
Nor does he shun. Alert is seen
One in voluminous turban green,
Beneath which in that barren place
Sheltered he looks as by the grace
Of shady palm-tuft. Vernal he
In sacerdotal chivalry:
That turban by its hue declares

That the great Prophet's blood he shares:
Kept as the desert stallions be,
'Tis an attested pedigree.

80

But ah, the bigot, he could lower
In mosque on the intrusive Giaour.
To make him truculent for creed
Family-pride joined personal greed.

Though foremost here his word he vents—

Officious in the conference,
In rank and sway he ranged, in sooth,
Behind that fine sultanic youth
Which held his place apart, and, cool,
In lapse or latency of rule
Seemed mindless of the halting train
And pilgrims there of Franquestan
Or land of Franks. Remiss he wore
An indolent look superior.

90

His grade might justify the air:
The viceroy of Damascus' heir.
His father's jurisdiction sweeps
From Lebanon to Ammon's steeps.
Return he makes from mission far
To independent tribes of war
Beyond the Houran. In advance
Of the main escort, gun and lance,
He aims for Salem back.

100

This learned,
In anxiousness the banker yearned
To join; nor Glaucon seemed averse.
'Twas quick resolved, and soon arranged
Through fair diplomacy of purse
And Eastern compliments exchanged.

Their wine, in pannier of the mule,
Upon the pilgrims they bestow:
"And pledge us, friends, in valley cool,
If such this doleful road may know:
Farewell!" And so the Moslem train
Received these Christians, happy twain.

110

They fled. And thou? The way is dun;
 Why further follow the Emir's son?
 Scarce yet the thought may well engage
 To lure thee through these leafless bowers,
 That little avails a pilgrimage
 Whose road but winds among the flowers.
 Part here, then, would ye win release
 From ampler dearth; part, and in peace.
 Nay, part like Glaucon, part with song:
 The note receding dies along:

120

“Tarry never there
 Where the air
 Lends a lone Hadean spell—
 Where the ruin and the wreck
 Vine and ivy never deck,
 And wizard wan and sibyl dwell:
 There, oh, beware!

130

“Rather seek the grove—
 Thither rove,
 Where the leaf that falls to ground
 In a violet upsprings,
 And the oracle that sings
 Is the bird above the mound:
 There, tarry there!”

xiv

BY ACHOR

Jerusalem, the mountain-town
 Is based how far above the sea;
 But down, a lead-line's long reach down,
 A deep-sea lead, beneath the zone
 Of ocean's level, heaven's decree
 Has sunk the pool whose deeps submerged

The doomed Pentapolis fire-scourged.

Long then the slope, though varied oft,
From Zion to the seats abject;

For rods and roods ye wind aloft

10

By verges where the pulse is checked;

And chief both height and steepness show

Ere Achor's gorge the barrier rends

And like a thunder-cloud impends

Ominous over Jericho.

Hard by the brink the Druze leads on,

But halts at a projecting crown

Of cliff, and beckons them. Nor goat

Nor fowler ranging far and high

Scales such a steep; nor vulture's eye

20

Scans one more lone. Deep down in throat

It shows a sooty black.

"A forge

Abandoned," Rolfe said, "thus may look."

"Yea," quoth the saint, "and read the Book:

Flames, flames have forked in Achor's gorge."

His wizard vehemence surprised:

Some new illusion they surmised;

Not less authentic text he took:

"Yea, after slaughter made at Ai

30

When Joshua's three thousand fled,

Achan the thief they made to die—

They stoned him in this hollow here—

They burned him with his children dear;

Among them flung his ingot red

And scarlet robe of Babylon:

Meet end for Carmi's wicked son

Because of whom they failed at Ai:

'Twas meet the trespasser should die;

Yea, verily."—His visage took

40

The tone of that uncanny nook.

To Rolfe here Derwent: "Study him;

Then weigh that most ungenial rule

Of Moses and the austere school
 Which e'en our saint can make so grim—
 At least while Achor feeds his eyes."
 "But here speaks Nature otherwise?"
 Asked Rolfe; "in region roundabout
 She's Calvinistic if devout
 In all her aspect."—

50

Vine, o'er cast,
 Estranged rode in thought's hid repast.
 Clarel, receptive, saw and heard,
 Learning, unlearning, word by word.
 Erelong the wilds condense the ill—
 They hump it into that black Hill
 Named from the Forty Days and Nights,
 The Quarantania's sum of blights.
 Up from the gorge it grows, it grows:
 Height sheer, sheer depth, and death's repose.
 Sunk in the gulf the wave disowns,
 Stranded lay ancient torrent-stones.
 These Mortmain marks: "Ah, from your deep
 Turn ye, appeal ye to the steep?
 But that looks off, and everywhere
 Descries but worlds more waste, more bare."

60

Flanked by the crag and glen they go.
 Ahead, erelong in greeting show
 The mounts of Moab, o'er the vale
 Of Jordan opening into view,
 With cloud-born shadows sweeping through.
 The Swede, intent: "Lo, how they trail
 The mortcloths in the funeral
 Of gods!"

70

Although he naught confessed,
 In Derwent, marking there the scene,
 What interference was expressed
 As of harsh grit in oiled machine—
 Disrelish grating interest:
 Howbeit, this he tried to screen.

80

"Pisgah!" cried Rolfe, and pointed him.

"Peor, too—ay, long Abarim
The ridge. Well, well: for thee I sigh,
Poor Moses. Saving Jericho
And her famed palms in Memphian row,
No cheerful landscape met thine eye;
Unless indeed (yon Pisgah's high)
Was caught, beyond each mount and plain,
The blue, blue Mediterranean."

"And might he then for Egypt sigh?"
Here prompted Rolfe; but no reply;
And Rolfe went on: "Balboa's ken
Roved in fine sweep from Darien:
The woods and waves in tropic meeting,
Bright capes advancing, bays retreating—
Green land, blue sea in charm competing!"

90

Meantime, with slant reverted eyes
Vine marked the Crag of Agonies.
Exceeding high (as Matthew saith)
It shows from skirt of that wild path
Bare as an iceberg seamed by rain
Toppling awash in foggy main
Off Labrador. Grottoes Vine viewed
Upon the flank—or cells or tombs—
Void as the iceberg's catacombs
Of frost. He starts. A form endued
With living guise, from ledges dim
Leans as if looking down toward him.
Not pointing out the thing he saw
Vine watched it, but it showed no claw
Of hostile purpose; though indeed
Robbers and outlaws armed have dwelt
Vigilant by those caves where knelt
Of old the hermits of the creed.

100

110

Beyond, they win a storied fount
Which underneath the higher mount

Gurgles, clay-white, and downward sets
 Toward Jericho in rivulets,
 Which—much like children whose small mirth
 Not funerals can stay—through dearth 120
 Run babbling. One old humpbacked tree,
 Sad grandam whom no season charms,
 Droops o'er the spring her withered arms;
 And stones as in a ruin laid,
 Like penitential benches be
 Where silent thickets fling a shade
 And gather dust. Here halting, here
 Awhile they rest and try the cheer.

XV

THE FOUNTAIN

It brake, it brake how long ago,
 That morn which saw thy marvel done,
 Elisha—healing of the spring!
 A good deed lives, the doer low:
 See how the waters eager run
 With bounty which they chiming bring:
 So out of Eden's bounds afar
 Hymned Pison through green Havilah!
 But ill those words in tone impart
 The simple feelings in the heart 10
 Of Nehemiah—full of the theme,
 Standing beside the marge, with cup,
 And pearls of water-beads adroop
 Down thinnish beard of silvery gleam.
 “Truly,” said Derwent, glad to note
 That Achor found her antidote,
 “Truly, the fount wells grateful here.”
 Then to the student: “For the rest,
 The site is pleasant; nor unblest
 These thickets by their shade endear.” 20

Assent half vacant Clarel gave,
Watching that miracle the wave.

Said Rolfe, reclining by the rill,
"Needs life must end or soon or late:
Perchance set down it is in fate
That fail I must ere we fulfill
Our travel. Should it happen true—
Attention, pray—I mend my will,
And name executors in you:

Bury me by the road, somewhere 30
Near spring or brook. Palms plant me there,
And seats with backs to them, all stone:
In peace then go. The years shall run,
And green my grave shall be, and play
The part of host to all that stray
In desert: water, shade, and rest
Their entertainment. So I'll win
Balm to my soul by each poor guest
That solaced leaves the Dead Man's Inn.
But charges, mind, yourselves defray— 40
Seeing I've naught."

Where thrown he lay,
Vine, sensitive, suffused did show,
Yet looked not up, but seemed to weigh
The nature of the heart whose trim
Of quaint goodfellowship could so
Strike on a chord long slack in him.

But how may spirit quick and deep
A constancy unfreakish keep?
A reed there shaken fitfully 50
He marks: "Was't this we came to see
In wilderness?" and rueful smiled.

The meek one, otherwise beguiled,
Here chancing now the ass to note
Languidly munching straw and bran,
Drew nigh, and smoothed the roughened coat,
And gave her bread, the wheaten grain.

Vine watches; and his aspect knows

A flush of diffident humor: "Nay,
Me too, me too let wait, I pray, 60
On our snubbed kin here;" and he rose.

Erelong, alert the escort show:
'Tis stirrups. But the Swede moved not,
Aloof abiding in dark plot
Made by the deeper shadow: "Go—
My horse lead; but for me, I stay;
Some bread—there, that small loaf will do:
It is my whim—my whim, I say;
Mount, heed not me."—"And how long, pray?"
Asked Derwent, startled: "eve draws on: 70
Ye would not tarry here alone?"

"Thou man of God, nor desert here,
Nor Zin, nor Obi, yieldeth fear
If God but be—but be! This waste—
Soon shall night fold the hemisphere;
But safer then to lay me down,
Here, by yon evil Summit faced—
Safer than in the cut-throat town
Though on the church-steps. Go from me—
Begone! To-morrow or next day 80
Jordan ye greet, then round ye sway
And win Lot's marge. In sight ye'll be:
I'll intercept. Ride on, go—nay,
Bewitched, why gape ye so at me?
Shall man not take the natural way
With nature? Tut, fling me the cloak!"

Away, precipitate he broke,
The skull-cap glooming through the glade:
They paused, nor ventured to invade.

While so, not unconcerned, they stood, 90
The Druze said, "Well, let be. Why chafe?
Nights here are mild; one's pretty safe
When fearless.—Belex! come, the road!"

xvi

NIGHT IN JERICO

Look how a pine in luckless land
 By fires autumnal overrun,
 Abides a black extinguished brand
 Gigantic—killed, not overthrown;
 And high upon the horny bough
 Perches the bandit captain-crow
 And caws unto his troop afar
 Of foragers: much so, in scar
 Of blastment, looms the Crusaders' Tower
 On the waste verge of Jericho:
 So the dun sheik in lawless power
 Kings it aloft in somber robe,
 Lord of the tawny Arab mob
 To which, upon the plains in view,
 He shouts down his wild hullabaloo.

10

There on the tower, through eve's delay
 The pilgrims tarry, till for boon,
 Launched up from Nebo far away,
 Balloon-like rose the nibbled moon—
 Nibbled, being after full one day.
 Intent they watched the planet's rise—
 Familiar, though in strangest skies.
 The ascending orb of furrowed gold,
 Contracting, changed, and silvery rolled
 In violet heaven. The desert brown,
 Dipped in the dream of argent light,
 Like iron plated, took a tone
 Transmuting it; and Ammon shone
 In peaks of Paradise—so bright.

20

They gazed. Rolfe brake upon the calm:
 "O haunted place, O powerful charm!
 Were now Elijah's chariot seen
 (And yonder, read we writ aright,

30

He went up—over against this site)
Soaring in that deep heaven serene,
To me 'twould but in beauty rise;
Nor hair-clad John would now surprise—
But Volney!"

"Volney?" Derwent cried;

"Ah, yes; he came to Jordan's side
A pilgrim deist from the Seine." 40

"Ay, and Chateaubriand, he too,
The Catholic pilgrim, hither drew—
Here formed his purpose to assert
Religion in her just desert
Against the Red Caps of his time.
The book he wrote; it dies away;
But those Septemberists of crime
Enlarge in Vitriolists to-day.

Nor while we dwell upon this scene 50
Can one forget poor Lamartine—
A latter palmer. Oh, believe
When, his fine social dream to grieve,
Strode Fate, that realist how grim,
Displacing, deriding, hushing him,
Apt comment then might memory weave
In lesson from this waste.—That cry!
And would the jackal testify
From Moab?"

Derwent could but sway: 60

"Omit ye in citation, pray,
The healthy pilgrims of times old?
Robust they were; and cheery saw
Shrines, chapels, castles without flaw
Now gone. That river convent's fold,
By willows nigh the Pilgrims' Strand
Of Jordan, was a famous hold.
Prince Sigurd from the Norseman land,
Quitting his keel at Joppa, crossed
Hither, with Baldwin for his host,
And Templars for a guard. Perchance

70

Under these walls the train might prance
By Norman warder eyed."

"May be,"

Responded Vine; "but why disown
The Knight of the Leopard—even he,
Since hereabout that fount made moan,
Named Diamond of the Desert?"—"Yes,"
Beamed Rolfe, divining him in clue;
"Such shadows we, one need confess
That Scott's dreamed knight seems all but true
As men which history vouches. She—
Tasso's Armida, by Lot's sea,
Where that enchantress, with sweet look
Of kindest human sympathy,
Such webs about Rinaldo wove
That all the hero he forsook—
Lost in the perfidies of love—
Armida—starts at fancy's bid
Not less than Rahab, lass which hid
The spies here in this Jericho."

80

90

A lull. Their thoughts, mute plunging, strayed
Like Arethusa under ground;
While Clarel marked where slumber-bound
Lay Nehemiah in screening shade.

Erelong, in reappearing tide,
Rolfe, gazing forth on either side:
"How lifeless! But the annual rout
At Easter here, shall throng and shout,
Far populate the lonely plain
(Next day a solitude again),
All pressing unto Jordan's dew;
While in the saddle of disdain
Skirr the Turk guards with fierce halloo,
Armed herdsmen of the drove." He ceased;
And fell the silence unreleased
Till yet again did Rolfe round peer
Upon that moonlit land of fear:

100

“Man sprang from deserts: at the touch
Of grief or trial overmuch, 110
On deserts he falls back at need;
Yes, ’tis the bare abandoned home
Recalleth then. See how the Swede
Like any rustic crazy Tom,
Bursting through every code and ward
Of civilization, masque and fraud,
Takes the wild plunge. Who so secure,
Except his clay be sodden loam,
As never to dream the day may come
When *he* may take it, foul or pure? 120
What in these turns of mortal tides—
What any fellow-creature bides,
May hap to any.”

“Pardon, pray,”
Cried Derwent—“but ’twill quick away:
Yon moon in pearl-cloud: look, her face
Peers like a bride’s from webs of lace.”
They gazed until it faded there:
When Rolfe with a discouraged air
Sat as rebuked. In winning strain, 130
As ’twere in penitence urbane,
Here Derwent, “Come, we wait thee now.”

“No matter,” Rolfe said; “let it go.
My earnestness myself decry;
But as heaven made me, so am I.”

“You spake of Mortmain,” breathed Vine low.
As embers, not yet cold, will catch
Quick at the touch of smallest match,
Here Rolfe: “In gusts of lonely pain
Beating upon the naked brain—” 140

“God help him, ay, poor realist!”
So Derwent, and that theme dismissed.

When Ashtaroth her zenith won,
Sleep drugged them and the winds made moan.

xvii

IN MID-WATCH

Disturbed by topics canvassed late,
 Clarel, from dreams of like debate,
 Started, and heard strange muffled sounds,
 Outgivings of wild mountain bounds.
 He rose, stood gazing toward the height—
 Bethinking him that thereaway
 Behind it o'er the desert lay
 The walls that sheltered Ruth that night—
 When Rolfe drew near. With motion slight,
 Scarce conscious of the thing he did,
 Partly aside the student slid;
 Then, quick as thought, would fain atone.

10

Whence came that shrinking start unbid?
 But from desire to be alone?
 Or skim or sound him, was Rolfe one
 Whom honest heart would care to shun?
 By spirit immature or dim
 Was nothing to be learned from him?
 How frank seemed Rolfe. Yet Vine could lure
 Despite reserve which overture
 Withstood—e'en Clarel's—late repealed,
 Finding that heart a fountain sealed.

20

But Rolfe: however it might be—
 Whether in friendly fair advance
 Checked by that start of dissonance,
 Or whether rapt in revery
 Beyond—apart he moved, and leant
 Down peering from the battlement
 Upon its shadow. Then and there
 Clarel first noted in his air
 A gleam of oneness more than Vine's—
 The irrelation of a weed
 Detached from vast Sargossa's mead

30

And drifting where the clear sea shines.

But Clarel turned him; and anew
His thoughts regained their prior clew;
When, lo, a fog, and all was changed.
Crept vapors from the Sea of Salt,
Overspread the plain, nor there made halt,
But blurred the heaven.

40

As one estranged
Who watches, watches from the shore,
Till the white speck is seen no more,
The ship that bears his plighted maid,
Then turns and sighs as fears invade;
See here the student, repossessed
By thoughts of Ruth, with eyes late pressed
Whither lay Salem, close and wynd—
The mist before him, mist behind,
While intercepting memories ran
Of chant and bier Armenian.

50

xviii

THE SYRIAN MONK

At early hour with Rolfe and Vine
Clarel ascends a minor height;
They overtake in lone recline
A strange wayfarer of the night
Who, 'twixt the small hour and the gray,
With cruse and scrip replenished late
In Jericho at the wattled gate,
Had started on the upland way:
A young strange man of aspect thin
From vigils which in fast begin.
Though, pinned together with the thorn,
His robe was ragged all and worn—
Pure did he show as mountain-leaf
By brook, or coral washed in reef.

10

Contrasting with the bleached head-dress
His skin revealed such swarthinness,
And in the contour clear and grace
So all unworldly was the face,
He looked a later Baptist John.

They start; surprise perforce they own:
Much like da Gama's men, may be,
When sudden on their prow at sea
Lit the strange bird from shores unknown.

20

Although at first from words he shrunk,
He was, they knew, a Syrian monk.
They so prevailed with him and pressed,
He longer lingered at request.
They won him over in the end
To tell his story and unbend.

He told how that for forty days,
Not yet elapsed, he dwelt in ways
Of yonder Quarantanian height,
A true recluse, an anchorite;
And only came at whiles below,
And ever in the calm of night,
To beg for scraps in Jericho.
'Twas sin, he said, that drove him out
Into the desert—sin of doubt.

30

Even he it was upon the mount
By chance perceived, untold, by Vine,
From Achor's brink. He gave account
Of much besides; his lonely mine
Of deep illusion; how the night,
The first, was spent upon the height,
And way he climbed:

40

“Up cliff, up crag—
Cleft crag and cliff which still retard,
Goat-like I scrambled where stones lag
Poised on the brinks by thunder marred.
A ledge I reached which midway hung
Where a hut-oratory clung—

50

Rude stones massed up, with cave-like door,
Eremitic work of days of yore.
White bones here lay, remains of feast
Dragged in by bird of prey or beast.
Hence gazed I on the wilds beneath,
Dengadda and the coasts of death.
But not a tremor felt I here:
It was upon the summit fear
First fell; there first I saw this world; 60
And scarce man's place it seemed to be;
The mazed Gehennas so were curled
As worm-tracks under bark of tree.
I ween not if to ye 'tis known—
Since few do know the crag aright,
Years left unvisited and lone—
That a wrecked chapel marks the site
Where tempter and the tempted stood
Of old. I sat me down to brood
Within that ruin; and—my heart 70
Unwaveringly to set apart
In meditation upon Him
Who here endured the evil whim
Of Satan—steadfast, steadfast down
Mine eyes fixed on a flinty stone
Which lay there at my feet. But thought
Would wander. Then the stone I caught,
Convulsed it in my hand till blood
Oozed from these nails. Then came and stood
The Saviour there—the Imp and He: 80
Fair showed the Fiend—foul enemy;
But, ah, the Other pale and dim:
I saw but as the shade of Him.
That passed. Again I was alone—
Alone—ah, no—not long alone:
As glides into dead grass the snake
Lean rustling from the bedded brake,
A spirit entered me. 'Twas he,
The tempter, in return; but *me*

He tempted now. He mocked: 'Why strife?
 Dost hunger for the bread of life?
 Thou lackest faith: faith would be fed;
 True faith could turn that stone to bread,
 That stone thou hold'st.'—Mute then my face
 I lifted to the starry space;

90

But the great heaven it burned so bright,
 It cowed me, and back fell my sight.

Then he: 'Is yon the Father's home?
 And thou His child cast out to night?

'Tis bravely lighted, yonder dome.'—

100

'Part speak'st thou true: yea, He is there.'—

'Yea, yea, and He is everywhere—

Now and for aye, Evil and He.'—

'Is there no good?'—'Ill to fulfill

Needful is good: good salts the ill.'—

'He's just.'—'Goodness is justice. See,

Through all the pirate-spider's snare

Of silken arcs of gossamer,

'Tis delicate geometry:

Adorest the artificer?'—

110

No answer knew I, save this way:

'Faith bideth.'—'Noon, and wait for day?

The sand's half run! Eternal, He:

But aye with a futurity

Which not exceeds his past. Agree,

Full time has lapsed. What ages hoar,

What period fix, when faith no more,

If unfulfilled, shall fool?'—I sat;

Sore quivered I to answer that,

Yet answered naught; but lowly said—

120

'And death?'—'Why beat the bush in thee?

It is the cunningest mystery:

Alive thou know'st not death; and, dead,

Death thou'lt not know.'—'The grave will test;

But He, He *is*, though doubt attend;

Peace will He give ere come the end.'—

'Ha, *thou* at peace? Nay, peace were best—
Could the unselfish yearner rest!
At peace to be, here, here on earth,
Where peace, heart-peace, how few may claim, 130
And each pure nature pines in dearth—
Fie, fie, thy soul might well take shame.'—
There sunk my heart—he spake so true
In that. O God (I prayed), come through
The cloud; hard task Thou settest man
To know Thee; take me back again
To nothing, or make clear my view!—
Then stole the whisper intermitting;
Like tenon into mortice fitting
It slipped into the frame of me. 140
'Content thee: in conclusion caught
Thou'lt find how thought's extremes agree—
The forethought clinched by afterthought,
The firstling by finality.'—
There close fell, and therewith the stone
Dropped from my hand.—His will be done!"
And skyward patient he appealed,
Raising his eyes, and so revealed
First to the pilgrims' waiting view
Their virginal violet of hue. 150

Rolfe spake: "Surely, not all we've heard:
Peace—solace—was in end conferred?"—
His head but fell. He rose in haste,
The rough hair-girdle tighter drew
About the hollow of the waist,
Departing with a mild adieu.

They sat in silence. Rolfe at last:
"And this but ecstasy of fast?
Construe then Jonah in despair."—
The student turned, awaiting Vine; 160
Who answered nothing, plaiting there

A weed from neighboring ground upturn,
Plant common enough in Palestine,
And by the peasants named Christ's Thorn.

xix

AN APOSTATE

"Barque, Easter barque, with happier freight
Than Leon's spoil of Inca plate;
Which vernal glidest from the strand
Of statues poised like angels fair;
On March morn sailest—starting, fanned
Auspicious by Sardinian air;
And carriest boughs through Calpe's gate
To Norman ports and Belgian land,
That the Green Sunday, even there,
No substituted leaf may wear,
Holly or willow's lithier wand,
But sprays of Christ's canonic tree,
Rome's Palma-Christi by decree,
The Date Palm; ah, in bounty launch,
Thou blessed Easter barque, to me
Hither one consecrated branch!"

10

So Rolfe in burst, and turned toward Vine;
But he the thorn-wreath still did twine.
Rolfe watched him busy there and dumb,
Then cried: "Did gardens favor it,
How would I match thee here, and sit
Wreathing Christ's flower, chrysanthemum."

20

Erelong the Syrian they view
In slow ascent, and also two
Between him and the peak—one wight
An Arab with a pouch, nor light,
A desert Friday to the one
Who went before him, coming down,

Shagged Crusoe, by the mountain spur.
 This last, when he the votary meets 30
 Sad climbing slow, him loudly greets,
 Stopping with questions which refer
 In some way to the crag amort—
 The crag, since thitherward his hand
 Frequent he waves, as with demand
 For some exact and clear report
 Touching the place of his retreat
 Aloft. As seemed, in neutral plight
 Submiss responds the anchorite,
 The wallet dropped beside his feet. 40
 These part. Master and man now ply
 Yet down the slope; and he in van—
 Round-shouldered, and though gray yet spry—
 A hammer swung.

I've met that man
 Elsewhere (thought Clarel)—he whose cry
 And gibe came up from the dung-gate
 In hollow, when we scarce did wait
 His nearer speech and wagging head,
 The saint and I.—But naught he said 50
 Hereof.

The stranger closer drew;
 And Rolfe breathed, "This now is a Jew—
 German, I deem—but readvised—
 An Israelite, say, Hegelized—
 Convert to science, for but see
 The hammer: yes, geology."
 As now the other's random sight
 On Clarel mute and Vine is thrown,
 He misinterprets their grave plight; 60
 And, with a banter in the tone,
 Amused he cries: "Now, now, yon height—
 Come, let it not alarm: a mount
 Whereof I've taken strict account
 (Its first geologist, believe),
 And, if my eyes do not deceive,

'Tis Jura limestone, every spur;
 Yes, and though signs the rocks imprint
 Which of Plutonic action hint,
 No track is found, I plump aver,
 Of Pluto's footings—Lucifer."

70

The punning mock and manner stirred
 Repugnance in fastidious Vine;
 But Rolfe, who tolerantly heard,
 Parleyed, and won him to define
 At large his roving on the height.

The yester-afternoon and night
 He'd spent there, sleeping in a cave—
 Part for adventure, part to spite
 The superstition, and outbrave.

80

'Twas a severe ascent, he said;
 In bits a ladder of steep stone
 With toe-holes cut, and worn, each one
 By eremites long centuries dead.
 And of his cullings too he told:
 His henchman here, the Arab wight,
 Bare solid texts from Bible old—
 True Rock of Ages, he averred.
 To read before a learned board,
 When home regained should meet his sight,
 A monograph he would indite—
 The theme, that crag.

90

He went his way,
 To win the tower. Little they say;
 But Clarel started at the view
 Which showed opposed the anchorite
 Ascetical and—such a Jew.

XX

UNDER THE MOUNTAIN

From Ur of the Chaldees roved the man—
 Priest, shepherd, prince, and pioneer—

Swart Bedouin in time's dusky van;
Even he which first, with mind austere,
Arrived in solitary tone
To think of God as One—alone;
The first which brake with hearth and home
For conscience' sake; whom piety ruled,
Prosperity blest, longevity schooled,
And time in fullness brought to Mamre's tomb
Arch founder of the solid base of Christendom.

10

Even this. For why disown the debt
When vouchers be? Yet, yet and yet
Our saving salt of grace is due
All to the East—nor least the Jew.

Perverse, if stigma then survive,
Elsewhere let such in satire thrive—
Not here. Quite other end is won
In picturing Margoth, fallen son
Of Judah. Him may Gabriel mend.

20

Little for love, or to unbend,
But swayed by tidings, hard to sift,
Of robbers by the river-drift
In force recruited; they suspend
Their going hence to Jordan's trees.
Released from travel, in good hour
Nehemiah dozed within the tower.

Uplands they range, and woo the breeze
Where crumbled aqueducts and mounds
Override long slopes and terraces,
And shattered pottery abounds—
Or such would seem, yet may but be
The shards of tile-like brick dispersed
Binding the wall or bulwark erst,
Such as in Kent still serve that end
In Richborough castle by the sea—
A Roman hold. What breadth of doom
As of the worlds in strata penned—
So cosmic seems the wreck of Rome.

30

Not wholly proof to natural sway
 Of serious hearts and manners mild,
 Uncouthly Margoth shared the way.
 He controverted all the wild,
 And in especial, Sodom's strand
 Of marl and clinker: "Sirs, heed me:
 This total tract," and Esau's hand
 He waved; "the plain—the vale—Lot's sea—
 It needs we scientists remand
 Back from old theologic myth
 To geologic hammers. Pray,
 Let me but give ye here the pith:
 As the Phlegræan fields no more
 Befool men as the spookish shore
 Where Jove felled giants, but are known—
 The Solfatara and each cone
 Volcanic—to be but on a par
 With all things natural; even so
 Siddim shall likewise be set far
 From fable."

40

50

Part overhearing this,
 Derwent, in rear with Rolfe: "Old clo'!
 We've heard all that, and long ago:
 Conceit of vacant emphasis:
 Well, well!"—Here archly, Rolfe: "But own,
 How graceful your concession—won
 A score or two of years gone by.
 Nor less therefrom at need ye'll fly,
 Allow. Scarce easy 'tis to hit
 Each slippery turn of cleric wit."
 Derwent but laughed; then said—"But *he*:
 Intelligence veneers his mien
 Though rude: unprofitably keen:
 Sterile, and with sterility
 Self-satisfied." "But this is odd!
 Not often do we hear you rail:
 The gown it seems does yet avail,
 Since from the sleeve you draw the rod.

60

70

But look, they lounge."

Yes, all recline,

And on the site where havoc clove

80

The last late palm of royal line,

Sad Montezuma of the grove.

The mountain of the Imp they see

Scowl at the freedom which they take

Relaxed beneath his very lee.

The bread of wisdom here to break,

Margoth holds forth: the gossip tells

Of things the prophets left unsaid—

With master-key unlocks the spells

And mysteries of the world unmade;

90

Then mentions Salem: "Stale is she!

Lay flat the walls, let in the air,

That folk no more may sicken there!

Wake up the dead; and let there be

Rails, wires, from Olivet to the sea,

With station in Gethsemane."

The priest here flushed. Rolfe rose: and, "How—

You go too far!" "A long Dutch mile

Behind the genius of our time."

"Explain that, pray." "And don't you know?"

100

Malbrino's helmet is sublime—

The barber's basin may be vile:

Whether this basin is that helm

To vast debate has given rise—

Question profound for blinking eyes;

But common sense throughout her realm

Has settled it."

There, like vain wight

His fine thing said, bidding friends good night,

He, to explore a rift they see,

110

Parted, bequeathing, as might be,

A glance which said—Again ye'll pine

Left to yourselves here in decline,

Missing my brave vitality!

xxi

THE PRIEST AND ROLFE

Derwent fetched breath: "A healthy man:
His lungs are of the soundest leather."
"Health's insolence in a Saurian,"
Said Rolfe. With that they fell together
Probing the purport of the Jew
In last ambiguous words he threw.
But Derwent, and in lenient way,
Explained it.

"Let him have his say,"
Cried Rolfe; "for one, I spare defiance
With such a kangaroo of science." 10

"Yes; qualify though," Derwent said,
"For science has her eagles too."

Here musefully Rolfe hung the head;
Then lifted: "Eagles? ay; but few.
And search we in their aeries lone
What find we, pray? perchance, a bone."

"A very cheerful point of view!"
" 'Tis as one takes it. Not unknown
That even in Physics much late lore 20
But drudges after Plato's theme;
Or supplements—but little more—
Some Hindoo's speculative dream
Of thousand years ago. And, own,
Darwin is but his grandsire's son."

"But Newton and his gravitation!"
"Think you that system's strong persuasion
Is founded beyond shock? O'ermuch
'Twould seem for man, a clod, to clutch
God's secret so, and on a slate 30
Cipher all out, and formulate
The universe." "You Pyrrhonist!
Why, now, perhaps you do not see—
Your mind has taken such a twist—

The claims of stellar chemistry."

"What's that?" "No matter. Time runs on
And much that's useful, grant, is won."

"Yes; but more's claimed. Now first they tell
The human mind is free to range.
Enlargement—ay; but where's the change? 40
We're yet within the citadel—
May rove in bounds, and study out
The insuperable towers about."

"Come; but there's many a merry man:
How long since these sad times began?"

That steadied Rolfe: "Where's no annoy
I too perchance can take a joy—
Yet scarce in solitude of thought:
Together cymbals need be brought
Ere mirth is made. The wight alone 50
Who laughs, is deemed a witless one.
And why? But that we'll leave unsought."

"By all means!—O ye frolic shapes:
Thou Dancing Faun, thou Faun with Grapes!
What think ye of them? tell us, pray."

"Fine mellow marbles."

"But their hint?"

"A mine as deep as rich the mint
Of cordial joy in Nature's sway
Shared somewhere by anterior clay 60
When life was innocent and free:
Methinks 'tis this they hint to me."

He paused, as one who makes review
Of gala days; then—warmly too—
"Whither hast fled, thou deity
So genial? In thy last and best
Best avatar—so ripe in form—
Pure as the sleet—as roses warm—
Our earth's unmerited fair guest—
A god with peasants went abreast: 70
Man clasped a deity's offered hand;
And woman, ministrant, was then

How true, even in a Magdalen.
 Him following through the wilding flowers
 By lake and hill, or glad detained
 In Cana—ever out of doors—
 Ere yet the disenchantment gained
 What dream they knew, that primal band
 Of gipsy Christians! But it died;
 Back rolled the world's effacing tide: 80
 The '*world*'—by Him denounced, defined—
 Him first—set off and countersigned,
 Once and for all, as opposite
 To honest children of the light.
 But worse came—creeds, wars, stakes. Oh, men
 Made earth inhuman; yes, a den
 Worse for Christ's coming, since his love
 (Perverted) did but venom prove.
 In part that's passed. But what remains
 After fierce seethings? golden grains? 90
 Nay, dubious dregs: be frank, and own.
 Opinion eats; all crumbles down:
 Where stretched an isthmus, rolls a strait:
 Cut off, cut off! Canst feel elate
 While all the depths of Being moan,
 Though luminous on every hand,
 The breadths of shallow knowledge more expand?
 Much as a light-ship keeper pines
 Mid shoals immense, where dreary shines
 His lamp, we toss beneath the ray 100
 Of Science' beacon. This to trim
 Is now man's barren office.—Nay,"
 Starting abrupt, "this earnest way
 I hate. Let doubt alone; best skim,
 Not dive."

"No, no," cried Derwent gay,
 Who late, upon acquaintance more,
 Took no mislike to Rolfe at core,
 And fain would make his knell a chime—
 Being pledged to hold the palmy time 110

Of hope—at least, not to admit
 That serious check might come to it:
 “No, sun doubt’s root—’twill fade, ’twill fade!
 And for thy picture of the Prime,
 Green Christianity in glade—
 Why, let it pass; ’tis good, in sooth:
 Who summons poets to the truth?”

How Vine sidelong regarded him
 As ’twere in envy of his gift
 For light disposings: so to skim! 120
 Clarel surmised the expression’s drift,
 Thereby anew was led to sift
 Good Derwent’s mind. For Rolfe’s discourse—
 Prior recoil from Margoth’s jeer
 Was less than startled shying here
 At earnest comment’s random force.
 He shrunk; but owned ’twas weakness mere.
 Himself he chid; No more for me
 The petty half-antipathy:
 This pressure it need be endured: 130
 Weakness to strength must get inured;
 And Rolfe is sterling, though not less
 At variance with that parlor-strain
 Which counts each thought that borders pain
 A social treason. Sterling—yes,
 Despite illogical wild range
 Of brain and heart’s impulsive counterchange.

xxii

CONCERNING HEBREWS

As by the wood drifts thistle-down
 And settles on soft mosses fair,
 Stillness was wafted, dropped and sown;
 Which stillness Vine, with timorous air

Of virgin tact, thus brake upon,
Nor with chance hint: "One can't forbear
Thinking that Margoth is—a *Jew*."

Hereat, as for response, they view
The priest.

10

20

30

40

"And, well, why me?" he cried;
 "With one consent why turn to *me*?
 Am I professional? Nay, free!
 I grant that here by Judah's side
 Queerly it jars with frame implied
 To list this geologic Jew
His way Jehovah's world construe:
 In Gentile 'twould not seem so odd.
 But here may preconceptions thrall?
 Be many Hebrews we recall
 Whose contrast with the breastplate bright
 Of Aaron flushed in altar-light,
 And Horeb's Moses, rock and rod,
 Or closeted alone with God,
 Quite equals Margoth's in its way:
 At home we meet them every day.
 The Houndsditch clothesman scarce would seem
 Akin to seers. For one, I deem
 Jew banker, merchant, statesman—these,
 With artist, actress known to fame,
 All strenuous in each Gentile aim,
 Are Nature's off-hand witnesses
 There's nothing mystic in her reign:
 Your Jew's like wheat from Pharaoh's tomb:
 Sow it in England, what will come?
 The weird old seed yields market grain."
 Pleased by his wit while some recline,
 A smile uncertain lighted Vine,
 But died away.

"Jews share the change,"
 Derwent proceeded: "Range, they range—
 In liberal sciences they roam;
 They're leavened, and it works, believe;

Signs are, and such as scarce deceive:
 From Holland, that historic home
 Of erudite Israel, many a tome
 Talmudic, shipped is over sea
 For antiquarian rubbish."

"Rest!"

Cried Rolfe; "e'en that indeed may be,
 Nor less the Jew keep fealty
 To ancient rites. Aaron's gemmed vest
 Will long outlive Genevan cloth—
 Nothing in Time's old camphor-chest
 So little subject to the moth.
 But Rabbis have their troublers too.
 Nay, if through dusty stalls we look,
 Haply we disinter to view
 More than one bold freethinking Jew
 That in his day with vigor shook
 Faith's leaning tower."

50

60

"Which stood the throe,"

Here Derwent in appendix: "look,
 Faith's leaning tower was founded so:
 Faith leaned from the beginning; yes,
 If slant, she holds her steadfastness."

"May be;" and paused: "but wherefore clog?—

Uriel Acosta, he was one
 Who troubled much the synagogue—
 Recanted then, and dropped undone:
 A suicide. There's Heine, too
 (In lineage crossed by blood of Jew),
 Pale jester, to whom life was yet
 A tragic farce; whose wild death-rattle,
 In which all voids and hollows met,
 Desperately maintained the battle
 Betwixt the dirge and castanet.
 But him leave to his Paris stone
 And rail, and friendly wreath thereon.
 Recall those Hebrews, which of old
 Sharing some doubts we moderns rue,

70

80

Would fain Eclectic comfort fold
 By grafting slips from Plato's palm
 On Moses' melancholy yew:
 But did they sprout? So *we* seek balm
 By kindred graftings. Is that true?"

"Why ask? But see: there lived a Jew—
 No Alexandrine Greekish one—
 You know him—Moses Mendelssohn."

"Is't him you cite? True spirit staid,
 He, though his honest heart was scourged
 By doubt Judaic, never laid
 His burden at Christ's door; he urged—
 'Admit the mounting flames enfold
 My basement; wisely shall my feet
 The attic win, for safe retreat?'"

90

"And *he* said that? Poor man, he's cold.
 But was not this that Mendelssohn
 Whose Hebrew kinswoman's Hebrew son,
 Baptized to Christian, worthily won
 The good name of Neander so?"

100

"If that link were, well might one urge
 From such example, thy strange flow,
 Conviction! Breaking habit's tether,
 Sincerest minds will yet diverge
 Like chance-clouds scattered by mere weather;
 Nor less at one point still they meet:
 The self-hood keep they pure and sweet."

"But Margoth," in reminder here
 Breathed Vine, as if while yet the ray
 Lit Rolfe, to try his further cheer:
 "But Margoth!"

110

"He, poor sheep astray,
 The Levitic cipher quite erased,
 On what vile pig-weed hath he grazed.
 Not his Spinoza's starry brow
 (A non-conformer, ye'll allow),
 A lion in brain, in life a lamb,

Sinless recluse of Amsterdam;
Who, in the obscure and humble lane,
Such strangers seemed to entertain 120
As sat by tent beneath the tree
On Mamre's plain—mysterious three,
The informing guests of Abraham.
But no, it had but ill beseemed
If God's own angels so could list
To visit one, Pan's Atheist.
That high intelligence but dreamed—
Above delusion's vulgar plain
Deluded still. The erring twain,
Spinoza and poor Margoth here, 130
Both Jews, which in dissent do vary:
In these what parted poles appear—
The blind man and the visionary.”

“And whose the eye that sees aright,
If any?” Clarel eager asked.
Aside Rolfe turned as overtaken;
And none responded. ’Twas like night
Descending from the seats of light,
Or seeming thence to fall. But here
Sedate a kindly tempered look 140
Private and confidential spoke
From Derwent's eyes, Clarel to cheer:
Take heart; something to fit thy youth
Instill I may, some saving truth—
Not best just now to volunteer.

Thought Clarel: Pray, and what wouldst prove?
Thy faith an over-easy glove.

Meanwhile Vine had relapsed. They saw
In silence the heart's shadow draw—
Rich shadow, such as gardens keep 150
In bower aside, where glow-worms peep
In evening over the virgin bed
Where dark-green periwinkles sleep—
Their bud the Violet of the Dead.

xxiii

BY THE JORDAN

On the third morn, a misty one,
 Equipped they sally for the wave
 Of Jordan. With his escort brown
 The Israelite attendance gave
 For that one day and night alone.
 Slung by a cord from saddle-bow,
 Is it the mace of Ivanhoe?

Rolfe views, and comments: "Note, I pray,"
 He said to Derwent on the way,
 "Yon knightly hammer. 'Tis with that
 He stuns, and would exterminate
 Your creeds as dragons."

10

With light fire
 Of wit, the priest rejoinder threw;
 But turned to look at Nehemiah:
 The laboring ass with much ado
 Of swerving neck would, at the sight
 Of bramble-tops, snatch for a bite;
 And though it bred him joltings ill—
 In patience that did never tire,
 Her rider let her have her will.

20

The apostate, ready with his sneer:
 "Yes, you had better—'tis a *she*."

To Rolfe said Derwent: "There, you see:
 It is these infidels that jeer
 At everything."

The Jew withheld
 His mare, and let Nehemiah pass:
 "Who is this Balaam on the ass?"
 But none his wonderment dispelled.

30

Now skies distill a vaporous rain;
 So looked the sunken slimy plain—
 Such semblance of the vacuum shared,

As 'twere the quaking sea-bed bared
By the Caracas. All was still:
So much the more their bosoms thrill
With dream of some withdrawn vast surge
Its timed return about to urge
And overwhelm them.

But a cry they hear:

40

The steed of Mortmain, led in rear,
Broke loose and ran. "Horse too run mad?"
Cried Derwent; "shares his rider's mind—
His rider late? shun both their kind?
Poor Swede! But where was it he said
We should rejoin?" "'Tis by Lot's sea,
Remember. And, pray heaven, it be!—
Look, the steed's caught."

Suspicious ground

They skirt, with ugly bushes crowned;
And thereinto, against surprise,
The vigilant Spahi throws his eyes:
To take of distant chance a bond,
Djalea looks forward, and beyond.

50

At this, some riders feel that awe
Which comes of sense of absent law,
And irreligious human kind,
Relapsed, remanded, reassigned
To chaos and brute passions blind.

But is it Jordan, Jordan dear,
That doth that evil bound define
Which borders on the barbarous sphere—
Jordan, even Jordan, stream divine?
In Clarel ran such revery here.

60

Belex his flint adjusts and rights,
Sharp speaks unto his Bethlehemites;
Then, signaled by Djalea, through air
Surveys the further ridges bare.
Foreshortened 'gainst a long-sloped height
Beyond the wave whose wash of foam

70

Beats to the base of Moab home,
Seven furious horsemen fling their flight
Like eagles when they launching rush
To snatch the prey that hies to bush.
Dwarfed so these look, while yet afar
Descried. But trusting in their star,
Onward a space the party push;
But halt is called; the Druze rides on,
Bids Belex stand, and goes alone.

Now, for the nonce, those speeders sink
Viewless behind the arborous brink.

80

Thereto the staid one rides—peers in—
Then waves a hand. They gain his side,
Meeting the river's rapid tide
Here sluicing through embowered ravine
Such as of yore was Midian's screen
For rites impure. Facing, and near,
Across the waves which intervene,
In shade the robbers reappear:

Swart, sinous men on silvery steeds—
Abreast, save where the copse impedes.

90

At halt, and mute, and in the van
Confronting them, with lengthy gun
Athwart the knee, and hand thereon,
Djalea waits. The mare and man
Show like a stone equestrian
Set up for homage. Over there
'Twas hard for mounted men to move
Among the thickets interwove,
Which dipped the stream and made a snare.

100

But, undeterred, the riders press
This way and that among the branches,
Picking them lanes through each recess,
Till backward on their settling haunches
The steeds withstand the slippery slope,
While yet their outflung fore-feet grope;
Then, like sword-push that ends in lunge,
The slide becomes a weltering plunge:

The willows drip, the banks resound;
They halloo, and with spray are crowned. 110
The torrent, swelled by Lebanon rains,
The spirited horses bravely stem,
Snorting, half-blinded by their manes,
Nor let the current master them.

As the rope-dancer on the hair
Poises the long slim pole in air;
Twirling their slender spears in pride,
Each horseman in imperiled seat
Blends skill and grace with courage meet.

Soon as they win the hither side, 120
Like quicksilver to beach they glide,
Dismounting, and essay the steep,
The horses led by slackened rein:
Slippery foothold ill they keep.
To help a grim one of the band
Good Nehemiah with mickle strain
Down reaches a decrepit hand:
The sheik ignores it—bandit dun,
Foremost in stride as first in rank—
Rejects it, and the knoll is won. 130
Challengingly he stares around,
Then stakes his spear upon the bank
As one reclaiming rightful ground.
Like otters when to land they go,
Riders and steeds how sleekly show.

The first inquiring look they trace
Is gun by gun, as face by face:
Salute they yield, for arms they view
Inspire respect sincere and true.

Meantime, while in their bearing shows 140
The thought which still their life attends,
And habit of encountering foes—
The thought that strangers scarce are friends—
What think the horses? Zar must needs
Be sociable; the robber steeds
She whinnies to; even fain would sway

Neck across neck in lovesome way.
 Great Solomon, of rakish strain,
 Trumpets—would be Don John again.

The sheik, without a moment's doubt,
 Djalea for captain singles out;
 And, after parley brief, would fain
 Handle that pistol of the guide,
 The new revolver at his side.

150

The Druze assents, nor shows surprise.
 Barrel, cap, screw, the Arab tries;
 And ah, the contrast needs he own:
 Alack, for his poor lance and gun,
 Though heirlooms both: the piece in stock
 Half honeycombed, with cumbrous lock;
 The spear like some crusader's pole
 Dropped long ago when death-damps stole
 Over the knight in Richard's host,
 Then left to warp by Acre lost:
 Dry rib of lance. But turning now
 Upon his sweetheart, he was cheered:
 Her eye he met, the violet-glow,
 Peaked ear, the mane's redundant flow;
 It heartened him, and round he veered;
 Elate he shot a brigand glare:
 I, Ishmael, have my desert mare!

160

170

Elicited by contact's touch,
 Tyrannous spleen vexed Belex much,
 Misliking in poor tribe to mark
 Freedom unawed and nature's spark.
 With tutoring glance, a tempered fire,
 The Druze repressed the illiberal ire.

The silvered saint came gently near,
 Meekly intrepid, tract in hand,
 And reached it with a heart sincere
 Unto the sheik, whose fingers spanned
 The shrewd revolver, loath to let
 That coveted bauble go as yet.

180

"Nay," breathed the Druze, and gently here:
 "The print he likes not; let him be;
 Pray now, he deems it sorcery."
 They drew him back. In rufflement
 The sheik threw round a questioning eye;
 Djalea explained, and drew more nigh,
 Recalling him to old content;
 Regained the weapon; and, from stores
 Kept for such need, wary he pours
 A dole of powder.

190

So they part—
 Recrossing Jordan, horse and gun,
 With warrior cry and brandished dart,
 Where, in the years whose goal is won,
 The halcyon Teacher waded in with John.

xxiv

THE RIVER-RITE

And do the clear sands pure and cold
 At last each virgin elf enfold?
 Under what drift of silvery spar
 Sleeps now thy servant, Holy Rood,
 Which in the age of brotherhood
 Approaching here Bethabara
 By wilds the verse depicted late,
 Of Jordan caught a fortunate
 Fair twinkle starry under trees;
 And, with his crossed palms heartward pressed,
 Bowed him, or dropped on reverent knees,
 Warbling that hymn of beauty blest—
 The *Ave maris stella*?—Lo,
 The mound of him do field-mice know?
 Nor less the rite, a rule serene,
 Appropriate in tender grace,
 Became the custom of the place

10

With each devouter Frank.

A truce

Here following the din profuse 20
 Of Moab's swimming robbers keen,
 Rolfe, late enamored of the spell
 Of rituals olden, thought it well
 To observe the Latin usage: "Look,"
 Showing a small convenient book
 In vellum bound; embossed thereon,
 'Tween angels with a rosy crown,
 Viols, Cecilia on a throne:
 "Thanks, friar Benignus Muscatel;
 Thy gift I prize, given me in cell 30
 Of St. John's convent.—Comrades, come!
 If heaven delight in spirits glad,
 And men were all for brothers made,
 Grudge not, beseech, to joy with Rome;"
 And launched the hymn. Quick to rejoice,
 The liberal priest lent tenor voice;
 And marking them in cheery bloom
 On turf inviting, even Vine,
 Ravished from his reserve supine,
 Drew near and overlooked the page— 40
 All self-surprised he overlooked,
 Joining his note impulsively;
 Yet, flushing, seemed as scarce he brooked
 This joy. Was joy a novelty?
 Fraternal thus, the group engage—
 While now the sun, obscured before,
 Illumed for time the wooded shore—
 In tribute to the beach and tide.

The triple voices blending glide,
 Assimilating more and more, 50
 Till in the last ascriptive line
 Which thrones the Father, lauds the Son,
 Came concord full, completion fine—
 Rapport of souls in harmony of tone.

Meantime Nehemiah, eager bent,
Instinctive caught the sentiment;
But checked himself; and, in mixed mood,
Uncertain or relapsing stood,
Till ere the singers cease to thrill,
His joy is stayed. How cometh this? 60
True feeling, steadfast faith are his,
While they at best do but fulfill
A transient, an esthetic glow;
Knew he at last—could he but know—
The rite was alien? that no form
Approved was his, which here might warm
Meet channel for emotion's tide?
Apart he went, scarce satisfied;
But presently slipped down to where
The river ran, and tasting spare, 70
Not quaffing, sighed, "As sugar sweet!"
Though unsweet was it from the flow
Of turbid, troubled waters fleet.

Now Margo—*who had paced the strand*
Gauging the level of the land,
Computing part the Jordan's fall
From Merom's spring, and therewithal
Had ended with a river-sip,
Which straight he spewed—here curled the lip
At hearing Nehemiah: The fool! 80
Fool meek and fulsome like to this—
Too old again to go to school—
Was never! wonder who he is:
I'll ask himself.—"Who art thou, say?"
"The chief of sinners."—"Lack-a-day,
I think so too;" and moved away,
Low muttering in his ill content
At that so Christian bafflement;
And hunted up his sumpter mule
Intent on lunch. A pair hard by 90
He found. The third some person sly
In deeper shade had hitched—more cool.

This was that mule whose rarer wine,
 In pannier slung and blushing shy,
 The Thessalonian did decline
 Away with him in flight to take,
 And friendly gave them when farewell he spake.

XXV

THE DOMINICAN

"Ah Rome, your tie! may child clean part?
 Nay, tugs the mother at the heart!"

Strange voice that was which three there heard
 Reclined upon the bank. They turned;
 And he, the speaker of the word,
 Stood in the grass, with eyes that burned
 How eloquent upon the group.

"Here urging on before our troop,"
 He said, "I caught your choral strains—
 Spurred quicker, lighted, tied my mule
 Behind yon clump; and, for my pains,
 Meet—three, I wean, who slight the rule
 Of Rome, yet thence do here indeed,
 Through strong compulsion of the need,
 Derive fair rite: or may I err?"

10

Surprise they knew, yet made a stir
 Of welcome, gazing on the man
 In white robe of Dominican,
 Of aspect strong, though cheek was spare,
 Yellowed with tinge athlete may wear
 Whom rigorous masters overtrain
 When they with scourge of more and more
 Would macerate him into power.
 Inwrought herewith was yet the air
 And open frontage frankly fair
 Of one who'd moved in active scene

20

And swayed men where they most convene.
 His party came from Saba last,
 Camping by Lot's wave overnight—
 French pilgrims. So he did recite
 Being questioned. Thereupon they passed
 To matters of more pith. Debate
 They held, built on that hymning late;
 Till in reply to Derwent's strain
 Thus warmed he, that Dominican:

30

“Crafty is Rome, you deem? Her art
 Is simple, quarried from the heart.
 Rough marbles, rudiments of worth
 Ye win from ledges under earth;
 Ye trim them, fit them, make them shine
 In structures of a fair design.
 Well, fervors as obscure in birth—
 Precious, though fleeting in their dates—
 Rome culls, adapts, perpetuates
 In ordered rites. 'Tis these supply
 Means to the mass to beautify
 The rude emotion; lend meet voice
 To organs which would fain rejoice
 But lack the song; and oft present
 To sorrow bound, an instrument
 Which liberates. Each hope, each fear
 Between the christening and the bier
 Still Rome provides for, and with grace
 And tact which hardly find a place
 In uninspired designs.”

40

50

“Let be
 Thou Paul! shall Festus yield to thee?”
 Cried Rolfe; “and yet,” in altered tone,
 “Even these fair things—ah, change goes on!”

60

“Change? yes, but not with us. In rout
 Sword-hilts rap at the Vatican,
 And, lo, an old, old man comes out:
 ‘What would ye?’ ‘Change!’ ‘I never change.’”

"Things changing not when all things change
Need perish then, one might retort,
Nor err."

"Ay, things of human sort."

"Rome superhuman?"

"As ye will.

Brave schemes these boyish times instill;
But Rome has lived a thousand years:
Shall not a thousand years know more
Than nonage may?" "Then all the cheers
Which hail the good time deemed at door
Are but the brayings which attest
The foolish, many-headed beast!"

70

"Hardly that inference I own.

The people once elected me
To be their spokesman. In this gown
I sat in legislative hall

80

A champion of true liberty—

God's liberty for one and all—

Not Satan's license. Mine's the state
Of a staunch Catholic Democrat."

Indulgent here was Derwent's smile,

Incredulous was Rolfe's. But he:

"Hardly those terms ye reconcile.

And yet what is it that we see?

Before the Church our human race

Stand equal. None attain to place

90

Therein through claim of birth or fee.

No monk so mean but he may dare

Aspire to sit in Peter's chair."

"Why, true," said Derwent; "but what then?

That sums not all. And what think men?"

And, briefly, more, about the rot

Of Rome in Luther's time, the canker spot.

"Well," said the monk, "I'll not gainsay

Some things you put: I own the shame:

Reform was needed, yes, and came—

100

Reform *within*. But let that go—
That era's gone: how fares it *now*?—
Melancthon! was forecast by thee,
Who fain had tempered Luther's mind,
This riot of reason quite set free:
Sects—sects bisected—sects disbanded
Into plain deists underhanded?
Against all this stands Rome's array:
Rome is the Protestant to-day:
The Red Republic slinging flame
In Europe—she's your Scarlet Dame.
Rome stands; but who may tell the end?
Relapse barbaric may impend,
Dismission into ages blind—
Moral dispersion of mankind.
Ah, God," and dropped upon the knee:
"These flocks which range so far from Thee,
Ah, leave them not to be undone:
Let them not cower as 'twixt the sea
And storm—in panic crowd and drown!"
He rose, resumed his previous cheer
With something of a bearing sweet.

110

120

"Brother," said Derwent friendly here,
"I'm glad to know ye, glad to meet,
Even though, in part, your Rome seeks ends
Not mine. But, see, there pass your friends:
Call they your name?"

"Yes, yes," he said,
And rose to loose his mule; "you're right;
We go to win the further bed
Of Jordan, by the convent's site.
A parting word: Methinks ye hold
Reserved objections. I'll unfold
But one:—Rome being fixed in form,
Unyielding there, how may she keep
Adjustment with new times? But deep
Below rigidities of form

130

The invisible nerves and tissues change
 Adaptively. As men that range
 From clime to clime, from zone to zone 140
 (Say Russian hosts that menace Ind)
 Through all vicissitudes still find
 The body acclimate itself
 While form and function hold their own—
 Again they call:—Well, you are wise;
 Enough—you can analogize
 And take my meaning: I have done.
 No, one more point:—Science but deals
 With Nature; Nature is not God;
 Never she answers our appeals, 150
 Or, if she do, but mocks the clod.
 Call to the echo—it returns
 The word you send; how thrive the ferns
 About the ruined house of prayer
 In woods; one shadow falleth yet
 From Christian spire—Turk minaret:
 Consider the indifference there.
 'Tis so throughout. Shall Science then
 Which solely dealeth with this thing
 Named Nature, shall she ever bring 160
 One solitary hope to men?
 'Tis Abba Father that we seek,
 Not the Artificer. I speak,
 But scarce may utter. Let it be.
 Adieu; remember—Oh, not me;
 But if with years should fail delight
 As things unmask abroad and home;
 Then, should ye yearn in reason's spite,
 Remember hospitable Rome."

He turned, and would have gone; but, no, 170
 New matter struck him: "Ere I go
 Yet one word more; and bear with me:
 Whatever your belief may be—

If well ye wish to human kind,
 Be not so mad, unblest, and blind
 As, in such days as these, to try
 To pull down Rome. If Rome could fall
 'Twould not be Rome alone, but all
 Religion. All with Rome have tie,
 Even the railers which deny,
 All but the downright Anarchist,
 Christ-hater, Red, and Vitriolist.
 Could libertine dreams true hope disable,
 Rome's tomb would prove Abaddon's cradle.
 Weigh well the Pope. Though he should be
 Despoiled of Charlemagne's great fee—
 Cast forth, and made a begging friar,
 That would not quell him. No, the higher
 Rome's *In excelsis* would extol
 Her God—her *De profundis* roll
 The deeper. Let destructives mind
 The reserves upon reserves behind.
 Offence I mean not. More's to tell:
 But frigates meet—hail—part. Farewell.”

180

190

And, going, he a verse did weave,
 Or hummed in low recitative:

“Yearly for a thousand years
 On Christmas Day the wreath appears,
 And the people joy together:
 Prithee, Prince or Parliament,
 An equal holiday invent
 Outlasting centuries of weather.

200

“Arrested by a trembling shell,
 Wee tinkle of the small mass-bell,
 A giant drops upon the knee.
 Thou art wise—effect as much;
 Let thy wisdom by a touch
 Reverence like this decree.”

xxvi

OF ROME

“Patcher of the rotten cloth,
 Pickler of the wing o’ the moth,
 Toaster of bread stale in date,
 Tinker of the rusty plate,
 Botcher of a crumbling tomb,
 Pounder with the holy hammer,
 Gaffer-gammer, gaffer-gammer—
 Rome!”

The broker take your trumpery pix
 Paten and chalice! Turn ye—lo, 10
 Here’s bread, here’s wine. In Mexico
 Earthquakes lay flat your crucifix:
 All, all’s geology, I trow.
 Away to your Pope Joan—go!”

As he the robed one decorous went,
 From copse that doggerel was sent
 And after-cry. Half screened from view
 ’Twas Margoth, who, reclined at lunch,
 Had overheard, nor spared to munch,
 And thence his contumely threw. 20
 Rolfe, rising, had replied thereto,
 And with some heat, but Derwent’s hand
 Caught at his skirt: “Nay, of what use?
 But wind, foul wind.”—Here fell a truce,
 Which Margoth could but understand;
 Wiping his mouth he hied away.
 The student who apart though near
 Had heard the Frank with tingling cheer,
 Awaited now the after-play
 Of comment; and it followed: “Own,” 30
 Said Rolfe, “he took no shallow tone,
 That new St. Dominick. Who’ll repay?”

Wilt thou?" to Derwent turning.—"No,
 Not I! But had our Scot been near
 To meet your Papal nuncio!
 Fight fire with fire. But for me here,
 You must have marked I did abstain.—
 Odd, odd: this man who'd make our age
 To Hildebrand's an appanage—
 So able too—lit by our light—
 Curious, he should so requite!
 And, yes, lurked somewhat in his strain—"
 "And in his falling on the knee?"
 "Those supple hinges I let be."
 "Is the man false?"

40

"No, hardly that.

"Tis difficult to tell. But see:
Doubt late was an aristocrat;
 But now the barbers' clerks do swell
 In cast clothes of the infidel;
 The more then one can now *believe*,
 The more one's differenced, perceive,
 From ribald common-place. Here Rome
 Comes in. This intellectual man—
 Half monk, half tribune, partisan—
 Who, as he hints—'tis troublesome
 To analyze, and thankless too:
 Much better be a dove, and coo
 Softly. Come then, I'll e'en agree
 His manner has a certain lure,
 Disinterested, earnest, pure
 And liberal. 'Tis such as he
 Win over men."

50

60

"There's Rome, her camp
 Of tried instruction. She can stamp,
 On the recruit that's framed aright,
 The bearing of a Bayard knight
 Ecclesiastic. I applaud
 Her swordsmen of the priestly sword
 Wielded in spiritual fight."

70

“Indeed? take care! Rome lacks not charm
 For fervid souls. Arm ye, forearm!
 For sirens has she too—her race
 Of sainted virgin ones, with grace
 Beyond the grace of Grecian calm,
 For this is chill, but that how warm.”

“A frank concession.” “To be sure!

Since Rome may never *me* allure
 By her enticing arts; since all
 The bias of the days that be
 Away leans from Authority,
 And most when hierarchical;
 So that the future of the Pope
 Is cast in no fair horoscope;
 In brief, since Rome must still decay;
 Less care I to disown or hide
 Aught that she has of merit rare:

80

Her legends—some are sweet as May;
 Ungarnered wealth no doubt is there
 (Too long ignored by Luther's pride),
 But which perchance in days divine
 (Era, whereof I read the sign)

90

When much that sours the sects is gone,
 Like Dorian myths the bards shall own—
 Yes, prove the poet's second mine.”

“All that,” said Rolfe, “is very fine;

But Rome subsists, she lives to-day,
 She re-affirms herself, her sway
 Seductive draws rich minds away;
 Some pastures, too, yield many a rover:
 Sheep, sheep and shepherd running over.”

100

“Such sheep and shepherds, let them go;

They are not legion: and you know
 What draws. Little imports it all
 Overbalanced by that tidal fall
 Of Rome in Southern Europe. Come.”

“If the tide fall or here or there,
 Be sure 'tis rolling in elsewhere.”

“So oceanic then is Rome?”

“Nay, but there’s ample sea-verge left: 110

A hemisphere invites.—When reft
From Afric, and the East its home,
The church shot out through wild and wood—
Germany, Gaul and Britain, Spain—
Colonized, Latinized, and made good
Her loss, and more—resolved to reign.”

“Centuries, centuries long ago!

What’s that to us? I am surprised.
Rome’s guns are spiked; and they’ll stay so.
The world is now too civilized 120
For Rome. Your noble Western soil—
What! *that* be given up for spoil
To—to—”

“There is an Unforeseen.

Fate never gives a guarantee
That she’ll abstain from aught. And men
Get tired at last of being free—
Whether in states—in states or creeds.
For what’s the sequel? Verily,
Laws scribbled by law-breakers, creeds 130
Scrawled by the freethinkers, and deeds
Shameful and shameless. Men get sick

Under that curse of Frederic
The cynical: For punishment
This rebel province I present
To the philosophers. But, how?
Whole nations now philosophize,
And do their own undoing now.—
Who’s gained by all the sacrifice
Of Europe’s revolutions? who? 140
The Protestant? the Liberal?

I do not think it—not at all:
Rome and the Atheist have gained:
These two shall fight it out—these two;
Protestantism being retained
For base of operations sly

By Atheism."

Without reply
Derwent low whistled—twitched a spray
That overhung: "What tree is this?"

150

"The tree of knowledge, I dare say;
But you don't eat."—"That's not amiss,"
The good man laughed; but, changing, "O,
That a New-Worlder should talk so!"

"'Tis the New World that mannered me,
Yes, gave me this vile liberty
To reverence naught, not even herself."

"How say you? you're the queerest elf!
But here's a thought I still pursue—
A thought I dreamed each thinker knew:
No more can men be what they've been;
All's altered—earth's another scene."

160

"Man's heart is what it used to be."
"I don't know that."

"But Rome does, though:
And hence her stout persistency.
What mean her re-adopted modes
Even in the enemy's abodes?
Their place old emblems reassume.
She bides—content to let but blow
Among the sects that peak and pine,
Incursions of her taking bloom."

170

"The censer's musk?—'Tis not the vine,
Vine evangelic, branching out
In fruitful latitude benign,
With all her bounty roundabout—
Each cluster, shaded or in sun,
Still varying from each other one,
But all true members, all with wine
Derived from Christ their stem and stock;
'Tis scarce *that* vine which doth unlock
The fragrance that you hint of. No,
The Latin plant don't flourish so;
Of sad distemper 'tis the seat;

180

Pry close, and startled you shall meet
 Parasite-bugs—black swarming ones.”
 “The monks?”—“You jest: thinned out, those drones.”

Considerate uncommitted eyes
 Charged with things manifold and wise,
 Rolfe turned upon good Derwent here; 190
 Then changed: “Fall back we must. Yon mule
 With pannier: Come, in stream we’ll cool
 The wine ere quaffing.—Muleteer!”

xxvii

VINE AND CLAREL

While now, to serve the pilgrim train,
 The Arabs willow branches hew
 (For palms they serve in dearth of true),
 Or, kneeling by the margin, stoop
 To brim memorial bottles up;
 And the Greek’s wine entices two:
 Apart see Clarel here incline,
 Perplexed by that Dominican,
 Nor less by Rolfe—capricious man:
 “I cannot penetrate him.—Vine?” 10

As were Venetian slats between,
 He espied him through a leafy screen,
 Luxurious there in umbrage thrown,
 Light sprays above his temples blown—
 The river through the green retreat
 Hurrying, reveling by his feet.

Vine looked an overture, but said
 Nothing, till Clarel leaned—half laid—
 Beside him: then, “We dream, or be
 In sylvan John’s baptistery: 20
 May Pisa’s equal beauty keep?—
 But how bad habits persevere!
 I have been moralizing here

Like any imbecile: as thus:
Look how these willows over-weep
The waves, and plain: 'Fleet so from us?
And wherefore? whitherward away?
Your best is here where wildings sway
And the light shadow's blown about;
Ah, tarry, for at hand's a sea
Whence ye shall never issue out
Once in.' They sing back: 'So let be!
We mad-caps hymn it as we flow—
Short life and merry! be it so! "

30

Surprised at such a fluent turn,
The student did but listen—learn.

Putting aside the twigs which screened,
Again Vine spake, and lightly leaned:
"Look; in yon vault so leafy dark,
At deep end lit by gemmy spark
Of mellowed sunbeam in a snare;
Over the stream—ay, just through there—
The sheik on that celestial mare
Shot, fading.—Clan of outcast Hagar,
Well do ye come by spear and dagger!
Yet in your bearing ye outvie
Our western Red Men, chiefs that stalk
In mud paint—whirl the tomahawk.—
But in these Nimrods noted you
The natural language of the eye,
Burning or liquid, flame or dew,
As still the changeable quick mood
Made transit in the wayward blood?
Methought therein one might espy,
For all the wildness, thoughts refined
By the old Asia's dreamful mind;
But hark—a bird?"

40

50

Pure as the rain
Which diamondeth with lucid grain,
The white swan in the April hours

60

Floating between two sunny showers
Upon the lake, while buds unroll;
So pure, so virginal in shrine
Of true unworldliness looked Vine.
Ah, clear sweet ether of the soul
(Mused Clarel), holding him in view.
Prior advances unreturned
Not here he recked of, while he yearned—
O, now but for communion true
And close; let go each alien theme;
Give me thyself!

70

But Vine, at will
Dwelling upon his wayward dream,
Nor as suspecting Clarel's thrill
Of personal longing, rambled still;
"Methinks they show a lingering trace
Of some quite unrecorded race
Such as the Book of Job implies.
What ages of refinings wise
Must have forerun what there is writ—
More ages than have followed it.
At Lydda late, as chance would have,
Some tribesmen from the south I saw,
Their tents pitched in the Gothic nave,
The ruined one. Disowning law,
Not lawless lived they; no, indeed;
Their chief—why, one of Sydney's clan,
A slayer, but chivalric man;
And chivalry, with all that breed
Was Arabic or Saracen
In source, they tell. But, as men stray
Further from Ararat away
Pity it were did they recede
In carriage, manners, and the rest;
But no, for ours the palm indeed
In bland amenities far West!
Come now, for pastime let's complain;
Grudged thanks, Columbus, for thy main!

80

90

Put back, as 'twere—assigned by fate
 To fight crude Nature o'er again, 100
 By slow degrees we re-create.
 But then, alas, in Arab camps
 No lack, they say, no lack of scamps."

Divided mind knew Clarel here;
 The heart's desire did interfere.
 Thought he, How pleasant in another
 Such sallies, or in thee, if said
 After confidings that should wed
 Our souls in one:—Ah, call me *brother!*—
 So feminine his passionate mood 110
 Which, long as hungering unfed,
 All else rejected or withstood.

Some inklings he let fall. But no:
 Here over Vine there slid a change—
 A shadow, such as thin may show
 Gliding along the mountain-range
 And deepening in the gorge below.

Does Vine's rebukeful dusking say—
 Why, on this vernal bank to-day, 120
 Why bring oblations of thy pain
 To one who hath his share? here fain
 Would lap him in a chance reprieve?
 Lives none can help ye; that believe.
 Art thou the first soul tried by doubt?
 Shalt prove the last? Go, live it out.
 But for thy fonder dream of love
 In man toward man—the soul's caress—
 The negatives of flesh should prove
 Analogies of non-cordialness
 In spirit.—E'en such conceits could cling 130
 To Clarel's dream of vain surmise
 And imputation full of sting.
 But, glancing up, unwarned he saw
 What serious softness in those eyes
 Bent on him. Shyly they withdraw.
 Enslaver, wouldst thou but fool me

With bitter-sweet, sly sorcery,
Pride's pastime? or wouldst thou indeed,
Since things unspoken may impede,
Let flow thy nature but for bar?—
Nay, dizzard, sick these feelings are;
How findest place within thy heart
For such solitudes apart
From Ruth?—Self-taxings.

140

But a sign
Came here indicative from Vine,
Who with a reverent hushed air
His view directed toward the glade
Beyond, wherein a niche was made
Of leafage, and a kneeler there,
The meek one, on whom, as he prayed,
A golden shaft of mellow light,
Oblique through vernal cleft above,
And making his pale forehead bright,
Scintillant fell. By such a beam
From heaven descended erst the dove
On Christ emerging from the stream.
It faded; 'twas a transient ray;
And, quite unconscious of its sheen,
The suppliant rose and moved away,
Not dreaming that he had been seen.

150

160

When next they saw that innocent,
From prayer such cordial had he won
That all his aspect of content
As with the oil of gladness shone.
Less aged looked he. And his cheer
Took language in an action here:
The train now mustering in line,
Each pilgrim with a river-palm
In hand (except indeed the Jew),
The saint the head-stall need entwine
With wreathage of the same. When new
They issued from the wood, no charm

170

The ass found in such idle gear
 Superfluous: with her long ear
 She flapped it off, and the next thrust
 Of hoof imprinted it in dust.
 Meek hands (mused Vine), vainly ye twist
 Fair garland for the realist.

The Hebrew, noting whither bent
 Vine's glance, a word in passing lent:
 "Ho, tell us how it comes to be
 That thou who rank'st not with beginners
 Regard have for yon chief of sinners."

"Yon chief of sinners?"

"So names he

Himself. For one I'll not express
 How I do loathe such lowliness."

180

xxviii

THE FOG

Southward they file. 'Tis Pluto's park
 Beslimed as after baleful flood:
 A nitrous, filmed and pallid mud,
 With shrubs to match. Salt specks they mark
 Or mildewed stunted twigs unclean
 Brushed by the stirrup, Stygean green,
 With shrivelled nut or apple small.

The Jew plucked one. Like a fuzz-ball
 It brake, discharging fetid dust.

"Pippins of Sodom? they've declined!"
 Cried Derwent: "where's the ruddy rind?"

10

Said Rolfe: "If Circe tempt one thus,
 A fig for vice—I'm virtuous.
 Who but poor Margoth now would lust
 After such fruitage. See, but see
 What makes our Nehemiah to be

So strange. That look returns to him
Which late he wore by Achor's rim."

Over pale hollows foully smeared
The saint hung with an aspect weird: 20
"Yea, here it was the kings were tripped,
These, these the slime-pits where they slipped—
Gomorrah's lord and Sodom's, lo!"

"What's that?" asked Derwent.

"You should know,"
Said Rolfe: "your Scripture lore revive:
The four kings strove against the five
In Siddim here."

"Ah—Genesis.
But turn; upon this other hand 30
See here another not remiss."

'Twas Margoth raking there the land.
Some minerals of noisome kind
He found and straight to pouch consigned.
"The chiffonier!" cried Rolfe; "e'en grim
Milcom and Chemosh scowl at him—
Here nosing underneath their lee
Of pagod heights."

In deeper dale
What canker may their palms assail? 40
Spotted they show, all limp they be.
Is it thy bitter mist, Bad Sea,
That, sudden driving, northward comes
Involving them, that each man roams
Half seen or lost?

But in the dark
Thick scud, the chanting saint they hark:

"Though through the valley of the shade
I pass, no evil do I fear;
His candle shineth on my head: 50
Lo, he is with me, even here."

The rack drove by: and Derwent said—
 “How apt he is!” then pause he made:
 “This palm has grown a sorry sight;
 A palm ’tis not, if named aright:
 I’ll drop it.—Look, the lake ahead!”

xxix

BY THE MARGE

The legend round a Grecian urn,
 The sylvan legend, though decay
 Have wormed the garland all away,
 And fire have left its Vandal burn;
 Yet beauty inextinct may charm
 In outline of the vessel’s form.
 Much so with Sodom, shore and sea.
 Fair Como would like Sodom be
 Should horror overrun the scene
 And calcine all that makes it green,
 Yet haply sparing to impeach
 The contour in its larger reach.
 In graceful lines the hills advance,
 The valley’s sweep repays the glance,
 And wavy curves of winding beach;
 But all is charred or crunched or riven,
 Scarce seems of earth whereon we dwell;
 Though framed within the lines of heaven
 The picture intimates a hell.

10

That marge they win. Bides Mortmain there?
 No trace of man, not anywhere.

20

It was the salt wave’s northern brink.
 No gravel bright nor shell was seen,
 Nor kelpy growth nor coralline,
 But dead boughs stranded, which the rout
 Of Jordan, in old freshets born
 In Libanus, had madly torn

Green from her arbor and thrust out
 Into the liquid waste. No sound
 Nor motion but of sea. The land 30
 Was null: nor bramble, weed, nor trees,
 Nor anything that grows on ground,
 Flexile to indicate the breeze;
 Though hitherward by south winds fanned
 From Usdum's brink and Bozrah's site
 Of bale, flew gritty atoms light.
 Toward Karek's castle lost in blur,
 And thence beyond toward Aroer
 By Arnon where the robbers keep, 40
 Jackal and vulture, eastward sweep
 The waters, while their western rim
 Stretches by Judah's headlands grim,
 Which make in turns a sea-wall steep.
 There, by the cliffs or distance hid,
 The Fount or Cascade of the Kid
 An Eden makes of one high glen,
 One vernal and contrasted scene
 In jaws of gloomy crags uncouth—
 Rosemary in the black boar's mouth.
 Alike withheld from present view 50
 (And, until late, but hawk and kite
 Visited the forgotten site),
 The Maccabees' Masada true;
 Stronghold which Flavian arms did rend,
 The Peak of Eleazer's end,
 Where patriot warriors made with brides
 A martyrdom of suicides.
 There too did Mariamne's hate
 The death of John accelerate.
 A crag of fairest, foulest weather— 60
 Famous, and infamous together.

Hereof they spake, but never Vine,
 Who little knew or seemed to know
 Derived from books, but did incline
 In docile way to each one's flow

Of knowledge bearing anyhow
In points less noted.

Southernmost

The sea indefinite was lost
Under a catafalque of cloud.

70

Unwelcome impress to disown
Or light evade, the priest, aloud
Taking an interested tone
And brisk, "Why, yonder lies Mount Hor,
E'en thereaway—that southward shore."

"Ay," added Rolfe, "and Aaron's cell
Thereon. A mountain sentinel,
He holds in solitude austere
The outpost of prohibited Seir
In cut-off Edom."

80

"God can sever!"

Brake in the saint, who nigh them stood;
"The satyr to the dragon's brood
Crieth! God's word abideth ever:
None there pass through—no, never, never!"

"My friend Max Levi, he passed through."
They turned. It was the hardy Jew.
Absorbed in vision here, the saint
Heard not. The priest in flushed constraint
Showed mixed emotion; part he winced
And part a humor pleased evinced—
Relish that would from qualms be free—
Aversion involved with sympathy.
But changing, and in formal way—
"Admitted; nay, 'tis tritely true;
Men pass through Edom, through and through.
But surely, few so dull to-day
As not to make allowance meet
For Orientalism's display
In Scripture, where the chapters treat
Of mystic themes?"

90

100

With eye askance,
The apostate fixed no genial glance:

"Ay, Keith's grown obsolete. And, pray,
How long will these last glosses stay?
The agitating influence
Of knowledge never will dispense
With teasing faith, do what ye may.
Adjust and readjust, ye deal
With compass in a ship of steel." 110

"Such perturbations do but give
Proof that faith's vital: sensitive
Is faith, my friend."

"Go to, go to:
Your black bat! how she hangs askew,
Torpido, from wall by claws of wings:
Let drop the left—sticks fast the right;
Then this unhook—the other swings;
Leave—she regains her double plight." 120

"Ah, look," cried Derwent; "ah, behold!"
From the blue battlements of air,
Over saline vapors hovering there,
A flag was flung out—curved in fold—
Fiery, rosy, violet, green—
And, lovelier growing, brighter, fairer,
Transfigured all that evil scene;
And Iris was the standard-bearer.

None spake. As in a world made new,
With upturned faces they review
That oriflamme, the which no man
Would look for in such clime of ban. 130
'Twas northern; and its home-like look
Touched Nehemiah. He, late with book
Gliding from Margoth's dubious sway,
Was standing by the ass apart;
And when he caught that scarf of May
How many a year ran back his heart:
Scythes hang in orchard, hay-cocks loom
After eve-showers, the mossed roofs gloom
Greenly beneath the homestead trees; 140
He tingles with these memories.

For Vine, over him suffusive stole
An efflorescence; all the soul
Flowering in flush upon the brow.
But 'twas ambiguously replaced
In words addressed to Clarel now—
"Yonder the arch dips in the waste;
Thither! and win the pouch of gold."

Derwent reproached him: "Ah, withhold!
See, even death's pool reflects the dyes—
The rose upon the coffin lies!"

150

"Brave words," said Margoth, plodding near;
"Brave words; but yonder bow's forsworn.
The covenant made on Noah's morn,
Was that well kept? why, hardly here,
Where whelmed by fire and flood, they say,
The townsfolk sank in after day,
Yon sign in heaven should reappear."

They heard, but in such torpid gloom
Scarcely they recked, for now the bloom
Vanished from sight, and half the sea
Died down to glazed monotony.

160

Craved solace here would Clarel prove,
Recalling Ruth, her glance of love.
But nay; those eyes so frequent known
To meet, and mellow on his own—
Now, in his vision of them, swerved;
While in perverse recurrence ran
Dreams of the bier Armenian.
Against their sway his soul he nerved:
"Go, goblins; go, each funeral thought—
Bewitchment from this Dead Sea caught!"

170

Westward they move, and turn the shore
Southward, till, where wild rocks are set,
Dismounting, they would fain restore
Ease to the limb. But haunts them yet
A dumb dejection lately met.

XXX

OF PETRA

"The City Red in cloud-land lies
 Yonder," said Derwent, quick to inter
 The ill, or light regard transfer:
 "But Petra must we leave unseen—
 Tell us"—to Rolfe—"there hast thou been."

"With dragons guarded roundabout
 'Twas a new Jason found her out—
 Burckhardt, you know." "But tell." "The flume
 Or mountain corridor profound
 Whereby ye win the inner ground 10
 Petræan; this, from purple gloom
 Of cliffs— whose tops the suns illumine
 Where oleanders wave the flag—
 Winds out upon the rosy stain,
 Warm color of the natural vein,
 Of porch and pediment in crag.
 One starts. In Esau's waste are blent
 Ionian form, Venetian tint.
 Statues salute ye from that fane,
 The warders of the Horite lane. 20
 They welcome, seem to point ye on
 Where sequels which transcend them dwell;
 But tarry, for just here is won
 Happy suspension of the spell."

"But expectation's raised."

"No more!

'Tis then when blueely blurred in shore,
 It looms through azure haze at sea—
 Then most 'tis Colchis charmeth ye.
 So ever, and with all! But, come, 30
 Imagine us now quite at home
 Taking the prospect from Mount Hor.
 Good. Eastward turn thee—skipping o'er
 The intervening craggy blight:

Mark'st thou the face of yon slabbed height
Shouldered about by heights? what Door
Is that, sculptured in elfin freak?
The portal of the Prince o' the Air?
Thence will the god emerge, and speak?
El Deir it is; and *Petra's* there,
Down in her cleft. Mid such a scene
Of Nature's terror, how serene
That ordered form. Nor less 'tis cut
Out of that terror—does abut
Thereon: there's Art."

40

"Dare say—no doubt;
But, prithee, turn we now about
And closer get thereto in mind;
That portal lures me."

"Nay, forbear;
A bootless journey. We should wind
Along ravine by mountain-stair—
Down which in season torrents sweep—
Up, slant by sepulchers in steep,
Grotto and porch, and so get near
Puck's platform, and thereby *El Deir*.
We'd knock. An echo. Knock again—
Ay, knock forever: none requite:
The live spring filters through cell, fane,
And tomb: a dream the Edomite!"

50

60

"And dreamers all who dream of him—
Though *Sinbad's* pleasant in the skim.
Pæstum and *Petra*: good to use
For sedative when one would muse.
But look, our Emir.—Ay, *Djalea*,
We guess why thou com'st mutely here
And hintful stand'st before us so."

"Ay, ay," said Rolfe; "stirrups, and go!"
"But first," the priest said, "let me creep
And rouse our poor friend slumbering low
Under yon rock—queer place to sleep."

70

"*Queer?*" muttered Rolfe as Derwent went;
 "*Queer* is the furthest he will go
 In phrase of a disparagement.
 But—ominous, with haggard rent—
 To me yon crag's brow-beating brow
 Looks horrible—and I *say* so."

xxxj

THE INSCRIPTION

While yet Rolfe's foot in stirrup stood,
 Ere the light vault that wins the seat,
 Derwent was heard: "What's this we meet?
 A Cross? and—if one could but spell—
 Inscription Sinaitic? Well,
 Mortmain is nigh—*his* crazy freak;
 Whose else? A closer view I'll seek;
 I'll climb."

In moving there aside

The rock's turned brow he had espied;
 In rear this rock hung o'er the waste
 And Nehemiah in sleep embraced
 Below. The forepart gloomed Lot's wave
 So nigh, the tide the base did lave.
 Above, the sea-face smooth was worn
 Through long attrition of that grit
 Which on the waste of winds is borne.
 And on the tablet high of it—
 Traced in dull chalk, such as is found
 Accessible in upper ground—
 Big there between two scrawls, below
 And over—a cross; three stars in row
 Upright, two more for thwarting limb
 Which drooped oblique.

10

20

At Derwent's cry

The rest drew near; and every eye

Marked the device.—Thy passion's whim,
 Wild Swede, mused Vine in silent heart.
 "Looks like the *Southern Cross* to me,"
 Said Clarel; "so 'tis down in chart."
 "And so," said Rolfe, "'tis set in sky—
 Though error slight of place prevail
 In midmost star here chalked. At sea,
 Bound for Peru, when south ye sail,
 Startling that novel cluster strange
 Peers up from low; then as ye range
 Cape-ward still further, brightly higher
 And higher the stranger doth aspire,
 Till off the Horn, when at full height
 Ye slack your gaze as chilly grows the night.
 But Derwent—see!"

30

40

The priest having gained

Convenient lodge the text below,
 They called: "What's that in curve contained
 Above the stars? Read: we would know."
 "Runs thus: *By one who wails the loss,
 This altar to the Slanting Cross.*"
 "Ha! under that?" "Some crow's-foot scrawl."
 "Decipher, quick! we're waiting all."
 "Patience: for ere one try rehearse,
 'Twere well to make it out. 'Tis verse."
 "Verse, say you? Read." "'Tis mystical:

50

'Emblazoned bleak in austral skies—
 A heaven remote, whose starry swarm
 Like Science lights but cannot warm—
 Translated Cross, hast thou withdrawn,
 Dim paling too at every dawn,
 With symbols vain once counted wise,
 And gods declined to heraldries?
 Estranged, estranged: can friend prove so?
 Aloft, aloof, a frigid sign:
 How far removed, thou Tree divine,
 Whose tender fruit did reach so low—

60

Love apples of New-Paradise!
 About the wide Australian sea
 The planted nations yet to be—
 When, ages hence, they lift their eyes,
 Tell, what shall they retain of thee?
 But class thee with Orion's sword?
 In constellations unadored, 70
 Christ and the Giant equal prize?
 The atheist cycles—*must* they be?
 Fomentors as forefathers we?

Mad, mad enough," the priest here cried,
 Down slipping by the shelving brinks;
 "But 'tis not Mortmain," and he sighed.

"Not Mortmain?" Rolfe exclaimed. "Methinks,"
 The priest, "'tis hardly in his vein."
 "How? fraught with feeling is the strain?
 His heart's not ballasted with stone— 80
 He's crank." "Well, well, e'en let us own
 That Mortmain, Mortmain is the man.
 We've then a pledge here at a glance
 Our comrade's met with no mischance.
 Soon he'll rejoin us." "There, amen!"
 "But now to wake Nehemiah in den
 Behind here.—But kind Clarel goes.
 Strange how he naps nor trouble knows
 Under the crag's impending block,
 Nor fears its fall, nor recks of shock." 90

Anon they mount; and much advance
 Upon that chalked significance.
 The student harks, and weighs each word,
 Intent, he being newly stirred.

But tarries Margoth? Yes, behind
 He lingers. He placards his mind:
 Scaling the crag he rudely scores
 With the same chalk (how here abused!)

Left by the other, after used,
 A sledge or hammer huge as Thor's;
 A legend lending—this, to wit:
*"I, Science, I whose gain's thy loss,
 I slanted thee, thou Slanting Cross."*

100

But sun and rain, and wind, with grit
 Driving, these haste to cancel it.

xxxii

THE ENCAMPMENT

Southward they find a strip at need
 Between the mount and marge, and make,
 In expectation of the Swede,
 Encampment there, nor shun the Lake.
 'Twas afternoon. With Arab zest
 The Bethlehemites their spears present,
 Whereon they lift and spread the tent
 And care for all.

As Rolfe from rest
 Came out, toward early eventide,
 His comrades sat the shore beside,
 In shadow deep, which from the west
 The main Judæan mountains flung.
 That ridge they faced, and anxious hung
 Awaiting Mortmain, some having grown
 The more concerned, because from stone
 Inscribed, they had indulged a hope:
 But now in ill surmise they grope.
 Anew they question grave Djalea.
 But what knows *he*?

10

20

Their hearts to cheer,
 "Trust," Derwent said, "hope's silver bell;
 Nor dream he'd do his life a wrong—
 No, never!"

"Demons here which dwell,"

Cried Rolfe, "riff-raff of Satan's throng,
 May fetch him steel, rope, poison—well,
 He'd spurn them, hoot their scurvy hell:
 There's nobler.—But what *other* knell
 Of hap—" He turned him toward the sea. 30

Like leagues of ice which slumberous roll
 About the pivot of the pole—
 Vitreous—glass it seemed to be.
 Beyond, removed in air sublime,
 As 'twere some more than human clime,
 In flanking towers of Ætna hue
 The Ammonitish mounts they view
 Enkindled by the sunset cast
 Over Judah's ridgy headlands massed
 Which blacken baseward. Ranging higher 40
 Where vague glens pierced the steeps of fire,
 Imagination time repealed—
 Restored there, and in fear revealed
 Lot and his daughters twain in flight,
 Three shadows flung on reflex light
 Of Sodom in her funeral pyre.

Some fed upon the natural scene,
 Deriving many a wandering hint
 Such as will oft-times intervene
 When on the slab ye view the print 50
 Of perished species.—Judge Rolfe's start
 And quick revulsion, when, apart,
 Derwent he saw at ease reclined,
 With page before him, page refined
 And appetizing, which threw ope
 New parks, fresh walks for Signor Hope
 To saunter in.

"And read you here?
 Scarce suits the ground with bookish cheer.
 Escaped from forms, enlarged at last, 60
 Pupils we be of wave and waste—
 Not books; nay, nay!"

"Book-comment, though"—

Smiled Derwent—"were it ill to know?"

"But how if nature vetoes all

Her commentators? Disenthrall

Thy heart. Look round. Are not here met

Books and that truth no type shall set?"—

Then, to himself in reffluent flow:

"Earnest again!—well, let it go."

70

Derwent quick glanced from face to face,

Lighting upon the student's hue

Of pale perplexity, with trace

Almost of twinge at Rolfe: "Believe,

Though here I random page review,

Not books I let exclusive cleave

And sway. Much too there is, I grant,

Which well might Solomon's wisdom daunt—

Much that we mark. Nevertheless,

Were it a paradox to confess

A book's a man? If this be so,

Books be but part of nature. Oh,

'Tis studying nature, reading books:

And 'tis through Nature each heart looks

Up to a God, or whatsoe'er

One images beyond our sphere.

Moreover, Siddim's not the world:

There's Naples. Why, yourself well know

What breadths of beauty lie unfurled

All round the bays where sailors go.

So, prithee, do not be severe,

But let me read."

90

Rolfe looked esteem:

"You suave St. Francis! Him, I mean,

Of Sales, not that soul whose dream

Founded the bare-foot Order lean.

Though wise as serpents, Sales proves

The throbbings sweet of social doves.

I like you."

Derwent laughed; then, "Ah,

From each St. Francis am I far!"

100

And grave he grew.

It was a scene
Which Clarel in his memory scored:
How reconcile Rolfe's wizard chord
And forks of esoteric fire,
With common-place of laxer mien?
May truth be such a spendthrift lord?
Then Derwent: he reviewed in heart
His tone with Margoth; his attire
Of tolerance; the easy part
He played. Could Derwent, having gained
A certain slant in liberal thought,
Think there to bide, like one detained
Half-way adown the slippery glacier caught?
Was honesty his, with lore and art
Not to be fooled?—But if in vain
One tries to comprehend a man,
How think to sound God's deeper heart!

110

xxxiii

LOT'S SEA

Roving along the winding verge
Trying these problems as a lock,
Clarel upon the further marge
Caught sight of Vine. Upon a rock
Low couchant there, and dumb as that,
Bent on the wave Vine moveless sat.
The student after pause drew near:
Then, as in presence which though mute
Did not repel, without salute
He joined him.

10

Unto these, by chance
In ruminating slow advance
Came Rolfe, and lingered.
At Vine's feet
A branchless tree lay lodged ashore,

One end immersed. Of form complete—
 Half fossilized—could this have been,
 In ages back, a palm-shaft green?
 Yes, long detained in depths which store
 A bitter virtue, there it lay,
 Washed up to sight—free from decay
 But dead.

20

And now in slouched return
 From random prowlings, brief sojourn
 As chance might prompt, the Jew they espy
 Coasting inquisitive the shore
 And frequent stooping. Ranging nigh,
 In hirsute hand a flint he bore—
 A flint, or stone, of smooth dull gloom:
 "A jewel? not asphaltum—no:
 Observe it, pray. Methinks in show
 'Tis like the flagging round that Tomb
 Ye celebrate."

30

Rolfe, glancing, said,
 "I err, or 'twas from Siddim's bed
 Or quarry here, those floor-stones came:
 'Tis Stone-of-Moses called, they vouch;
 The Arabs know it by that name."

"Moses? who's Moses?" Into pouch
 The lump he slipped; while wistful here
 Clarel in silence challenged Vine;
 But not responsive was Vine's cheer,
 Discharged of every meaning sign.

40

With motive, Rolfe the talk renewed:
 "Yes, here it was the cities stood
 That sank in reprobation. See,
 The scene and record well agree."

"Tut, tut—tut, tut. Of aqueous force,
 Vent igneous, a shake or so,
 One here perceives the sign—of course;
 All's mere geology, you know."

50

"Nay, how should one know that?"

"By sight,

Touch, taste—all senses in assent
 Of common sense their parliament.
 Judge now; this lake, with outlet none
 And into which five streams discharge
 From south; which east and west is shown
 Walled in by Alps along the marge;
 North, in this lake, the waters end
 Of Jordan—end here, or dilate
 Rather, and so evaporate
 From surface. But do you attend?”

60

“Most teachably.”

“Well, now: assume

This lake was formed, even as they tell,
 Then first when the Five Cities fell;
 Where, I demand, ere yet that doom,
 Where emptied Jordan?”

“Who can say?”

70

Not I.”

“No, none. A point I make:
 Coeval are the stream and lake!
 I say no more.”

As came that close

A hideous hee-haw horrible rose,
 Rebounded in unearthly sort
 From shore to shore, as if retort
 From all the damned in Sodom's Sea
 Out brayed at him. “Just God, what's that?”
 “The ass,” breathed Vine, with tropic eye
 Freakishly impish, nor less shy;
 Then, distant as before, he sat.

80

Anew Rolfe turned toward Margoth then;
 “May not these levels high and low
 Have undergone derangement when
 The cities met their overthrow?
 Or say there was a lake at first—
 A supposition not reversed
 By Writ—a lake enlarged through doom
 Which overtook the cities? Come!”—

90

The Jew, recovering from decline
 Arising from late asinine
 Applause, replied hereto in way
 Eliciting from Rolfe—"Delay:
 What knowest thou? or what know I?
 Suspect you may ere yet you die
 Or afterward perchance may learn,
 That Moses' God is no mere Pam
 With painted clubs, but true I AM."

100

"Hog-Latin," was the quick return;
 "Plague on that ass!" for here again
 Brake in the pestilent refrain.

Meanwhile, as if in a dissent
 Not bordering their element,
 Vine kept his place, aloof in air.
 They could but part and leave him there;
 The Hebrew railing as they went—
 "Of all the dolorous dull men!
 He's like a poor nun's pining hen.
 And *me* too: should I let it pass?
 Ass? did he say it was the ass?"
 Hereat, timed like the clerk's *Amen*
 Yet once more did the hee-haw free
 Come in with new alacrity.

110

Vine tarried; and with fitful hand
 Took bits of dead drift from the sand
 And flung them to the wave, as one
 Whose race of thought long since was run—
 For whom the spots enlarge that blot the golden sun.

120

xxxiv

MORTMAIN REAPPEARS

While now at poise the wings of shade
 Outstretched overhang each ridge and glade,
 Mortmain descends from Judah's height

Through sally-port of minor glens:
Against the background of black dens
Blacker the figure glooms enhanced.

Relieved from anxious fears, the group
In friendliness would have advanced
To greet, but shrank or fell adroop.

Like Hecla ice inveined with marl 10
And frozen cinders showed his face
Rigid and darkened. Shunning parole
He seated him aloof in place,
Hands clasped about the knees drawn up
As round the cask the binding hoop—
Condensed in self, or like a seer
Unconscious of each object near,
While yet, informed, the nerve may reach
Like wire under wave to furthest beach.

By what brook Cherith had he been, 20
Watching it shrivel from the scene—
Or voice aerial had heard,
That now he murmured the wild word;
“But, hector’d by the impious years,
What god invoke, for leave to unveil
That gulf whither tend these modern fears,
And deeps over which men crowd the sail?”

Up, as possessed, he rose anon,
And crying to the beach went down:
“Repent! repent in every land 30
Or hell’s hot kingdom is at hand!

Yea, yea,
In pause of the artillery’s boom,
While now the armed world holds its own,
The comet peers, the star dips down;
Flicker the lamps in Syria’s tomb,
While Anti-Christ and Atheist set
On Anarch the red coronet!”

“Mad John,” sighed Rolfe, “dost there betray
The dire *Vox Clamans* of our day?” 40

“Why heed him?” Derwent breathed: “alas!
 Let him alone, and it will pass.—
 What would he now?” Before the bay
 Low bowed he there, with hand addressed
 To scoop. “Unhappy, hadst thou best?”
 Djalea it was; then calling low
 Unto a Bethlehemite whose brow
 Was wrinkled like the bat’s shrunk hide—
 “Your salt-song, Beltha: warn and chide.”

“Would ye know what bitter drink
 They gave to Christ upon the Tree?
 Sip the wave that laps the brink
 Of Siddim: taste, and God keep ye!
 It drains the hills where alum’s hid—
 Drains the rock-salt’s ancient bed;
 Hither unto basin fall
 The torrents from the steepes of gall—
 Here is Hades’ water-shed.
 Sinner, would ye that your soul
 Bitter were and like the pool?
 Sip the Sodom waters dead;
 But never from thy heart shall haste
 The Marah—yea, the after-taste.”

50

60

He closed.—Arrested as he stooped,
 Did Mortmain his pale hand recall?
 No; undeterred the wave he scooped,
 And tried it—madly tried the gall.

XXXV

PRELUSIVE

In Piranezi’s rarer prints,
 Interiors measurelessly strange,
 Where the distrustful thought may range
 Misgiving still—what mean the hints?

Stairs upon stairs which dim ascend
 In series from plunged Bastiles drear—
 Pit under pit; long tier on tier
 Of shadowed galleries which impend
 Over cloisters, cloisters without end;
 The height, the depth—the far, the near;
 Ring-bolts to pillars in vaulted lanes,
 And dragging Rhadamanthine chains;
 These less of wizard influence lend
 Than some allusive chambers closed.

10

Those wards of hush are not disposed
 In gibe of goblin fantasy—
 Grimace—unclean diablery:
 Thy wings, Imagination, span
 Ideal truth in fable's seat:
 The thing implied is one with man,
 His penetralia of retreat—
 The heart, with labyrinths replete:
 In freaks of intimation see
 Paul's "mystery of iniquity:"
 Involved indeed, a blur of dream;
 As, awed by scruple and restricted
 In first design, or interdicted
 By fate and warnings as might seem;
 The inventor miraged all the maze,
 Obscured it with prudential haze;
 Nor less, if subject unto question,
 The egg left, egg of the suggestion.

20

30

Dwell on those etchings in the night,
 Those touches bitten in the steel
 By aqua-fortis, till ye feel
 The Pauline text in gray of light;
 Turn hither then and read aright.

For ye who green or gray retain
 Childhood's illusion, or but feign;
 As bride and suite let pass a bier—
 So pass the coming canto here.

40

xxxvi

SODOM

Full night. The moon has yet to rise;
 The air oppresses, and the skies
 Reveal beyond the lake afar
 One solitary tawny star—
 Complexioned so by vapors dim,
 Whereof some hang above the brim
 And nearer waters of the lake,
 Whose bubbling air-beads mount and break
 As charged with breath of things alive.

In talk about the Cities Five 10
 Engulfed, on beach they linger late.
 And he, the quaffer of the brine,
 Puckered with that heart-wizening wine
 Of bitterness, among them sate
 Upon a camel's skull, late dragged
 From forth the wave, the eye-pits slugged
 With crusted salt.—“What star is yon?”
 And pointed to that single one
 Befogged above the sea afar.
 “It might be Mars, so red it shines,” 20
 One answered; “duskily it pines
 In this strange mist.” — “It is the star
 Called Wormwood. Some hearts die in thrall
 Of waters which yon star makes gall;”
 And, lapsing, turned, and made review
 Of what that wickedness might be
 Which down on these ill precincts drew
 The flood, the fire; put forth new plea,
 Which not with Writ might disagree;
 Urged that those malefactors stood 30
 Guilty of sins scarce scored as crimes
 In any statute known, or code—
 Nor now, nor in the former times:

Things hard to prove: decorum's wile,
 Malice discreet, judicious guile;
 Good done with ill intent—reversed:
 Best deeds designed to serve the worst;
 And hate which under life's fair hue
 Prowls like the shark in sunned Pacific blue.

He paused, and under stress did bow, 40
 Lank hands enlocked across the brow.

“Nay, nay, thou sea,
 ’Twas not all carnal harlotry,
 But sins refined, crimes of the spirit,
 Helped earn that doom ye here inherit:
 Doom well imposed, though sharp and dread,
 In some god's reign, some god long fled.—
 Thou gaseous puff of mineral breath
 Mephitical; thou swooning flaw
 That fann'st me from this pond of death; 50
 Wert thou that venomous small thing
 Which tickled with the poisoned straw?
 Thou, stronger, but who yet couldst start
 Shrinking with sympathetic sting,
 While willing the uncompunctious dart!
 Ah, ghosts of Sodom, how ye thrill
 About me in this peccant air,
 Conjuring yet to spare, but spare!
 Fie, fie, that didst in formal will
 Plot piously the posthumous snare. 60
 And thou, the mud-flow—evil mass

Of surest-footed sluggishness
 Swamping the nobler breed—art there?
 Moan, Burke of kind heart: all's known
 To Him; with thy connivers, moan.—
 Sinners—expelled, transmuted souls
 Blown in these airs, or whirled in shoals
 Of gurgles which your gasps send up,
 Or on this crater marge and cup
 Slavered in slime, or puffed in stench— 70
 Not ever on the tavern bench

Ye lolled. Few dicers here, few sots,
 Few sluggards, and no idiots.
 'Tis *thou* who servedst Mammon's hate
 Or greed through forms which holy are—
 Black slaver steering by a star,
 'Tis *thou*—and all like thee in state.
 Who knew the world, yet varnished it;
 Who traded on the coast of crime
 Though landing not; who did outwit
 Justice, his brother, and the time—
 These, chiefly these, to doom submit.
 But who the manifold may tell?
 And sins there be inscrutable,
 Unutterable.”

80

Ending there
 He shrank, and like an osprey gray
 Peered on the wave. His hollow stare
 Marked then some smaller bubbles play
 In cluster silvery like spray:
 “Be these the beads on the wives’-wine,
 Tofana-brew?—O fair Medea—
 O soft man-eater, furry-fine:
 Oh, be thou Jael, be thou Leah—
 Unfathomably shallow!—No!
 Nearer the core than man can go
 Or Science get—nearer the slime
 Of nature’s rudiments and lime
 In chyle before the bone. Thee, thee,
 In thee the filmy cell is spun—
 The mould thou art of what men be:
 Events are all in thee begun—
 By thee, through thee!—Undo, undo,
 Prithee, undo, and still renew
 The fall forever!”

90

100

On his throne
 He lapsed; and muffled came the moan
 How multitudinous in sound,
 From Sodom’s wave. He glanced around:

They all had left him, one by one.
 Was it because he open threw
 The inmost to the outward view?
 Or did but pain at frenzied thought,
 Prompt to avoid him, since but naught
 In such case might remonstrance do?
 But none there ventured idle plea,
 Weak sneer, or fraudulent levity.

110

Two spirits, hovering in remove,
 Sad with inefficacious love,
 Here sighed debate: "Ah, Zoima, say;
 Be it far from me to impute a sin,
 But may a sinless nature win
 Those deeps he knows?"—"Sin shuns that way;
 Sin acts the sin, but flees the thought
 That sweeps the abyss that sin has wrought.
 Innocent be the heart and true—
 Howe'er it feed on bitter bread—
 That, venturous through the Evil led,
 Moves as along the ocean's bed
 Amid the dragon's staring crew."

120

130

xxxvii

OF TRADITIONS

Credit the Arab wizard lean,
 And still at favoring hour are seen
 (But not by Franks, whom doubts debar)
 Through waves the cities overthrown:
 Seboym and Segor, Aldemah,
 With two whereof the foul renown
 And syllables more widely reign.
 Astarte, worshiped on the Plain
 Ere Terah's day, her vigil keeps
 Devoted where her temple sleeps

10

Like moss within the agate's vein—
 A ruin in the lucid sea.
 The columns lie overlappingly—
 Slant, as in order smooth they slid
 Down the live slope. Her ray can bid
 Their beauty thrill along the lane
 Of tremulous silver. By the marge
 (If yet the Arab credence gain)
 At slack wave, when midsummer's glow
 Widens the shallows, statues show—
 He vouches; and will more enlarge
 On sculptured basins broad in span,
 With alum scurfed and alkatran.
 Nay, further—let who will, believe—
 As monks aver, on holy eve,
 Easter or John's, along the strand
 Shadows Corinthian wiles inweave:
 Voluptuous palaces expand,
 From whose moon-lighted colonnade
 Beckons Armida, deadly maid:
 Traditions; and their fountains run
 Beyond King Nine and Babylon.

20

30

But disenchanters grave maintain
 That in the time ere Sodom's fall
 'Twas shepherds here endured life's pain:
 Shepherds, and all was pastoral
 In Siddim; Abraham and Lot,
 Blanketed Bedouins of the plain;
 Sodom and her four daughters small—
 For Sodom held maternal reign—
 Poor little hamlets, such as dot
 The mountain-side and valley way
 Of Syria as she shows to-day;
 The East, where constancies indwell,
 Such hint may give: 'tis plausible.

40

Hereof the group—from Mortmain's blight
 Withdrawn where sands the beach embayed

And Nehemiah apart was laid—
Held curious discourse that night.
They chatted; but 'twas underrun
By heavier current. And anon,
After the meek one had retired
Under the tent, the thought transpired,
And Mortmain was the theme.

50

“If mad,

'Tis indignation at the bad,”
Said Rolfe; “most men somehow get used
To seeing evil, though not all
They see; 'tis sympathetic;
But never some are disabused
Of first impressions which appal.”

60

“There, there,” cried Derwent, “let it fall.

Assume that some are but so-so,
They'll be transfigured. Let suffice:
Dismas he dwells in Paradise.”

“Who?” “Dismas the Good Thief, you know.

Ay, and the Blest One shared the cup
With Judas; e'en let Judas sup
With him, at the Last Supper too.—
But see!”

70

It was the busy Jew
With chemic lamp aflame, by tent
Trying some shrewd experiment
With minerals secured that day,
Dead unctuous stones.

“Look how his ray,”

Said Rolfe, “too small for stars to heed,
Strange lights him, reason's sorcerer,
Poor Simon Magus run to seed.
And, yes, 'twas here—or else I err—
The legends claim, that into sea
The old magician flung his book
When life and lore he both forsook:
The evil spell yet lurks, may be.—

80

But yon strange orb—can be the moon?
 These vapors: and the waters swoon.”

Ere long the tent received them all;
 They slumber—wait the morning’s call.

xxxviii

THE SLEEP-WALKER

Now Nehemiah with wistful heart
 Much heed had given to myths which bore
 Upon that Pentateuchal shore;
 Him could the wilder legend thrill
 With credulous impulse, whose appeal,
 Oblique, touched on his Christian vein.
 Wakeful he bode. With throbbing brain
 O’erwrought by travel, long he lay
 In febrile musings, life’s decay,
 Begetting soon an ecstasy 10
 Wherein he saw arcade and fane
 And people moving in the deep;
 Strange hum he heard, and minstrel-sweep.
 Then, by that sleight each dreamer knows,
 Dream merged in dream: the city rose—
 Shrouded, it went up from the wave;
 Transfigured came down out of heaven
 Clad like a bride in splendor brave.
 There, through the streets, with purling sound
 Clear waters the clear agates lave, 20
 Opal and pearl in pebbles strown;
 The palaces with palms were crowned—
 The water-palaces each one;
 And from the fount of rivers shone
 Soft rays as of St. Martin’s sun;
 Last, dearer than ere Jason found,
 A fleece—the Fleece upon a throne!

And a great voice he hears which saith,
Pain is no more, no more is death;
I wipe away all tears: Come, ye,
Enter, it is eternity.

30

And happy souls, the saved and blest,
 Welcomed by angels and caressed,
 Hand linked in hand like lovers sweet,
 Festoons of tenderness complete—
 Roamed up and on, by orchards fair
 To bright ascents and mellower air;
 Thence, highest, toward the throne were led,
 And kissed, amid the sobbings shed
 Of faith fulfilled.—In magic play
 So to the meek one in the dream
 Appeared the New Jerusalem:
 Haven for which how many a day—
 In bed, afoot, or on the knee—
 He yearned: Would God I were in thee!

40

The visions changed and counterchanged—
 Blended and parted—distant ranged,
 And beckoned, beckoned him away.
 In sleep he rose; and none did wist
 When vanished this somnambulist.

50

xxxix

OBSEQUIES

The camel's skull upon the beach
 No more the sluggish waters reach—
 No more the languid waters lave;
 Not now they wander in and out
 Of those void chambers walled about—
 So dull the calm, so dead the wave.
 Above thick mist how pallid looms,

While the slurred day doth wanly break,
Ammon's long ridge beyond the lake.

Down to the shrouded margin comes 10
Lone Vine—and starts: not at the skull,
The camel's, for that bides the same
As when overnight 'twas Mortmain's stool.
But, nigh it—how *that* object name?
Slant on the shore, ground-curls of mist
Enfold it, as in amethyst
Subdued, small flames in dead of night
Lick the dumb back-log ashy white.
What is it?—paler than the pale
Pervading vapors, which so veil, 20
That some peak-tops are islanded
Baseless above the dull, dull bed
Of waters, which not e'en transmit
One ripple 'gainst the cheek of It.

The start which the discoverer gave
Was physical—scarce shocked the soul,
Since many a prior revery grave
Forearmed against alarm's control.
To him, indeed, each lapse and end
Meet—in harmonious method blend. 30
Lowly he murmured, "Here is balm:
Repose is snowed upon repose—
Sleep upon sleep; it is the calm
And incantation of the close."

The others, summoned to the spot,
Were staggered: Nehemiah? no!
The innocent and sinless—what!—
Pale lying like the Assyrian low?

The Swede stood by; nor after-taste
Extinct was of the liquid waste 40
Nor influence of that Wormwood Star
Whereof he spake. All overcast—

His genial spirits meeting jar—
 Derwent on no unfeeling plea
 Held back. Mortmain, relentless: "See:
 To view death on the bed—at ease—
 A dream, and draped; to minister
 To inheriting kin; to comfort *these*
 In chamber comfortable:—*here*
 The elements all that unsay!
 The first man dies. Thus Abel lay."

50

The sad priest, rightly to be read
 Scarce hoping—pained, dispirited—
 Was dumb. And Mortmain went aside
 In thrill by only Vine espied:
 Alas (thought Vine) thou bitter Swede,
 Into thine armor dost thou bleed?

Intent but poised, the Druze looked on:
 "The sheath: the sword?"

"Ah, whither gone?"

60

Clarel, and bowed him there and kneeled:
 "Whither art gone? thou friendliest mind
 Unfriended—what friend now shalt find?
 Robin or raven, hath God a bird
 To come and strew thee, lone interred,
 With leaves, when here left far behind?"

"He's gone," the Jew; "czars, stars must go
 Or change! All's chemistry. Aye so."—
 "*Resurget*"—faintly Derwent there.
 "*In pace*"—Vine, nor more would dare.

70

Rolfe in his reaching heart did win
 Prelude remote, yet gathering in:
 "Moist, moist with sobs and balsam shed—
 Warm tears, cold odors from the urn—
 They hearsed in heathen Rome their dead
 Nor hopeful of the soul's return.
 Embracing them, in marble set,

The mimic gates of Orcus met—
 The Pluto-bolt, the fatal one
 Wreathed over by the hung festoon. 80
 How fare we *now*? But were it clear
 In nature or in lore devout
 That parted souls live on in cheer,
 Gladness would be—shut pathos out.
 His poor thin life: the end? no more?
 The end here by the Dead Sea shore?
 He turned him, as awaiting nod
 Or answer from earth, air, or skies;
 But be it ether or the clod,
 The elements yield no replies. 90
 Cross-legged on a cindery height,
 Belex, the fatalist, smoked on.
 Slow whiffs; and then, "It needs be done:
 Come, beach the loins there, Bethlehemite."—

 Inside a hollow free from stone
 With camel-ribs they scooped a trench;
 And Derwent, rallying from blench
 Of Mortmain's brow, and nothing loath
 Tacit to vindicate the cloth,
 Craved they would bring to him the Book, 100
 Now ownerless. The same he took,
 And thence had culled brief service meet,
 But closed, reminded of the psalm
 Heard when the salt fog shrunk the palm—
 They wending toward these waters' seat—
 Raised by the saint, as e'en it lent
 A voice to low presentiment:
 Naught better might one here repeat:

*"Though through the valley of the shade
 I pass, no evil do I fear;
 His candle shineth on my head:
 Lo, he is with me, even here."* 110

That o'er, they kneeled—with foreheads bare
Bowed as he made the burial prayer.
Even Margoth bent him; but 'twas so
As some hard salt at sea will do
Holding the narrow plank that bears
The shotted hammock, while brief prayers
Are by the master read mid war
Relentless of wild elements—
The sleet congealing on the spar:
It was a sulking reverence.

120

The body now the Arabs placed
Within the grave, and then with haste
Had covered, but for Rolfe's restraint:
"The Book!"—The Bible of the saint—
With that the relics there he graced,
Yea, put it in the hand: "Since now
The last long journey thou dost go,
Why part thee from thy friend and guide!
And better guide who knoweth? Bide."

130

They closed. And came a rush, a roar—
Aloof, but growing more and more,
Nearer and nearer. They invoke
The long Judaic range, the height
Of nearer mountains hid from sight
By the blind mist. Nor spark nor smoke
Of that plunged wake their eyes might see;
But, hoarse in hubbub, horribly,
With all its retinue around—
Flints, dust, and showers of splintered stone,
An avalanche of rock down tore,
In somerset from each rebound—
Thud upon thump—down, down and down—
And landed. Lull. Then shore to shore
Rolled the deep echo, fold on fold,
Which, so reverberated, bowled
And bowled far down the long El Ghor.

140

They turn; and, in that silence sealed,
What works there from behind the veil?
A counter object is revealed—
A thing of heaven, and yet how frail:
Up in thin mist above the sea
Humid is formed, and noiselessly,
The fog-bow: segment of an oval
Set in a colorless removal
Against a vertical shaft, or slight
Slim pencil of an aqueous light.
Suspended there, the segment hung
Like to the May-wreath that is swung
Against the pole. It showed half spent—
Hovered and trembled, paled away, and—went.

150

160

END OF PART II

PART III

MAR SABA

PART III
MAR SABA

i

IN THE MOUNTAIN

What reveries be in yonder heaven
Whither, if yet faith rule it so,
The tried and ransomed natures flow?
If there peace after strife be given
Shall hearts remember yet and know?
Thy vista, Lord, of havens dear,
May that in such entrancement bind
That never starts a wandering tear
For wail and willow left behind?
Then wherefore, chaplet, quivering throw 10
A dusk e'en on the martyr's brow
You crown? Do seraphim shed balm
At last on all of earnest mind,
Unworldly yearners, nor the palm
Awarded St. Teresa, ban
To Leopardi, Obermann?
Translated where the anthem's sung
Beyond the thunder, in a strain
Whose harmony unwinds and solves
Each mystery that life involves; 20
There shall the Tree whereon He hung,
The olive wood, leaf out again—
Again leaf out, and endless reign
Type of the peace that buds from sinless pain?

Exhalings! Tending toward the skies
By nautral law, from heart they rise

Of one there by the moundless bed
 Where stones they roll to feet and head;
 Then mount, and fall behind the guard
 And so away.

30

But whitherward?

'Tis the high desert, sultry Alp
 Which suns decay, which lightnings scalp.
 For now, to round the waste in large,
 Christ's Tomb re-win by Saba's marge
 Of grots and ossuary cells,
 And Bethlehem where remembrance dwells—
 From Sodom in her pit dismayed
 Westward they wheel, and there invade
 Judah's main ridge, which horrors deaden—
 Where Chaos holds the wilds in pawn,
 As here had happed an Armageddon,
 Betwixt the good and ill a fray,
 But ending in a battle drawn,
 Victory undetermined. Nay,
 For how an indecisive day
 When one side camps upon the ground
 Contested.

40

Ere enlocked in bound

They enter where the ridge is riven,
 A look, one natural look is given
 Toward Margoth and his henchmen twain,
 Dwindling to ants far off upon the plain.

50

"So fade men from each other!—Jew,
 We do forgive thee now thy scoff,
 Now that thou dim recedest off
 Forever. Fair hap to thee, Jew:
 Consolator whom thou disownest
 Attend thee in last hour lonest!"

Rolfe, gazing, could not all repress
 That utterance; and more or less,
 Albeit they left it undeclared,
 The others in the feeling shared.

60

They turn, and enter now the pass
Wherein, all unredeemed by weeds,
Trees, moss, the winding cornice leads
For road along the calcined mass
Of aged mountain. Slow they urge
Sidelong their way betwixt the wall
And flanked abyss. They hark the fall 70
Of stones, hoof-loosened, down the crags:
The crumblings note they of the verge.
In rear one strange steed timid lags:
On foot an Arab goes before
And coaxes him to steepy shore
Of scooped-out gulfs, would halt him there:
Back shrinks the foal with snort and glare.
Then downward from the giddy brim
They peep; but hardly may they tell
If the black gulf affrighted him 80
Or lingering scent he caught in air
From relics in mid lodgment placed,
Now first perceived within the dell—
Two human skeletons inlaced
In grapple as alive they fell,
Or so disposed in overthrow,
As to suggest encounter so.
A ticklish rim, an imminent pass
For quarrel; and blood-feud, alas,
The Arab keeps, and where or when, 90
Cain meeting Abel, closes then.

That desert's age the gorge may prove,
Piercing profound the mountain bare;
Yet hardly churned out in the groove
By a perennial wear and tear
Of floods; nay, dry it shows within;
But twice a year the waters flow,
Nor then in tide, but dribbling thin:
Avers Mar Saba's abbot so.
Nor less perchance before the day 100
When Joshua met the tribes in fray,

What wave here ran though leafy scene
Like uplands in Vermont the green;
What sylvan folk by mountain-base
Descrying showers about the crown
Of woods, foreknew the freshet's race
Quick to descend in torrent down;
And watched for it, and hailed in glee,
Then rode the comb of freshet wild,
As peaked upon the roller free
With gulls for mates, the Maldives' merry child.
Or, earlier yet, could be a day,
In time's first youth and pristine May
When here the hunter stood alone—
Moccasined Nimrod, belted Boone;
And down the tube of fringed ravine
Siddim descried, a lilied scene?
But crime and earthquake, throes and war;
And heaven remands the flower and star.

110

 Aside they turn, and leave that gorge,
And slant upon the mountain long,
And toward a ledge they toilsome urge
High over Siddim, and overhung
By loftier crags. In spirals curled
And pearly nothings buoyant whirled,
Eddies of exhalations light,
As over lime-kilns, swim in sight.
The fog dispersed, those vapors show
Diurnal from the waters won
By the athirst demanding sun—
Recalling text of Scripture so;
For on the morn which followed rain
Of fire, when Abraham looked again,
The smoke went up from all the plain.
Their mount of vision, voiceless, bare,
It is that ridge, the desert's own,
Which by its dead Medusa stare
Petrific o'er the valley thrown,
Congeals Arabia into stone.

120

130

With dull metallic glint, the sea
 Slumbers beneath the silent lee
 Of sulphurous hills. These stretch away
 Toward wilds of Kadesh Barnea,
 And Zin the waste.

140

In pale regard
 Intent the Swede turned thitherward:

“God came from Teman; in His hour
 The Holy One from Paran came;
 They knew Him not; He hid His power
 Within the forking of the flame,
 Within the thunder and the roll.

150

Imperious in its swift control,
 The lion’s instantaneous lick
 Not more effaces to the quick
 Than His fierce indignation then.
 Look! for His wake is here. O men,
 Since Science can so much explode,
 Evaporated is this God?—

Recall the red year Forty-Eight:
 He storms in Paris; thence divides;
 The menace scarce outspeeds the fate:
 He’s over the Rhine—He’s at Berlin—
 At Munich—Dresden—fires Vien;
 He’s over the Alps—the whirlwind rides
 In Rome; London’s alert—the Czar:
 The portent and the fact of war,
 And terror that into hate subsides.

160

There, through His instruments made known,
 Including Atheist and his tribes,
 Behold the prophet’s marching One,
 He at whose coming Midian shook—
 The God, the striding God of Habakkuk.”

170

Distempered! Nor might passion tire,
 Nor pale reaction from it quell
 The craze of grief’s intolerant fire
 Unwearied and unwearable.

ii

THE CARPENTER

From vehemence too mad to stem
 Fain would they turn and solace them.
 Turn where they may they find a dart.
 For while recumbent here they view,
 Beneath them spread, the seats malign,
 Nehemiah recurs—in last recline
 A hermit there. And some renew
 Their wonderment at such a heart
 Single in life—in death, how far apart!
 That life they question, seek a clew:
 Those virtues which his meekness knew,
 Marked these indeed but wreckful wane
 Of strength, or the organic man?
 The hardy hemlock, if subdued,
 Decays to violets in the wood,
 Which put forth from the sodden stem:
 His virtues, might they breed like them?

10

Nor less that tale by Rolfe narrated
 (Thrown out some theory to achieve),
 Erewhile upon Mount Olivet,
 That sea-tale of the master fated;
 Not wholly might it here receive
 An application such as met
 The case. It needed something more
 Or else, to penetrate the core.

20

But Clarel—made remindful so
 Of bygone things which death can show
 In kindled meaning—here revealed
 That once Nehemiah his lips unsealed
 (How prompted he could not recall)
 In story which seemed rambling all,
 And yet, in him, not quite amiss.
 In pointed version it was this:

30

A gentle wight of Jesu's trade,

A carpenter, for years had made
His living in a quiet dell,
And toiled and ate and slept alone,
Esteemed a harmless witless one.
Had I a friend thought he, 'twere well.
A friend he made, and through device 40
Of jobbing for him without price.
But on a day there came a word—
A word unblest, a blow abhorred.
Thereafter, in the mid of night,
When from the rafter and the joist
The insect ticked; and he, lone sprite,
How wakeful lay, what word was voiced?
Me love; fear only man. And he—
He willed what seemed too strange to be:
The hamlet marveled and the glade: 50
Interring him within his house,
He there his monastery made,
And grew familiar with the mouse.
Down to the beggar who might sing,
Alms, silent alms, unseen he'd fling,
And cakes to children. But no more
Abroad he went, till spent and gray,
Feet foremost he was borne away.

As when upon a misty shore
The watchful seaman marks a light 60
Blurred by the fog, uncertain quite;
And thereto instant turns the glass
And studies it, and thinks it o'er
By compass: Is't the cape we pass?
So Rolfe from Clarel's mention caught
Food for an eagerness of thought:
"It bears, it bears; such things may be:
Shut from the busy world's pell-mell
And man's aggressive energy—
In cloistral Palestine to dwell 70
And pace the stone!"

And Mortmain heard,
 Attesting; more his look did tell
 Than comment of a bitter word.
 Meantime the ass, high o'er the bed
 Late scooped by Siddim's borders there—
 As stupefied by brute despair,
 Motionless hung the earthward head.

iii

OF THE MANY MANSIONS

"The Elysium of the Greek was given
 By haughty bards, a hero-heaven;
 No victim looked for solace there:
 The marble gate disowned the plea—
Ye heavy laden, come to me.
 Nor Fortune's Isles, nor Tempe's dale
 Nor Araby the Blest did bear
 A saving balm—might not avail
 To lull one pang, one lot repair.
 Dreams, narrow dreams; nor of a kind
 Showing inventiveness of mind
 Beyond our earth. But oh! 'twas rare,
 In world like this, the world we know
 (Sole know, and reason from) to dare
 To pledge indemnifying good
 In worlds not known; boldly avow,
 Against experience, the brood
 Of Christian hopes."

10

So Rolfe, and sat
 Clouded. But, changing, up he gat:
 "Whence sprang the vision? They who freeze,
 On earth here, under want or wrong;
 The Sermon on the Mount shall these
 Find verified? is love so strong?
 Or bounds are hers, that Python mars

20

Your gentler influence, ye stars?
If so, how seem they given o'er
To worse than Circe's fooling spell;
Enslaved, degraded, tractable
To each mean atheist's crafty power. 30
So winning in enthusiast plea
Here may the Gospel but the more
Operate like a perfidy?"

"So worldlings deem," the Swede in glow;
"Much so they deem; or, if not so,
Hereon they act. But what said he,
The Jew whose feet the blisters know,
To Christ as sore He trailed the Tree
Toward Golgotha: 'Ha, is it *Thou*,
The king, the god? Well then, be strong: 40
No royal steed with galls is wrung:
That's for the hack.' There he but hurled
The scoff of Nature and the World,
Those monstrous twins." It jarred the nerve
Of Derwent, but he masked the thrill.
For Vine, he kindled, sitting still;
Respected he the Swede's wild will
As did the Swede Vine's ruled reserve.

Mortmain went on: "We've touched a theme
From which the club and lyceum swerve, 50
Nor Herr von Goethe would esteem;
And yet of such compulsive worth,
It dragged a god here down to earth,
As some account. And, truth to say,
Religion oft-times, one may deem,
Is man's appeal from fellow-clay:
Thibetan faith implies the extreme—
That death emancipates the good,
Absorbs them into deity,
Dropping the wicked into bestialhood." 60

With that for text to revery due,
In lifted waste, on ashy ground

Like Job's pale group, without a sound
 They sat. But hark! what strains ensue
 Voiced from the crags above their view?

iv

THE CYPRIOTE

"Noble gods at the board
 Where lord unto lord
 Light pushes the care-killing wine:
 Urbane in their pleasure,
 Superb in their leisure—
 Lax ease—
 Lax ease after labor divin!

"Golden ages eternal,
 Autumnal, supernal,
 Deep mellow their temper serene: 10
 The rose by their gate
 Shall it yield unto fate?
 They are gods—
 They are gods and their garlands keep green.

"Ever blandly adore them;
 But spare to implore them:
 They rest, they discharge them from time;
 Yet believe, light believe
 They would succor, relieve—
 Nay, retrieve— 20
 Might but revelers pause in the prime!"

"Who sings?" cried Rolfe; "dare say no Quaker:
 Fine song o'er funeral Siddim here:
 So, mindless of the undertaker,
 In cage above her mistress' bier
 The gold canary chirps. What cheer?"

Who comes?"

"Ay, welcome as the drums

Of marching allies unto men

Beleaguered—comes, who hymning comes—

30

What rescuer, what Delian?"

So Derwent, and with quick remove

Scaling the rock which hemmed their cove

He thence descried where higher yet

A traveler came, by cliffs beset,

Descending, and where terrors met.

Nor Orpheus of heavenly seed

Adown thrilled Hades' gorges singing,

About him personally flinging

The bloom transmitted from the mead;

40

In listening ghost such thoughts could breed

As did the vocal stranger here

In Mortmain, where relaxed he lay

Under that voice from other sphere

And carol laughing at the clay.

Nearer the minstrel drew. How fair

And light he leaned with easeful air

Backward in saddle, so to frame

A counterpoise as down he came.

Against the dolorous mountain-side

50

His Phrygian cap in scarlet pride

Burned like a cardinal-flower in glen.

And after him, in trappings paced

His escort armed, three goodly men.

Observing now the other train,

He halted. Young he was, and graced

With fortunate aspect, such as draws

Hearts to good will by natural laws.

No furtive scrutiny he made,

But frankly flung salute, and said:

60

"Well met in desert! Hear my song?"

"Indeed we did," cried Derwent boon.

"And wondered where you got that tune,"

Rolfe added there. "Oh, brought along

From Cyprus; I'm a Cypriote,
 You see; one catches many a note
 Wafted from only heaven knows where."
 "And, pray, how name you it?" "The air?
 Why, hymn of Aristippus." "Ah:
 And whither wends your train?" "Not far;" 70
 And sidelong in the saddle free
 A thigh he lolled: "'Tis thus, you see:
 My dame beneath Our Lady's star
 Vowed in her need, to Saba's shrine
 Three flagons good for holy wine:
 Vowed, and through me performed. Even now
 I come from Saba, having done
 Her will, accomplishing the vow.
 But late I made a private one—
 Meant to surprise her with a present 80
 She'll value more than juicy pheasant,
 Good mother mine. Yes, here I go
 To Jordan, in desert there below,
 To dip this shroud for her." "Shroud, *shroud?*"
 Cried Derwent, following the hand
 In startled wonderment unfeigned,
 Which here a little tap bestowed
 In designation on a roll
 Strapped to the pommel; "Azrael's scroll!
 You do not mean you carry there 90
 A—a—" "The same; 'tis woven fair:

'My shroud is saintly linen,
 In lavender 'tis laid;
 I have chosen a bed by the marigold
 And supplied me a silver spade!' "

The priest gazed at the singer; then
 Turned his perplexed entreating ken
 Upon Djalea. But Rolfe explained:
 "I chance to know. Last year I gained
 The Jordan at the Easter tide, 100

And saw the Greeks in numbers there,
Men, women, blithe on every side,
Dipping their winding-sheets. With care
They bleach and fold and put away
And take home to await the day:

A custom of old precedent,
And curious too in mode 'tis kept,
Showing how under Christian sway
Greeks still retain their primal bent,
Nor let grave doctrine intercept
That gay Hellene lightheartedness
Which in the pagan years did twine
The funeral urn with fair caress
Of vintage holiday divine."

110

He turned him toward the Cypriote:
"Your courier, the forerunning note
Which ere we sighted you, we heard—
You're bold to trill it so, my bird."

"And why? It is a fluent song.

Though who they be I cannot say,
I trust their lordships think no wrong;
I do but trill it for the air;
'Tis anything as down we fare."

120

Enough; Rolfe let him have his way;
Yes, there he let the matter stay.
And so, with mutual good will shown,
They parted.

For *l'envoi* anon
They heard his lilting voice impel
Among the crags this versicle:

130

"With a rose in thy mouth
Through the world lightly veer:
Rose in the mouth
Makes a rose of the year!"

Then, after interval again,
But fainter, further in the strain:

“With the Prince of the South
 O’er the Styx bravely steer:
 Rose in the mouth
 And a wreath on the bier!”

140

Chord deeper now that touched within.
 Listening, they at each other look;
 Some charitable hope they brook,
 Yes, vague belief they fondly win
 That heaven would brim his happy years
 Nor time mature him into tears.

And Vine in heart of revery saith:
 Like any flute inspired with breath
 Pervasive, and which duly renders
 Unconscious in melodious play,
 Whate’er the light musician tenders;
 So warblest thou lay after lay
 Scarce self-derived; and (shroud before)
 Down goest singing toward Death’s Sea,
 Where lies aloof our pilgrim hoar
 In pit thou’lt pass. Ah, young to be!

150

V

THE HIGH DESERT

Where silence and the legend dwell,
 A cleft in Horeb is, they tell,
 Through which upon one happy day
 (The sun on his heraldic track
 Due sign having gained in Zodiac)
 A sunbeam darts, which slants away
 Through ancient carven oriel
 Or window in the Convent there,
 Illuming so with annual flush
 The somber vaulted chamber spare

10

Of Catherine's Chapel of the Bush—
The Burning Bush. Brief visitant,
It makes no lasting covenant;
It brings, but cannot leave, the ray.

To hearts which here the desert smote
So came, so went the Cypriote.

Derwent deep felt it; and, as fain
His prior spirits to regain;
Impatient too of scenes which led
To converse such as late was bred,
Moved to go on. But some declined.
So, for relief to heart which pined,
Belex he sought, by him sat down
In cordial ease upon a stone
Apart, and heard his stories free
Of Ibrahim's wild infantry.

20

The rest abide. To these there comes,
As down on Siddim's scene they peer,
The contrast of their vernal homes—
Field, orchard, and the harvest cheer.
At variance in their revery move
The spleen of nature and her love:
At variance, yet entangled too—
Like wrestlers. Here in apt review
They call to mind Abel and Cain—
Ormuzd involved with Ahriman
In deadly lock. Were those gods gone?
Or under other names lived on?
The theme they started. 'Twas averred
That, in old Gnostic pages blurred,
Jehovah was construed to be
Author of evil, yea, its god;
And Christ divine his contrary:
A god was held against a god,
But Christ revered alone. Herefrom,
If inference availeth aught
(For still the topic pressed they home)

30

40

The two-fold Testaments become
 Transmitters of Chaldaic thought
 By implication. If no more
 Those Gnostic heretics prevail
 Which shook the East from shore to shore,
 Their strife forgotten now and pale;
 Yet, with the sects, that old revolt
 Now reappears, if in assault
 Less frank: none say Jehovah's evil,
 None gainsay that he bears the rod;
 Scarce that; but there's dismissal civil,
 And Jesus is the indulgent God.
 This change, this dusking change that slips
 (Like the penumbra o'er the sun),
 Over the faith transmitted down;
 Foreshadows it complete eclipse?

50

60

Science and Faith, can these unite?
 Or is that priestly instinct right
 (Right as regards conserving still
 The Church's reign) whose strenuous will
 Made Galileo pale recite
 The Penitential Psalms in vest
 Of sackcloth; which to-day would blight
 Those potent solvents late expressed
 In laboratories of the West?

70

But in her Protestant repose
 Snores faith toward her mortal close?
 Nay, like a sachem petrified,
 Encaved found in the mountain-side,
 Perfect in feature, true in limb,
 Life's full similitude in him,
 Yet all mere stone—is faith dead *now*,
 A petrification? Grant it so,
 Then what's in store? what shapeless birth?
 Reveal the doom reserved for earth?
 How far may seas retiring go?

80

But, to redeem us, shall we say
 That faith, undying, does but range,

Casting the skin—the creed. In change
 Dead always does some creed delay—
 Dead, not interred, though hard upon
 Interment's brink? At St. Denis
 Where slept the Capets, sire and son, 90
 Eight centuries of lineal clay,
 On steps that led down into vault
 The prince inurned last made a halt,
 The coffin left they there, 'tis said,
 Till the inheritor was dead;
 Then, not till then 'twas laid away.
 But if no more the creeds be linked,
 If the long line's at last extinct,
 If time both creed and faith betray,
 Vesture and vested—yet again 100
 What interregnum or what reign
 Ensues? Or does a period come?
 The Sibyl's books lodged in the tomb?
 Shall endless time no more unfold
 Of truth at core? Some things discerned
 By the far Noahs of India old—
 Earth's first spectators, the clear-eyed
 Unvitiating, unfalsified
 Seers at first hand—shall these be learned
 Though late, even by the New World, say, 110
 Which now contemns?

But what shall stay
 The fever of advance? London immense
 Still wax for aye? A check: but whence?
 How of the teeming Prairie-Land?
 There shall the plenitude expand
 Unthinned, unawed? Or does it need
 Only that men should breed and breed
 To enrich those forces into play
 Which in past times could overshadow 120
 Pride at his proudest? Do they come,
 The locusts, only to the bloom?
 Prosperity sire them?

Thus they swept,
 Nor sequence held, consistent tone—
 Imagination wildering on
 Through vacant halls which faith once kept
 With ushers good.

Themselves thus lost,
 At settled hearts they wonder most. 130
 For those (they asked) who still adhere
 In homely habit's dull delay,
 To dreams dreamed out or passed away;
 Do these, our pagans, all appear
 Much like each poor and busy one
 Who when the Tartar took Pekin
 (If credence hearsay old may win),
 Knew not the fact—so vast the town
 The multitude, the maze, the din?

Still laggeth in deferred adieu 140
 The A. D. (Anno Domini)
 Overlapping into era new
 Even as the Roman A. U. C.
 Yet ran for time, regardless all
 That Christ was born, and after fall
 Of Rome itself?

But now our age,
 So infidel in equipage,
 While carrying still the Christian name—
 For all its self-asserted claim, 150
 How fares it, tell? Can the age stem
 Its own conclusions? is't a king
 Awed by his conquests which enring
 With menaces his diadem?
 Bright visions of the times to be—
 Must these recoil, ere long be cowed
 Before the march in league avowed
 Of Mammon and Democracy?

In one result whereto we tend 160
 Shall Science disappoint the hope,
 Yea, to confound us in the end,

New doors to superstition ope?

As years, as years and annals grow,
And action and reaction vie,
And never men attain, but know
How waves on waves forever die;
Does all more enigmatic show?

So they; and in the vain appeal
Persisted yet, as ever still
Blown back in sleet that blinds the eyes,
Not less the fervid Geysers rise.

170

Clarel meantime ungladdened bent
Regardful, and the more intent
For silence held. At whiles his eye
Lit on the Druze, reclined half prone,
The long pipe resting on the stone
And wreaths of vapor floating by—
The man and pipe in peace as one.
How clear the profile, clear and true;
And he so tawny. Bust ye view,
Antique, in alabaster brown,
Might show like that. There, all aside,
How passionless he took for bride
The calm—the calm, but not the dearth—
The dearth or waste; nor would he fall
In waste of words, that waste of all.

180

For Vine, from that unchristened earth
Bits he picked up of porous stone,
And crushed in fist: or one by one,
Through the dull void of desert air,
He tossed them into valley down;
Or pelted his own shadow there;
Nor sided he with anything:
By fits, indeed, he wakeful looked;
But, in the main, how ill he brooked
That weary length of arguing—

190

Like tale interminable told
 In Hades by some gossip old
 To while the never-ending night.
 Apart he went. Meantime, like kite
 On Sidon perched, which doth enfold,
 Slowly exact, the noiseless wing:
 Each wrinkled Arab Bethlehemite,
 Or trooper of the Arab ring,
 With look of Endor's withered sprite
 Slant peered on them from lateral height;
 While unperturbed over deserts riven,
 Stretched the clear vault of hollow heaven.

200

vi

DERWENT

At night upon the darkling main
 To ship return with muffled sound
 The rowers without comment vain—
 The messmate overboard not found:
 So, baffled in deep quest but late,
 These on the mountain.

But from chat

With Belex in campaigning mood,
 Derwent drew nigh. The sight of him
 Ruffled the Swede—evoked a whim
 Which took these words: "O, well bestowed!
 Hither and help us, man of God:
 Doctor of consolation, here!
 Be warned though: truth won't docile be
 To codes of good society."

10

Allowing for pain's bitter jeer,
 Or hearing but in part perchance,
 The comely cleric pilgrim came
 With what he might of suiting frame,
 And air approaching nonchalance;

20

And "How to serve you, friends?" he said.

"Ah, that!" cried Rolfe; "for we, misled,

We peer from brinks of all we know;

Our eyes are blurred against the haze:

Canst help us track in snow on snow

The footprint of the Ancient of Days?"

"Scarce without snow-shoes;" Derwent mild

In gravity; "But come; we've whiled

The time; up then, and let us go."

"Delay," said Mortmain; "stay, roseace: 30

What word is thine for sinking heart,

What is thy wont in such a case,

Who sends for thee to act thy part

Consoling—not in life's last hour

Indeed—but when some deprivation sore

Unnerves, and every hope lies flat?"

That troubled Derwent, for the tone

Brake into tremble unbeknown

E'en to the speaker. Down he sat

Beside them: "Well, if such one—nay! 40

But never yet such sent for me—

I mean, none in that last degree;

Assume it though: to him I'd say—

'The less in hand the more in store,

Dear friend.' No formula I'd trace,

But honest comfort face to face;

And, yes, with tonic strong I'd brace,

Closing with cheerful Paul in lore

Of text—*Rejoice ye evermore.*"

The Swede here of a sudden drooped, 50

A hump dropped on him, one would say;

He reached and some burnt gravel scooped,

Then stared down on the plain away.

The priest in fidget moved to part:

"Abide," said Mortmain with a start;

"Abide, for more I yet would know:

Is God an omnipresent God?

Is He in Siddim yonder? No?

If anywhere He's disavowed
 How think to shun the final schism—
 Blind elements, flat atheism?"

60

Whereto the priest: "Far let it be
 That ground where Durham's prelate stood
 Who saw no proof that God was good
 But only righteous.—Woe is me!
 These controversies. Oft I've said
 That never, never would I be led
 Into their maze of vanity.
 Behead me—rid me of pride's part
 And let me live but by the heart!"

70

"Hast proved thy heart? first prove it. Stay:
 The Bible, tell me, is it true,
 And thence deriv'st thy flattering view?"

But Derwent glanced aside, as vexed;
 Inly assured, nor less perplexed
 How to impart; and grieved too late
 At being drawn within the strait
 Of vexed discussion: nor quite free
 From ill conjecture, that the Swede,
 Though no dissembler, yet indeed
 Part played on him: "Why question me?
 Why pound the text? Ah, modern be,
 And share the truth's munificence.
 Look now, one reasons thus: Immense
 Is tropic India; hence she breeds
 Brahma tremendous, gods like seeds.
 The genial clime of Hellas gay
 Begat Apollo. Take that way;
 Nor query—Ramayana true?
 The Iliad?"

80

90

Mortmain nothing said,
 But lumped his limbs and sunk his head.

Then Rolfe to Derwent: "But the Jew:
 Since clime and country, as you own,
 So much effect, how with the Jew
 Herein?"

There Derwent sat him down

Afresh, well pleased and leisurely,

As one in favorite theory

Invoked: "That bondman from his doom 100

By Nile, and subsequent distress,

With punishment in wilderness,

Methinks he brought an added gloom

To nature here. Here church and state

He founded—would perpetuate

Exclusive and withdrawn. But no:

Advancing years prohibit rest;

All turns or alters for the best.

Time ran; and that expansive light

Of Greeks about the bordering sea, 110

Their happy genial spirits bright,

Wit, grace urbane, amenity

Contagious, and so hard to ban

By bigot law, or any plan;

These influences stole their way,

Affecting here and there a Jew;

Likewise the Magi tincture too

Derived from the Captivity:

Hence Hillel's fair reforming school,

Liberal gloss and leavening rule. 120

How then? could other issue be

At last but ferment and a change?

True, none recanted or dared range:

To Moses' law they yet did cling,

But some would fain have tempering—

In the bare place a bit of green.

And lo, an advent—the Essene,

Gentle and holy, meek, retired,

With virgin charity inspired:

Precursor, nay, a pledge, agree, 130

Of light to break from Galilee.

And, ay, He comes: the lilies blow!

In hamlet, field, and on the road,

To every man, in every mode

How did the crowning Teacher show
 His broad and blessed comity.
 I do avow He still doth seem
 Pontiff of optimists supreme!"

The Swede sat stone-like. Suddenly:
 "Leave thy carmine! From thorns the streak 140
 Ruddies enough that tortured cheek.
 'Twas Shaftesbury first assumed your tone,
 Trying to cheerfulize Christ's moan."

"Nay now," plead Derwent, earnest here,
 And in his eyes the forming tear;
 "But hear me, hear!"

"No more of it!"
 And rose. It was his passion-fit.
 The other changed; his pleasant cheer,
 Confronted by that aspect wild, 150
 Dropped like the flower from Ceres' child
 In Enna, seeing the pale brow
 Of Pluto dank from scud below.

Though by Gethsemane, where first
 Derwent encountered Mortmain's mien,
 Christian forbearance well he nursed,
 Allowing for distempered spleen;
Now all was altered, quite reversed—
 'Twas now as at the burial scene
 By Siddim's marge. And yet—and yet 160
 Was here a proof the priest had met
 His confutation? Hardly so
 (Mused Clarel) but he longed to know
 How it could be, that while the rest
 Contented scarce the splenetic Swede,
 They hardly so provoked the man
 To biting outburst unrepressed
 As did the cleric's gentle fan.

But had the student paid more heed
 To Derwent's look, he might have caught 170

Hints of reserves within the thought.
 Nor failed the priest ere all too late
 His patience here to vindicate.

vii

BELL AND CAIRN

"ELOI LAMA SABACHTHANI!"

And, swooning, strove no more.

Nor gone

For every heart, whate'er they say,
 The eclipse that cry of cries brought down,
 And clamors through the darkness blown.
 More wide for some it spreads in sway,
 Involves the lily of the Easter Day.

A chance word of the Swede in place—

Allusion to the anguished face, 10

Recalled to Clarel now the cry,

The ghost's reproachful litany.

Disturbed then, he apart would go;

And passed among the crags; and there,

Like David in Adullum's lair—

Could it be Vine, and quivering so?

'Twas Vine. He wore that nameless look

About the mouth—so hard to brook—

Which in the Cenci portrait shows,

Lost in each copy, oil or print; 20

Lost, or else slurred, as 'twere a hint

Which if received, few might sustain:

A trembling over of small throes

In weak swell'n lips, which to restrain

Desire is none, nor any rein.

Clarel recalled the garden's shade,

And Vine therein, with all that made

The estrangement in Gethsemane.

Reserves laid bare? and can it be?
The dock-yard forge's silent mound, 30
Played over by small nimble flame—
Raked open, lo, the anchor's found
In white-heat's alb.

With shrinking frame,
Grateful that he was unespied,
Clarel quite noiseless slipped aside:
Ill hour (thought he), an evil sign:
No more need dream of winning Vine
Or coming at his mystery.
O, lives which languish in the shade, 40
Puzzle and tease us, or upbraid;
What noteless confidant, may be,
Withholds the talisman, the key!
Or if indeed it run not so,
And he's above me where I cling;
Then how these higher natures know
Except in shadow from the wing?—

Hark! as in benison to all,
Borne on waste air in wasteful clime,
What swell on swell of mellowing chime, 50
Which every drooping pilgrim rallies;
How much unlike that ominous call
Pealed in the blast from Roncesvalles!
Was more than silver in this shell
By distance toned. What festival?
What feast? of Adam's kind, or fay?
Hark—no, not yet it dies away.

Where the sexton of the vaulted seas
Buries the drowned in weedy grave,
While tolls the buoy-bell down the breeze; 60
There, off the shoals of rainy wave
Outside the channel which they crave,
The sailors lost in shrouding mist,
Unto that muffled knelling list,
The more because for fogged remove

The floating belfry none may prove;
 So, yet with difference, do these
 Attend.

“Chimes, chimes? but whence? thou breeze;”
 Here Derwent; “convent none is near.”
 “Ay,” said the Druze, “but quick’s the ear
 In deep hush of the desert wide.”

70

“’Tis Saba calling; yea,” Rolfe cried,
 “Saba, Mar Saba summons us:
 O, hither, pilgrims, turn to me,
 Escape the desert perilous;
 Here’s refuge, hither unto me!”

A lateral lodgment won, they wheeled,
 And toward the abandoned ledge they glanced:
 Near, in the high void waste advanced,
 They saw, in turn abrupt revealed,
 An object reared aloof by Vine
 In whim of silence, when debate
 Was held upon the cliff but late
 And ended where all words decline:
 A heap of stones in arid state.

80

The cairn (thought Clarel), meant he—yes,
 A monument to barrenness?

viii

TENTS OF KEDAR

They climb. In Indian file they gain
 A sheeted blank white lifted plain—
 A moor of chalk, or slimy clay,
 With gluey track and streaky trail
 Of some small slug or torpid snail.
 With hooded brows against the sun,
 Man after man they labor on.

Corrupt and mortally intense,
 What fumes ere long pollute the sense?
 But, hark the flap and lumbering rise
 Of launching wing; see the gaunt size
 Of the ground-shadow thereby thrown.
 Behind a great and sheltering stone
 A camel, worn out, down had laid—
 Never to rise. 'Tis thence the kite
 Ascends, sails off in Tyreward flight.
 As 'twere Apollyon, angel bad,
 They watch him as he speeds away.

10

But Vine, in mere caprice of clay,
 Or else because a pride had birth
 Slighting high claims which vaunted be
 And favoring things of low degree—
 From heaven he turned him down to earth,
 Eagle to ass. She now, ahead
 Went riderless, with even tread
 And in official manner, sooth,
 For bell and cord she'd known in youth;
 Through mart and wild, bazaar and waste
 Preceding camels strung in train,
 Full often had the dwarf thing paced,
 Conductress of the caravan
 Of creatures tall. What meant Vine's glance
 Ironical here which impish ran
 In thievish way? O, world's advance:
 We wise limp after!

20

30

The cavalcade
 Anon file by a pit-like glade
 Clean scooped of last lean dregs of soil;
 Attesting in rude terraced stones
 The ancient husbandmen's hard toil—
 All now a valley of dry bones—
 In shape a hopper. 'Twas a sight
 So marked with dead, dead undelight,
 That Derwent half unconscious here

40

Stole a quick glance at Mortmain's face
To note how it received the cheer.
Whereat the moody man, with sting
Returned the imprudent glance apace—
Wayward retort all withering
Though wordless. Clarel looking on, 50
Saw there repeated the wild tone
Of that discountenancing late
In sequel to prolonged debate
Upon the mountain. And again
Puzzled, and earnest, less to know
What rasped the Swede in such a man
Than how indeed the priest could show
Such strange forbearance; ventured now
To put a question to him fair.
"Oh, oh," he answered, all his air 60
Recovered from the disarray;
"The shadow flung by Ebal's hill
On Gerizim, it cannot stay,
But passes. Ay, and ever still—
But don't you see the man is mad?
His fits he has; sad, sad, how sad!
Besides; but let me tell you now;
Do you read Greek? Well, long ago,
In stage when goslings try the wing,
And peacock-chicks would softly sing, 70
And roosters small essay to crow;
Reading Theocritus divine,
Envious I grew of all that charm
Where sweet and simple so entwine;
But I plucked up and won a balm:
Thought I, I'll beat him in his place:
If, in my verses, and what not,
If I can't have this pagan grace,
Still—nor alone in page I blot,
But all encounters that may be— 80
I'll make it up with Christian charity."

Another brink they win, and view
 Adown in faintly greenish hollow
 An oval camp of sable hue
 Pitched full across the track they follow
 Twelve tents of shaggy goat's wool dun.

"Ah, tents of Kedar may these be,"
 Cried Derwent; "named by Solomon
 In song? Black, but scarce comely, see.
 Whom have we here? The brood of Lot?"

90

"The oval seems his burial-plot,"
 Said Rolfe; "and, for his brood, these men—
 They rove perchance from Moab's den
 Or Ammon's. Belex here seems well
 To know them, and no doubt will tell."

The Spahi, not at all remiss
 In airing his Turk prejudice,
 Exclaimed: "Ay, sirs; and ill betide
 These Moabites and Ammonites
 Ferrying Jordan either side—
 Robbers and starvelings, mangy wights.
 Sirs, I will vouch one thing they do:
 Each year they harry Jericho
 In harvest; yet thereby they gain
 But meager, rusty spears of grain.
 What right have such black thieves to live?
 Much more to think here to receive
 Our toll? Just Allah! say the word,
 And——" here he signified with sword
 The rest, impatient of delay
 While yet on height at brink they stay,
 So bidden by Djalea, who slow
 Descends into the hopper low,
 Riding. "To parley with the knaves!"
 Cried Belex; "spur them down; that saves
 All trouble, sirs; 'twas Ibrahim's way;
 When, in the Lebanon one day
 We came upon a——"

100

110

"Pardon me,"

The priest; "but look how leisurely
 He enters; yes, and straight he goes
 To meet our friend with scowling brows,
 The warder in yon outlet, see,
 Holding his desert spear transverse,
 Bar-like, from sable hearse to hearse
 Of toll-gate tents. Foreboding ill,
 The woman calls there to her brood.
 But what's to fear! Ah, with good will
 They bustle in the war-like mood;
 Save us from those long fish-pole lances!
 Look, menacingly one advances;
 But he, our Druze, he mindeth none,
 But paces. So! they soften down.
 'Tis Zar, it is that dainty steed,
 High-bred fine equine lady brave,
 Of stock derived from long ago;
 'Tis she they now admiring heed,
 Picking her mincing way so grave,
 None jostling, grazing scarce a toe
 Of all the press. The sulky clan,
 Yes, make way for the mare—and man!
 There's homage!"

130

140

"Ay, ay," Belex said,
 "They'd like to steal her and retire:
 Her beauty is their heart's desire—
 Base jackals with their jades!"

Well sped

The Druze. The champion he nears
 Posted in outlet, keeping ward,
 Who, altering at that aspect, peers,
 And him needs own for natural lord.
 Though claiming kingship of the land
 He hesitates to make demand:
 Salute he yields. The Druze returns
 The salutation; nor he spurns
 To smoke with Ammon, but in way
 Not derogating—brief delay.

150

All solitary from the sky.

The herdsmen of Olympus lie
In summer when the eve is won
Viewing white Spermos lower down,
The mountain-convent; and winds bear
The chimes that bid the monks to prayer;
Nor man-of-war-hawk sole in sky
O'er lonely ship sends lonelier cry.

The Grand Chartreuse with crystal peaks
Mid pines—the wintry Paradise
Of soul which but a Saviour seeks—
The mountains round all slabbed with ice;
May well recall the founder true,
St. Bruno, who to heaven has gone
And proved his motto—that whereto
Each locked Carthusian yet adheres:
Troubled I was, but spake I none;
I kept in mind the eternal years.

20

And Vallambrosa—in, shut in;
And Montserrat—enisled aloft;
With many more the verse might win,
Solitudes all, austere or soft.

30

But Saba! Of retreats where heart
Longing for more than downy rest,
Fit place would find from world apart,
Saba abides the loneliest:
Saba, that with an eagle's theft
Seizeth and dwelleth in the cleft.

Aloof the monks their aerie keep,
Down from their hanging cells they peep
Like samphire-gatherers o'er the bay
Faint hearing there the hammering deep
Of surf that smites the ledges gray.

40

But up and down, from grot to shrine,
Along the gorge, hard by the brink
File the gowned monks in even line,

And never shrink!
 With litany or dirge they wend
 Where nature as in travail dwells;
 And the worn grots and pensive dells
 In wail for wail responses send—
 Echoes in plaintive syllables.

50

With mystic silvery brede divine,
 St. Basil's banner of Our Lord
 (In lieu of crucifix adored
 By Greeks which images decline)
 Stained with the five small wounds and red,
 Down through the darkling gulf is led—
 By night ofttimes, while tapers glow
 Small in the depths, as stars may show
 Reflected far in well profound.

60

Full fifteen hundred years have wound
 Since cenobite first harbored here;
 The bones of men, deemed martyrs crowned,
 To fossils turn in mountain near;
 Nor less while now lone scribe may write,
 Even now, in living dead of night,
 In Saba's lamps the flames aspire—
 The votaries tend the far-transmitted fire.

X

BEFORE THE GATE

'Tis Kedron, that profound ravine
 Whence Saba soars. And all between
 Zion and Saba one may stray,
 Sunk from the sun, through Kedron's way.
 By road more menacingly dead
 Than that which wins the convent's base
 No ghost to Tartarus is led.
 Through scuttle small, that keepeth place

In floor of cellars which impend—
Cellars or cloisters—men ascend
By ladder which the monks let down
And quick withdraw; and thence yet on
Higher and higher, flight by flight,
They mount from Erebus to light,
And off look, world-wide, much in tone
Of Uriel, warder in the sun,
Who serious views this earthly scene
Since Satan passed his guard and entered in.

10

But not by Kedron these now come
Who ride from Siddim; no, they roam
The roof of mountains—win the tall
Towers of Saba, and huge wall
Builded along the steep, and there
A postern with a door, full spare
Yet strong, a clamped and bucklered mass
Bolted. In waste whose king is Fear,
Sole port of refuge, it is here.
Strange (and it might repel, alas)
Fair haven's won by such a pass.
In London Tower the Traitors' Gate
Through which the guilty waters flow,
Looks not more grim. Yet shalt thou know,
If once thou enter, good estate.

20

30

Beneath these walls what frays have been,
What clash and outcry, sabers crossed
Pilgrim and Perizzite between;
And some have here given up the ghost
Before the gate in last despair.
Nor, for the most part, lacking fair
Sign manual from a mitred lord,
Admission shall that arch afford
To any.

40

Weary now the train
At eve halt by the gate and knock.
No answer. Belex shouts amain:
As well invoke the Pico Rock.

"Bide," breathes the Druze, and dropping rein,
He points. A wallet's lowered down
From under where a hood projects
High up the tower, a cowl of stone,
Wherefrom alert an eye inspects
All applicants, and unbeknown.
Djalea promptly from his vest
A missive draws, which duly placed
In budget, rises from the ground
And vanishes. So, without sound
Monks fish up to their donjon dark
The voucher from their Patriarch,
Even him who dwells in damask state
On Zion throned. Not long they wait:
The postern swings. Dismounting nigh,
The horses through the needle's eye,
That small and narrow gate, they lead.
But while low ducks each lofty steed,
Behold how through the crucial pass
Slips unabased the humble ass.
And so they all with clattering din
The stony fortress court-yard win.
There see them served, and bidden rest;
Horse, ass too, treated as a guest.
Friars tend as grooms. Yet others call
And lead them to the frater-hall
Cliff-hung. By monks the board is spread;
They break the monastery bread,
Moist'ning the same with Saba's wine,
Product of painful toil mid stones
In terraces, whose Bacchic zones
That desert gird. Olive and vine
To flinty places well incline,
Once crush the flint. Even so they fared,
So well for them the brethren cared.
Refection done, for grateful bed
Cool mats of dye sedate, were spread:
The lamps were looked to, freshly trimmed;

50

60

70

80

And last (at hint from mellow man
 Who seemed to know how all things ran,
 And who in place shall soon be hymned)
 A young monk-servant, slender-limbed,
 And of a comely countenance,
 Set out one flask of stature tall, 90
 Against men's needs medicinal,
 Travelers, subject to mischance;
 Devout then, and with aspect bright
 Invoked Mar Saba's blessing—bade good night.

He goes. But now in change of tune,
 Shall friar be followed by buffoon?
 Saba supply a Pantaloon?
 Wise largess of true license yield.
 Howe'er the river, winding round,
 May win an unexpected bound; 100
 The aim and destiny, unsealed
 In the first fount, hold unrepealed.

xi

THE BEAKER

“Life is not by square and line:
 Wisdom's stupid without folly:
 Sherbet to-day, to-morrow wine—
 Feather in cap and the world is jolly!”

So he, the aforesaid mellow man,
 Thrumming upon the table's span.
 Scarce audible except in air
 Mirth's modest overture seemed there.
 Nor less the pilgrims, folding wing,
 Weary, would now in slumber fall— 10
 Sleep, held for a superfluous thing
 By that free heart at home in hall.

And who was *he* so jovial?
 Purveyor, he some needful stores
 Supplied from Syrian towns and shores;
 And on his trips, dismissing care—
 His stores delivered all and told,
 Would rest awhile in Saba's fold.

Not broken he with fast and prayer:
 The leg did well plump out the sock;
 Nor young, nor old, but did enlock
 In reconciliation a bright cheek
 And fleecy beard; that cheek, in show,
 Arbutus flaked about with snow,
 Running-arbutus in Spring's freak
 Overtaken so. In Mytilene,
 Sappho and Phaon's Lesbos green,
 His home was, his lax Paradise,
 An island yet luxurious seen,
 Fruitful in all that can entice. 20 30

For chum he had a mountaineer,
 A giant man, beneath whose lee
 Lightly he bloomed, like pinks that cheer
 The base of tower where cannon be.
 That mountaineer the battle tans,
 An Arnaut of no mean degree,
 A lion of war, and drew descent
 Through dames heroic, from the tent
 Of Pyrrhus and those Epirot clans
 Which routed Rome. And, furthermore, 40
 In after-line enlinked he stood
 To Scanderbeg's Albanian brood,
 And Arslan, famous heretofore,
 The horse-tail pennon dyed in gore.

An Islamite he was by creed—
 In act, what fortune's chances breed:
 Attest the medal, vouch the scar—
 Had bled for Sultan, won for Czar;
 His psalter bugle was and drum,
 Any scorched rag his *Labarum*. 50

For time adherent of the Turk,
 In Saba's hold he sheathed his dirk,
 Waiting arrival of a troop
 Destined for some dragooning swoop
 On the wild tribes beyond the wave
 Of Jordan. Unconstrained though grave,
 Stalwart but agile, nobly tall,
 Complexion a burnt red, and all
 His carriage charged with courage high
 And devil-dare. A hawk's his eye.
 While, for the garb: a snow-white kilt
 Was background to his great sword-hilt:
 The waistcoat blue, with plates and chains
 Tarnished a bit with grapy stains;
 Oaches in silver rows: stout greaves
 Of leather: buskins thonged; light cloak
 Of broidered stuff Damascus weaves;
 And, scorched one side with powder smoke,
 A crimson Fez, bald as a skull
 Save for long tassel prodigal.
 Last, add hereto a blood-red sash,
 With dagger and pistol's silvery charms,
 And there you have this Arnaut rash,
 In zone of war—a trophy of arms.

60

70

While yet the monks stood by serene,
 He as to kill time, his moustache
 Adjusted in his scimeter's sheen;
 But when they made their mild adieu,
 Response he nodded, seemly too.
 And now, the last gowned friar gone,
 His heart of onslaught he toned down
 Into a solemn sort of grace,
 Each pilgrim looking full in face,
 As he should say: Why now, let's be
 Good comrades here to-night.

80

Grave plea

For brotherly love and jollity
 From such an arsenal of man,

A little strange seemed and remote.
 To bring it nearer—spice—promote—
 Nor mindless of some aspects wan,
 Lesbos, with fair engaging tone,
 Threw in some moral cinnamon:
 “Sir pilgrims, look; ’tis early yet;
 In evening arbor here forget
 The heat, the burden of the day.
 Life has its trials, sorrows—yes,
 I know—I feel; but blessedness
 Makes up. Ye’ve grieved the tender clay:
 Solace should now all that requite;
 ’Tis duty, sirs. And—by the way—
 Not vainly Anselm bade *good* night,
 For see!” and cheery on the board
 The flask he set.

90

100

“I and the sword,”
 The Arnaut said (and in a tone
 Of natural bass which startled one—
 Profound as the profound trombone)
 “I and the sword stand by the red.
 But this will pass, this molten ore
 Of yellow gold. Is there no more?”

110

“Trust wit for that,” the other said:
 “Purveyor, shall he not purvey?”
 And slid a panel, showing store
 Of cups and bottles in array.

“Then arms at ease, and ho, the bench!”
 It made the slender student blench
 To hark the jangling of the steel,
 Vibration of the floor to feel,
 Tremor through beams and bones which ran
 As that ripe masterpiece of man
 Plumped solid down upon the deal.

120

Derwent a little hung behind—
 Censorious not, nor disinclined,
 But with self-querying countenance,
 As if one of the cloth, perchance

Due bound should set, observe degree
In liberal play of social glee.

Through instinct of good fellow bright
His poise, as seemed, the Lesbian wight
Divined: and justly deeming here
The stage required a ripper cheer
Than that before—solicitous,
With bubbling cup in either hand,
Toward Derwent drew he, archly bland;
Then posed; and tunefully e'en thus:

130

“A shady rock, and trickling too,
Is good to meet in desert drear:
Prithee now, the beading here—
Beads of Saba, saintly dew:
Quaff it, sweetheart, I and you:
Quaff it, for thereby ye bless
Beadsmen here in wilderness.
Spite of sorrow, maugre sin,
Bless their larder and laud their bin:
Nor deem that here they vainly pine
Who toil for heaven and till the vine!”

140

He sings; and in the act of singing,
Near and more near one cup he's bringing,
Till by his genial sleight of hand
'Tis lodged in Derwent's, and—retained.

150

As lit by vintage sunset's hue
Which mellow warms the grapes that bleed,
In amber light the good man view;
Nor text of sanction lacked at need;
“At Cana, who renewed the wine?
Sourly did I this cup decline
(Which lo, I quaff, and not for food),
'Twould by an implication rude
Asperse that festival benign.—
We're brethren, ay!”

160

The lamps disclose

The Spahi, Arnaut, and the priest,
 With Rolfe and the not-of-Sharon Rose,
 Ranged at the board for family feast.

“But where’s Djalea?” the cleric cried;
 “ ’Tis royalty should here preside:”
 And looked about him. Truth to own,
 The Druze, his office having done
 And brought them into haven there,
 Discharged himself of further care
 Till the next start: the interim
 Accounting rightfully his own;
 And may be, heedful not to dim
 The escutcheon of an Emir’s son
 By any needless letting down.

170

The Lesbian who had Derwent served,
 Officiated for them all;
 And, as from man to man he swerved,
 Grotesque a bit of song let fall:

180

“The Mufti in park suburban
 Lies under a stone
 Surmounted serene by a turban
 Magnific—a marble one!”

So, man by man, with twinkling air,
 And cup and text of stanza fair:

“A Rabbi in Prague they muster
 In mound evermore
 Looking up at his monument’s cluster—
 A cluster of grapes of Noah!”

190

When all were served with wine and rhyme
 “Ho, comrade,” cried armed Og sublime,
 “Your singing makes the filling scant;
 The flask to me, let *me* decant.”
 With that, the host he played—brimmed up

And off-hand pushed the frequent cup;
 Flung out his thigh, and quaffed apace,
 Barbaric in his hardy grace;
 The while his haughty port did say,
 Who's here uncivilized, I pray?
 I know good customs: stint I ye?

Indeed (thought Rolfe), a man of mark,
 And makes a rare symposiarch;
 I like him; I'll e'en feel his grip.
 With that, in vinous fellowship
 Frank he put out his hand. In mood
 Of questionable brotherhood
 The slayer stared—anon construed
 The overture aright, and yet
 Not unreservedly he met
 The palm. Came it in sort too close?
 Was it embraces were for foes?

Rolfe, noting a fine color stir
 Flushing each happy reveler,
 Now leaned back, with this ditty wee:

“The Mountain-Ash
 And Sumach fine,
 Tipplers of summer,
 Betray the wine
 In autumn leaf
 Of vermil flame:
 Bramble and Thorn
 Cry—Fie, for shame!”

Mortmain aloof and single sat—
 In range with Rolfe, as viewed from mat
 Where Vine reposed, observing there
 That these in contour of the head
 And goodly profile made a pair,
 Though one looked like a statue dead.
 Methinks (mused Vine), 'tis Ahab's court

And yon the Tishbite; he'll consort
Not long, but Kedron seek. It proved
Even so: the desert-heart removed.

But he of bins, whose wakeful eye
On him had fixed, and followed sly
Until the shadow left the door,
Turned short, and tristful visage wore
In quaint appeal. A shrug; and then
"Beseech ye now, ye friendly men,
Who's *he*—a cup, pray;—O, my faith!
That funeral cap of his means death
To all good fellowship in feast.
Mad, say he's mad!"

240

Awhile the priest
And Rolfe, reminded here in heart
Of more than well they might impart,
Uneasy sat. But this went by:
Ill sort some truths with revelry.—

The giant plied the flask. For Vine
Relaxed he viewed nor spurned the wine,
But humorously moralized
On those five souls imparadised
For term how brief; well pleased to scan
The Mytilene, the juicy man.
Earth—of the earth (thought Vine) well, well,
So's a fresh turf, but good the smell,
Yes, deemed by some medicinal—
Most too if damped with wine of Xeres
And snuffed at when the spirit wearies.
I have it under strong advising
'Tis good at whiles this sensualizing;
Would I could joy in it myself;
But no!—

250

260

For Derwent, he, light elf,
Not vainly stifling recent fret,
Under the table his two knees
Pushed deeper, so as e'en to get
Closer in comradeship at ease.

Arnaut and Spahi, in respect
 Of all adventures they had known, 270
 These chiefly did the priest affect:
 Adventures, such as duly shown
 Printed in books, seem passing strange
 To clerks which read them by the fire,
 Yet be the wonted common-place
 Of some who in the Orient range,
 Free-lances, spendthrifts of their hire,
 And who in end, when they retrace
 Their lives, see little to admire
 Or wonder at, so dull they be 280
 (Like fish mid marvels of the sea)
 To every thing that is not pent
 In self, or thereto ministrant.

xii

THE TIMONEER'S STORY

But ere those Sinbads had begun
 Their Orient Decameron,
 Rolfe rose, to view the further hall.
 Here showed, set up against the wall,
 Heroic traditionary arms,
 Protecting tutelary charms
 (Like Godfrey's sword and Baldwin's spur
 In treasury of the Sepulcher,
 Wherewith they knighthood yet confer,
 The monks or their Superior) 10
 Sanctified heirlooms of old time;
 With trophies of the Paynim clime;
 These last with tarnish on the gilt,
 And jewels vanished from the hilt.
 Upon one serpent-curving blade
 Love-motto beamed from Antar's rhyme
 In Arabic. A second said

(A scimeter the Turk had made,
 And likely, it had clove a skull)
 IN NAME OF GOD THE MERCIFUL!
 A third was given suspended place,
 And as in salutation waved,
 And in old Greek was finely graved
 With this: HAIL, MARY, FULL OF GRACE!

20

'Tis a rare sheaf of arms be here,
 Thought Rolfe: "Who's this?" and turned to peer
 At one who had but late come in
 (A stranger), and, avoiding din
 Made by each distant reveler,
 Anchored beside him. His sea-gear
 Announced a pilgrim-timoneer.
 The weird and weather-beaten face,
 Bearded and pitted, and fine vexed
 With wrinkles of cabala text,
 Did yet reveal a twinge-like trace
 Of some late trial undergone:
 Nor less a beauty grave pertained
 To him, part such as is ordained
 To Eld, for each age hath its own,
 And even scars may share the tone.
 Bald was his head as any bell—
 Quite bald, except a silvery round
 Of small curled bud-like locks which bound
 His temples as with asphodel.

30

40

Such he, who in nigh nook disturbed
 Upon his mat by late uncurbed
 Light revel, came with air subdued,
 And by the clustered arms here stood
 Regarding them with dullish eye
 Of some old reminiscence sad.

50

On him Rolfe gazed: "And do ye sigh?
 Hardly they seem to cheer ye: why?"

He pursed the mouth and shook the head.
 "But speak!" "'Tis but an old bewailing."

"No matter, tell." "Twere unavailing."

"Come, now."

"Since you entreat of me—

'Tis long ago—I'm aged, see:

From Egypt sailing—hurrying too—

For spite the sky there, always blue,

60

And blue daubed seas so bland, the pest

Was breaking out—the people quailing

In houses hushed; from Egypt sailing,

In ship, I say, which shunned the pest,

Cargo half-stored, and—and—alack!

One passenger of visage black,

But whom a white robe did invest

And linen turban, like the rest—

A Moor he was, with but a chest;—

A fugitive poor Wahabee—

70

So ran his story—who by me

Was smuggled aboard; and ah, a crew

That did their wrangles still renew,

Jabbing the poignard in the fray,

And mutinous withal;—I say,

From Egypt bound for Venice sailing—

On Friday—well might heart forebode!

In this same craft from Cadiz hailing,

Christened by friar *The Peace of God*

(She laden now with rusted cannon

80

Which long beneath the Crescent's pennon

On beach had laid, condemned and dead,

Beneath a rampart, and from bed

Were shipped off to be sold and smelted

And into new artillery melted),

I say that to *The Peace of God*

(Your iron the salt seas corrode)

I say there fell to her unblest

A hap more baleful than the pest.

Yea, from the first I knew a fear,

90

So strangely did the needle veer.

A gale came up, with frequent din

Of cracking thunder out and in:
 Corposants on yard-arms did burn,
 Red lightning forked upon the stern:
 The needle like an imp did spin.
 Three gulls continual plied in wake,
 Which wriggled like a wounded snake,
 For I, the wretched timoneer,
 By fitful stars yet tried to steer 100
 'Neath shortened sail. The needle flew
 (The glass thick blurred with damp and dew),
 And flew the ship we knew not where.
 Meantime the mutinous bad crew
 Got at the casks and drowned despair,
 Carousing, fighting. What to do?
 To all the saints I put up prayer,
 Seeing against the gloomy shades
 Breakers in ghastly palisades.
 Nevertheless she took the rocks; 110
 And dinning through the grinds and shocks
 (Attend the solving of the riddle),
 I heard the clattering of blades
 Shaken within the Moor's strong box
 In cabin underneath the needle.
 How screamed those three birds round the mast
 Slant going over. The keel was broken
 And heaved aboard us for death-token.
 To quit the wreck I was the last,
 Yet I sole wight that 'scaped the sea." 120
 "But he, the Moor?"

"O, sorcery!

For him no heaven is, no atoner.
 He proved an armorer, the Jonah!
 And dealt in blades that poisoned were,
 A black lieutenant of Lucifer.
 I heard in Algiers, as befell
 Afterward, his crimes of hell.
 I'm far from superstitious, see;
 But arms in sheaf, somehow they trouble me." 130

"Ha, *trouble, trouble?* what's that, pray?
I've heard of it; bad thing, they say;

'Bug there, lady bug, plumped in your wine?
Only rose-leaves flutter by mine!'"

The gracioso man, 'twas he,
Flagon in hand, held tiltingly.

How peered at him that timoneer,
With what a changed, still, merman-cheer,
As much he could, but would not say:
So murmuring naught, he moved away.

140

"Old, old," the Lesbian dropped; "old—dry:
Remainder biscuit; and alas,
But recent 'scaped from luckless pass."
"Indeed? relate."—"O, by-and-by."
But Rolfe would have it then. And so
The incident narrated was
Forthwith.

Re-cast, it thus may flow:

The shipmen of the Cyclades
Being Greeks, even of St. Saba's creed,
Are frequent pilgrims. From the seas
Greek convents welcome them, and feed.
Agath, with hardy messmates ten,
To Saba, and on foot, had fared
From Joppa. Duly in the Glen
His prayers he said; but rashly dared
Afar to range without the wall.

150

Upon him fell a robber-brood,
Some Ammonites. Choking his call,
They beat and stripped him, drawing blood,
And left him prone. His mates made search
With friars, and ere night found him so,
And bore him moaning back to porch
Of Saba's refuge. Cure proved slow;
The end his messmates might not wait;

160

Therefore they left him unto love
 And charity—within that gate
 Not lacking. Mended now in main,
 Or convalescent, he would fain
 Back unto Joppa make remove
 With the first charitable train.

170

His story told, the teller turned
 And seemed like one who instant yearned
 To rid him of intrusive sigh:
 "Yon happier pilgrim, by-the-by—
 I like him: his vocation, pray?
 Purveyor he? like me, purveyor?"

"Ay—for the conscience: he's our priest."
 "Priest? he's a grape, judicious one—
 Keeps on the right side of the sun.
 But here's a song I heard at feast."

180

xiii

SONG AND RECITATIVE

"The chalice tall of beaten gold
 Is hung with bells about:
 The flamen serves in temple old,
 And weirdly are the tinklings rolled
 When he pours libation out.
 O Cybele, dread Cybele,
 Thy turrets nod, thy terrors bel!

"But service done, and vestment doffed,
 With cronies in a row
 Behind night's violet velvet soft,
 The chalice drained he rings aloft
 To another tune, I trow.
 O Cybele, fine Cybele,
 Jolly thy bins and belfries bel!"

10

With action timing well the song,
 His flagon flourished up in air,
 The varlet of the isle so flung
 His mad-cap intimation—there
 Comic on Rolfe his eye retaining
 In mirth how full of roguish feigning. 20

Ought I protest? (thought Rolfe) the man
 Nor malice has, nor faith: why ban
 This heart though of religion scant,
 A true child of the lax Levant,
 That polyglot and loose-laced mother?
 In such variety he's lived
 Where creeds dovetail into each other;
 Such influences he's received:
 Thrown among all—Medes, Elamites,
 Egyptians, Jews and proselytes, 30
 Strangers from Rome, and men of Crete—
 And parts of Libya round Cyrene—
 Arabians, and the throngs ye meet
 On Smyrna's quays, and all between
 Stamboul and Fez:—thrown among these,
 A caterer to revelries,
 He's caught the tints of many a scene,
 And so become a harlequin
 Gay patchwork of all levities.
 Holding to *now*, swearing by *here*, 40
 His course conducting by no keen
 Observance of the stellar sphere—
 He coasteth under sail latteen:
 Then let him laugh, enjoy his dinner,
 He's an excusable poor sinner.

'Twas Rolfe. But Clarel, what thought he?
 For he too heard the Lesbian's song
 There by the casement where he hung:
 In heart of Saba's mystery
 This mocker light!— 50

But now in waltz
 The Pantaloon here Rolfe assaults;

Then, keeping arm around his waist,
 Sees Rolfe's reciprocally placed;
 'Tis side-by-side entwined in ease
 Of Chang and Eng the Siamese
 When leaning mutually embraced;
 And so these improvised twin brothers
 Dance forward and salute the others,
 The Lesbian flourishing for sign
 His wine-cup, though it lacked the wine.

60

They sit. With random scraps of song
 He whips the tandem hours along,
 Or moments, rather; in the end
 Calling on Derwent to unbend
 In lyric.

"I?" said Derwent, "I?
 Well, if you like, I'll even give
 A trifle in recitative—
 A something—nothing—anything—
 Since little does it signify
 In festive free contributing:

70

"To Hafiz in grape-arbor comes
 Didymus, with book he thumbs:
 My lord Hafiz, priest of bowers—
 Flowers in such a world as ours?
 Who is the god of all these flowers?—

Signor Didymus, who knows?
 None the less I take repose—
 Believe, and worship here with wine
 In vaulted chapel of the vine
 Before the altar of the rose.'

80

Ah, who sits here? a sailor meek?"
 It was that sea-appareled Greek:
 "Gray brother, here, partake our wine."
 He shook his head, yes, did decline.
 "Or quaff or sing," cried Derwent then,
 "For learn, we be hilarious men.

Pray, now, you seamen know to sing."

"I'm old," he breathed.—"So's many a tree,

90

Yet green the leaves and dance in glee."

The Arnaut made the scabbard ring:

"Sing, man, and here's the chorus—sing!"

"Sing, sing!" the Islesman, "bear the bell;

Sing, and the other songs excel."

"Ay, sing," cried Rolfe, "here now's a sample;

'Tis virtue teaches by example:

'Jars of honey,

Wine-skin, dates, and macaroni:

Falling back upon the senses—

100

O, the wrong—

Need take up with recompenses:

Song, a song!"

They sang about him till he said:

"Sing, sirs, I cannot: this I'll do,

Repeat a thing Methodius made,

Good chaplain of *The Apostles'* crew:

'Priest in ship with saintly bow,

War-ship named from Paul and Peter

Grandly carved on castled prow;

110

Gliding by the grouped Canaries

Under liquid light of Mary's

Mellow star of eventide;

Lulled by tinklings at the side,

I, along the taffrail leaning,

Yielding to the ship's careening,

Shared that peace the upland owns

Where the palm—the palm and pine

Meeting on the frontier line

Seal a truce between the zones.

120

This be ever! (mused I lowly)

Dear repose is this and holy;

Like the Gospel it is gracious

And prevailing.—There, audacious—
 Boom! the signal-gun it jarred me,
 Flash and boom together marred me,
 And I thought of horrid war;
 But never moved grand Paul and Peter,
 Never blenched Our Lady's star! "

xiv

THE REVEL CLOSED

"Bless that good chaplain," Derwent here;
 "All doves and halcyons round the sphere
 Defend him from war's rude alarms!"
 Then (Oh, sweet impudence of wine)
 Then rising and approaching Vine
 In suppliant way: "I crave an alms:
 Since this gray guest, this serious one,
 Our wrinkled old Euroclydon,
 Since even he, with genial breath
 His quota here contributeth,
 Helping our gladness to prolong—
Thou too! Nay, nay; as everywhere
 Water is found if one not spare
 To delve—tale, prithee now, or song!"

10

Vine's brow shot up with crimson lights
 As may the North on frosty nights
 Over Dilston Hall and his low state—
 The fair young Earl whose bloody end
 Those red rays do commemorate,
 And take his name.

20

Now all did bend
 In chorus, crying, "Tale or song!"
 Investing him. Was no escape
 Beset by such a Bacchic throng.
 "Ambushed in leaves we spy your grape,"
 Cried Derwent; "black but juicy one—

A song!"

No way for Vine to shun:

"Well, if you'll let me here recline

At ease the while, I'll hum a word

30

Which in his Florence loft I heard

An artist trill one morning fine:—

'What is beauty? 'tis a dream

Dispensing still with gladness:

The dolphin haunteth not the shoal,

And deeps there be in sadness.

'The rose-leaves, see, disbanded be—

Blowing, about me blowing;

But on the death-bed of the rose

My amaranths are growing.'

40

His amaranths: a fond conceit,

Yes, last illusion of retreat!

Short measure 'tis." "And yet enough,"

Said Derwent; "'tis a hopeful song;

Or, if part sad, not less adorning,

Like purple in a royal mourning.

We debtors be. Now come along

To table, we'll take no rebuff."

So Vine sat down among them then—

Adept—shy prying into men.

50

Derwent here wheeled him: "But for sake

Of conscience, noble Arnaut, tell;

When now I as from dream awake

It just dawns on me: how is this?

Wine-bibing? No! that kind of bliss

Your Koran bars. And Belex, man,

Thou'st smoked before the sun low fell;

And this month's what? your Ramadan?

May true believers thus rebel?"

Good sooth, did neither know to tell,

60

Or care to know, what time did fall
 The Islam fast; yet took it so
 As Derwent roguish prompted, though
 It was no Ramadan at all;
 'Twas far ahead, a movable fast
 Of lunar month, which to forecast
 Needs reckoning.

Ponderous pause
 The Anak made: "Mahound has laws,
 And Allah's great—of course—forefend!
 Ho, rouse a stave, and so an end:

70

'The Bey, the Emir, and Mameluke lords
 Charged down on the field in a grove of swords:
 Hurrah! hurrah and hurrah
 For the grove of swords in the wind of war!

'And the Bey to the Emir exclaimed, Who knows?
 In the shade of the scimeters Paradise shows!
 Hurrah! hurrah and hurrah
 For the grove of swords in the wind of war!' "

He sang; then settled down, a mate
 For Mars' high pontiff—solemn sate,
 And on his long broad Bazra blade
 Deep ruminated. Less sedate,
 The Spahi now in escapade
 Vented some Turkish guard-room joke,
 But scarce thereby the other woke
 To laughter, for he never laughed,
 Into whatever mood he broke,
 Nor verbal levity vouchsafed,
 So leonine the man. But here
 The Spahi, with another cheer
 Into a vein of mockery ran,
 Toasting the feast of Ramadan,
 Laughing thereat, removed from fear.

80

90

It was a deep-mouthed mastiff burst,
Nor less, for all the jovial tone
The echo startling import won—
At least for Clarel, little versed
In men, their levities and tides
Unequal, and of much besides. 100
There by a lattice open swung
Over the Kedron's gulf he hung,
And pored and pondered: With what sweep
Doubt plunges, and from maw to maw;
Traditions none the nations keep—
Old ties dissolve in one wide thaw;
The Frank, the Turk, and e'en the Jew
Share it; perchance the Brahmin too.
Returns each thing that may withdraw?
The schools of blue-fish years desert 110
Our sounds and shores—but they revert;
The ship returns on her long tack:
The bones of Theseus are brought back:
A comet shall resume its path
Though three millenniums go. But faith?
Ah, Nehemiah—and, Derwent, thou!
'Twas dust to dust: what is it now
And here? Is life indeed a dream?
Are these the pilgrims late that heard
The wheeling desert vultures scream 120
Above the Man and Book interred—
Scream like the haglet and the gull
Off Chiloe o'er the foundered hull?

But hark: while here light fell the clink
The five cups made touched brink to brink
In fair bouquet of fellowship,
And just as the gay Lesbian's lip
Was parted—jetting came a wail
In litany from Kedron's jail
Profound, and belly of the whale: 130

*"Lord, have mercy.
 Christ, have mercy.
 Intercede for me,
 Angel of the Agony.
 Spare me, spare me!
 Merciful be—
 Lord, spare me—
 Spare and deliver me!"*

Arrested, those five revelers there,
 Fixed in light postures of their glee,
 Seemed problematic shapes ye see
 In linked caprice of festal air
 Graved round the Greek sarcophagi.

140

XV

IN MOONLIGHT

The roller upon Borneo's strand
 Halts not, but in recoiling throe
 Drags back the shells involved with sand,
 Shuffled and muffled in the flow
 And hollow of the wallowing undertow.

In night Rolfe waked, and whelming felt
 That reflue of disquiet dealt
 In sequel to redundant joy.
 Around he gazed in vague annoy
 Upon his mates. The lamp-light dim
 Obscurely showed them, strangely thrown
 In sleep, nor heeding eye of him;
 Flung every way, with random limb—
 Like corses, when the battle's done
 And stars come up. No sound but slight
 Calm breathing, or low elfin shriek
 In dream. But Mortmain, coiled in plight,
 Lay with one arm wedged under cheek,

10

Mumbling by starts the other hand,
 As the wolf-hound the bone. Rolfe rose 20
 And shook him. Whereat, from his throes
 He started, glaring; then lapsed down:
 "Soft, soft and tender; feels so bland—
 Grind it! 'tis hers, Brinvilliers' hand,
 My nurse." From which mad dream anon
 He seemed his frame to re-command;
 And yet would give an animal moan.

"God help thee, and may such ice make
 Except against some solid? nay—
 But thou who mark'st, get thee away, 30
 Nor in such coals of Tartarus rake."

So Rolfe; and wide a casement threw.
 Aromal and is this Judæa?
 Down the long gorge of Kedron blew
 A balm beyond the sweet Sabæa—
 An air as from Elysian grass;
 Such freshening redolence divine
 As mariners upon the brine
 Inhale, when barren beach they pass
 By night; a musk of wafted spoil 40
 From Nature's scent-bags in the soil,
 Not in her flowers; nor seems it known
 Even on the shores wherefrom 'tis blown.

Clarel, he likewise wakeful grew,
 And rose, joined Rolfe, and both repaired
 Out to a railed-in ledge. In view
 Across the gulf a fox was scared
 Even by their quiet coming so,
 And noiseless fled along a line
 Of giddy cornice, till more slow 50
 He skulked out of the clear moonshine;
 For great part of that wall did show,
 To these beneath the shadowed height,
 With arras hung of fair moonlight.

The limestone mountain cloven asunder,
 With scars of many a plunge and shock

Tremendous of the rifted rock;
 So hushed now after all the thunder,
 Begat a pain of troubled wonder.
 The student felt it; for redress
 He turned him—anywhere—to find
 Some simple thing to ease the mind
 Dejected in her littleness.

60

Rolfe read him; and in quiet way
 Would interpose, lead off, allay.
 "Look," whispered he, "yon object white—
 This side here, on the crag at brink—
 'Tis touched, just touched by paler light;
 Stood we in Finland, one might think
 An ermine there lay coiled. But no,
 A turban 'tis, Djalea's, aloof
 Reclining, as he used to do
 In Lebanon upon proud roof—
 His sire's. And, see, long pipe in state,
 He inhales the friendly fume sedate.
 Yon turban with the snowy folds
 Announces that my lord there holds
 The rank of Druze initiate—
 Not versed in portion mere, but total—
 Advanced in secrets sacerdotal;
 Though what these be, or high or low,
 Who dreams? Might Lady Esther learn?"
 "Who?"

70

80

"Lady Esther. Don't you know?
 Pitt's sibyl-niece, who made sojourn
 In Libanus, and read the stars;
 Self-exiled lady, long ago
 She prophesied of wizard wars,
 And kept a saddled steed in stall
 Awaiting some Messiah's call
 Who came not.—But yon Druze's veil
 Of Sais may one lift, nor quail?
 We'll try."

90

To courteous challenge sent,

The Druze responded, not by word
 Indeed, but act: he came; content
 He leaned beside them in accord,
 Resting the pipe-bowl. His assent
 In joining them, nay, all his air
 Mute testimony seemed to bear 100
 That now night's siren element,
 Stealing upon his inner frame,
 Pliant had made it and more tame.

With welcome having greeted him,
 Rolfe led along by easy skim
 And won the topic: "Tell us here—
 Your Druze faith: are there not degrees,
 Orders, ascents of mysteries
 Therein? One would not pry and peer:
 Of course there's no disclosing these; 110
 But what's that *working* thought you win?
 The prelate-princes of your kin,
 They—they—doubtless they take their ease."

No ripple stirred the Emir's son,
 He whiffed the vapor, kept him staid,
 Then from the lip the amber won:
 "No God there is but God," he said,
 And tapped the ashes from the bowl,
 And stood. 'Twas passive self-control
 Of Pallas' statue in sacked Rome 120
 Which bode till pushed from off the plinth;
 Then through the rocky labyrinth
 Betook him where cool sleep might come;
 But not before farewell sedate:—
 "Allah preserve ye, Allah great!"

xvi

THE EASTER FIRE

"There's politesse! we're left behind.
 And yet I like this Prince of Pith;

Too pithy almost. Where'll ye find
Nobleman to keep silence with
Better than Lord Djalea?—But you—
It can not be this interview
Has somehow——” “No,” said Clarel; “no,”
And sighed; then, “How irreverent
Was Belex in the wassail-flow:
His Ramadan he links with Lent.”

10

“No marvel: what else to infer?
Toll-taker at the Sepulcher.
To me he gave his history late,
The which I sought.—You've marked the state
Of warders shawled, on old divan,
Sword, pipe, and coffee-cup at knee,
Cross-legg'd within that portal's span
Which wins the Holy Tomb? Ay me,
With what a bored dead apathy
Faith's eager pilgrims they let in!”

20

“Guard of the Urn has Belex been?”
Said Clarel, starting; “why then—yes—”
He checked himself.—

“Nay, but confess,”
Cried Rolfe; “I know the revery lurks:
Frankly admit that for these Turks
There's nothing that can so entice
To disbelieve, nay, Atheize—
Nothing so baneful unto them
As shrined El Cods, Jerusalem.

30

For look now how it operates:
To Christ the Turk as much as Frank
Concedes a supernatural rank;
Our Holy Places too he mates
All but with Mecca's own. But then
If chance he mark the Cross profaned
By violence of Christian men
So called—*his* faith then needs be strained;
The more, if he himself have done
(Enforced thereto by harsh command)

40

Irreverence unto Mary's Son."

"How mean you?" and the speaker scanned.

"Why not alone has Belex been

An idling guard about the Tomb:

Nay, but he knows another scene

In fray beneath the self-same dome

At festivals. What backs he's scored

When on the day by Greeks adored,

St. Basil's Easter, all the friars

Schismatic, with the pilgrim tribes,

Levantine, Russian, heave their tides

Of uproar in among the shrines,

Waiting the burst of fraudulent fires

From vent there in the Holy Tomb

Which closeteth the mongers. Room!

It jets! To quell the rush, the lines

Of soldiers sway: crack falls the thong;

And mid the press, some there, though strong,

Are trampled, trodden, till they die.

In transfer swift, igniting fly

The magic flames, which, caught along

By countless candles, multiply.

Like seas phosphoric on calm nights,

Blue shows the fane in fog of lights;

But here 'tis hurricane and high:

Zeal, furious zeal, and frenzying faith

And ecstasy of Atys' scath

When up the Phrygian mount he rushed

Bleeding, yet heeding not his shame,

While round him frantic timbrels pushed

In rites delirious to name.

No: Dindymus' nor Brahma's crew

Dream what these Christian fakirs do:

Wrecked banners, crosses, ragged palms—

Red wounds through vestments white ye view;

And priests who shout ferocious psalms

And hoarse hosannas to their king,

Even Christ; and naught may work a lull,

50

60

70

Nor timely truce of reason bring;
Not cutting lash, nor smiting sword,
Nor yet—Oh! more than wonderful—
The tomb, the pleading tomb where lay Our Lord.”

80

“But who ordains the imposture? speak.”
“The vivid, ever-inventive Greek.”

“The Greek? But that is hard to think.
Seemly the port, gentle the cheer
Of friars which lodge upon this brink
Of Kedron, and do worship here
With rites august, and keep the creed.”—

“Ah, *rites august*;—this ancient sect,
Stately upholstered and bedecked,
Is but a catafalque, concede—
Prolongs in sacerdotal way
The Lower Empire’s bastard sway;
It does not grow, it does but bide—
An orthodoxy petrified.

90

Or, if it grow, it grows but with
Russia, and thence derives its pith.
The Czar is its armed bishop. See,
The Czar’s purse, so it comes to me,
Contributes to this convent’s pride.
But what’s that twinkling through the gloom
Far down? the lights in chantry? Yes!
Whence came the flame that lit? Confess,
E’en from Jerusalem—the Tomb,
Last Easter. Horseman from the porch
Hither each Easter spurs with torch
To re-ignite the flames extinct
Upon Good Friday. Thus, you see,
Contagious is this cheatery;
Nay, that’s unhandsome; guests we are;
And hosts are sacred—house and all;
And one may think, and scarcely mar
The truth, that it may so befall
That, as yon docile lamps receive
The fraudulent flame, yet honest burn,

100

110

So, no collusive guile may cleave
 Unto these simple friars, who turn
 And take whate'er the forms dispense,
 Nor question, *Wherefore?* ask not, *Whence?*" 120

Clarel, as if in search of aught
 To mitigate unwelcome thought,
 Appealed to turret, crag and star;
 But all was strange, withdrawn and far.

"Yet need we grant," Rolfe here resumed,
 "This trick its source had in a dream
 Artless, which few will disesteem—
 That angels verily illumed
 Those lamps at Easter, long ago;
 Though now indeed all come from prayer 130
 (As Greeks believe—at least avow)
 Of bishops in the Sepulcher.
 Be rumor just, which small birds sing,
 Greek churchmen would let drop this thing
 Of fraud, e'en let it cease. But no:
 'Tis ancient, 'tis entangled so
 With vital things of needful sway,
 Scarce dare they deviate that way.
 The Latin in this spurious rite
 Joined with the Greek: but long ago, 140
 Long years since, he abjured it quite.
 Still, few Rome's pilgrims here, and they
 Less credulous than Greeks to-day.
 Now worldlings in their worldliness
 Enjoin upon us, *Never retract*:
 With ignorant folk, think you, no less
 Of policy priestcraft may exact?
 But Luther's clergy: though their deeds
 Take not imposture, yet 'tis seen
 That, in some matters more abstract, 150
 These, too, may be impeached herein.
 While, as each plain observer heeds,

Some doctrines fall away from creeds,
 And therewith, hopes, which scarce again,
 In those same forms, shall solace men—
 Perchance, suspended and inert
 May hang, with few to controvert,
 For ages; does the Lutheran,
 To such disciples as may sit
 Receptive of his sanctioned wit,
 In candor own the dubious weather
 And lengthen out the cable's tether?—
 You catch my drift?"

160

"I do. But, nay,
 Some ease the cable."

"Derwent, pray?"

Ah, he—he is a generous wight,
 And lets it slip, yes, run out quite.
 Whether now in his priestly state
 He seek indeed to mediate
 'Tween faith and science (which still slight
 Each truce deceptive) or discreet
 Would kindly cover faith's retreat,
 Alike he labors vainly. Nay,
 And, since I think it, why not say—
 Things all diverse he would unite:
 His idol's an hermaphrodite."

170

The student shrank. Again he knew
 Return for Rolfe of quick distaste;
 But mastered it; for still the hue
 Rolfe kept of candor undefaced,
 Quoting pure nature at his need,
 As 'twere the Venerable Bede:
 An Adam in his natural ways.

180

But scrupulous lest any phrase
 Through inference might seem unjust
 Unto the friend they here discussed;
 Rolfe supplements: "Derwent but errs—
 No, buoyantly but overstates
 In much his genial heart avers:

190

I cannot dream he simulates.
 For pulpiteers which make their mart—
 Who, in the Truth not for a day,
 Debarred from growth as from decay,
 Truth one forever, Scriptures say,
 Do yet the fine progressive part
 So jauntily maintain; these find
 (For sciolists abound) a kind
 And favoring audience. But none
 Exceed in flushed repute the one
 Who bold can harmonize for all
 Moses and Comte, Renan and Paul:
 'Tis the robustious circus-man:
 With legs astride the dappled span
 Elate he drives white, black, before:
 The small apprentices adore.
 Astute ones be though, staid and grave
 Who in the wars of Faith and Science
 Remind one of old tactics brave—
 Imposing front of false defiance:
 The King a corpse in armor led
 On a live horse.—You turn your head:
 You hardly like that. Woe is me:
 What would you have? For one to hold
 That he must still trim down, and cold
 Dissemble—this were coxcombry!
 Indulgence should with frankness mate:
 Fraternal be: Ah, tolerate!"

200

210

The modulated voice here won
 Ingress where scarce the plea alone
 Had entrance gained. But—to forget
 Allusions which no welcome met
 In him who heard—Rolfe thus went on.
 "Never I've seen it; but they claim
 That the Greek prelate's artifice
 Comes as a tragic after-piece
 To farce, or rather prank and game;

220

Racers and tumblers round the Tomb:
 Sports such as might the mound confront,
 The funeral mound, by Hellespont, 230
 Of slain Patroclus. Linger still
 Such games beneath some groves of bloom
 In mid Pacific, where life's thrill
 Is primal—Pagan; and fauns deck
 Green theaters for that tattooed Greek
 The Polynesian.—Who will say
 These Syrians are more wise than they,
 Or more humane? not those, believe,
 Who may the narrative receive
 Of Ibrahim the conqueror, borne 240
 Dead-faint, by soldiers red with gore
 Over slippery corpses heaped forlorn
 Out from splashed Calvary through the door
 Into heaven's light. Urged to ordain
 That nevermore the frenzying ray
 Should issue—"That would but sustain
 The cry of persecution; nay,
 Let Allah, if he will, remand
 These sects to reason. Let it stand.'—
 Cynical Moslem! but didst err, 250
 Arch-Captain of the Sepulcher?"—

He stayed: and Clarel knew decline
 Of all his spirits, as may one
 Who hears some story of his line
 Which shows him half his house undone.
 Revulsion came: with lifted brows
 He gazed on Rolfe: Is this the man
 Whom Jordan heard in part espouse
 The appeal of that Dominican
 And Rome? and here, all sects, behold, 260
 All creeds involving in one fold
 Of doubt? Better a partisan!
 Earnest he seems: can union be

'Twixt earnestness and levity?
Or need at last in Rolfe confess
Thy hollow, Manysidedness!

But, timely, here diversion fell.
Dawn broke; and from each cliff-hung cell
'Twas hailed with hymns—confusion sweet
As of some aviary's seat:
Commemorative matin din:
'Tis Saba's festival they usher in.

270

xvii

A CHANT

That day, though to the convent brood
A holiday, was kept in mood
Of serious sort, yet took the tone
And livery of legend grown
Poetical if grave. The fane
Was garnished, and it heard a strain
Reserved for festa. And befell
That now and then at interval
Some, gathered on the cliffs around,
Would sing St. Cosmos' canticle;
Some read aloud from book embrowned
While others listened; some prefer
A chant in Scripture character,
Or monkish sort of melodrame.

10

Upon one group the pilgrims came
In gallery of slender space,
Locked in the echoing embrace
Of crags: a choir of seemly men
Reposed in cirque, nor wanting grace,
Whose tones went eddying down the glen:

20

First Voice

No more the princes flout the word—
 Jeremiah's in dungeon cast:
 The siege is up, the walls give way:
 This desolation is the last.
 The Chaldee army, pouring in,
 Fiercer grown for disarray,
 Hunt Zedekiah that fleeth out:
 Baal and Assyria win:
 Israel's last king is shamed in rout,
 Taken and blinded, chains put on,
 And captive dragged to Babylon.

30

Second Voice

O daughter of Jerusalem,
 Cast up the ashes on the brow!
 Nergal and Samgar, Sarsechim
 Break down thy towers, abase thee now.

Third Voice

Oh, now each lover leaveth!

Fourth Voice

None comfort me, she saith:

40

First Voice

Abroad the sword bereaveth:

Second Voice

At home there is as death.

The Four

Behold, behold! the days foretold begin:
 A sword without—the pestilence within.

xviii

THE MINSTER

Huge be the buttresses enmassed
Which shoulder up, like Titan men,
Against the precipices vast
The ancient minster of the glen.
One holds the library four-square,
A study, but with students few:
Books, manuscripts, and—cobwebs too.
Within, the church were rich and rare
But for the time-stain which ye see:
Gilded with venerable gold,
It shows in magnified degree
Much like some tarnished casket old
Which in the dusty place ye view
Through window of the broker Jew.

10

But Asiatic pomp adheres
To ministry and ministers
Of Basil's Church; that night 'twas seen
In all that festival confers:
Plate of Byzantium, stones and spars,
Urim and Thummim, gold and green;
Music like cymbals clashed in wars
Of great Semiramis the queen.
And texts sonorous they intone
From parchment, not plebeian print;
From old and golden parchment brown
They voice the old Septuagint,
And Gospels, and Epistles, all
In the same tongue employed by Paul.
Flags, beatific flags they view:
Ascetics which the hair-cloth knew
And wooden pillow, here were seen
Pictured on satin soft—serene
In fair translation. But advanced
Above the others, and enhanced

20

30

About the staff with ring and boss,
 They mark the standard of the Cross.
 That emblem, here, in Eastern form,
 For Derwent seemed to have a charm.
 "I like this Greek cross, it has grace;"
 He whispered Rolfe: "the Greeks eschew
 The long limb; beauty must have place—
 Attic! I like it. And do you?"

40

"Better I'd like it, were it true."
 "What mean you there?"

"I do but mean
 'Tis not the cross of Calvary's scene.
 The Latin cross (by that name known)
 Holds the true semblance; that's the one
 Was lifted up and knew the nail;
 'Tis realistic—can avail!"

50

Breathed Derwent then, "These arches quite
 Set off and aggrandize the rite:
 A goodly fane. The incense, though,
 Somehow it drugs, makes sleepy so.
 They purpose down there in ravine
 Having an *auto*, act, or scene,
 Or something. Come, pray, let us go."

xix

THE MASQUE

'Tis night, with silence, save low moan
 Of winds. By torches red in glen
 A muffled man upon a stone
 Sits desolate sole denizen.
 Pilgrims and friars on ledge above
 Repose. A figure in remove
 This prologue renders: "He in view
 Is that Cartaphilus, the Jew
 Who wanders ever; in low state,

Behold him in Jehoshaphat
The valley, underneath the hem
And towers of gray Jerusalem:
This must ye feign. With quick conceit
Ingenuous, attuned in heart,
Help out the actor in his part,
And gracious be;" and made retreat.

Then slouching rose the muffled man;
Gazed toward the turrets, and began:

"O city yonder,

Exposed in penalty and wonder,
Again thou seest me! Hither I
Still drawn am by the guilty tie
Between us; all the load I bear
Only thou know'st, for thou dost share.
As round my heart the phantoms throng
Of tribe and era perished long,
So *thou* art haunted, sister in wrong!
While ghosts from mounds of recent date
Invest and knock at every gate—
Specters of thirty sieges old
Your outer line of trenches hold:
Egyptian, Mede, Greek, Arab, Turk,
Roman, and Frank, beleaguering lurk.—

"Jerusalem!

Not solely for that bond of doom
Between us, do I frequent come
Hither, and make profound resort
In Shaveh's dale, in Joel's court;
But hungering also for the day
Whose dawn these weary feet shall stay,
When Michael's trump the call shall spread
Through all your warrens of the dead.

"Time, never may I know the calm
Till then? my lull the world's alarm?
But many mortal fears and feelings
In me, in me here stand reversed:
The unappeased judicial pealings

10

20

30

40

Wrench me, not wither me, accursed.
 'Just let him live, just let him rove'
 (Pronounced the voice estranged from love), 50
 'Live—live and rove the sea and land;
 Long live, rove far, and understand
 And sum all knowledge for his dower;
 For he forbid is, he is banned;
 His brain shall tingle, but his hand
 Shall palsied be in power:
 Ruthless, he meriteth no ruth,
 On him I imprecate the truth.' "

He quailed; then, after little truce,
 Moaned querulous: 60

"My fate!

Cut off I am, made separate;
 For man's embrace I strive no more;
 For, would I be
 Friendly with one, the mystery
 He guesses of that dreadful lore
 Which Eld accumulates in me:
 He fleeth me.
 My face begetteth superstition:
 In dungeons of Spain's Inquisition 70
 Thrice languished I for sorcery,
 An Elymas. In Venice, long
 Immured beneath the wave I lay
 For a conspirator. Some wrong
 On me is heaped, go where I may,
 Among mankind. Hence solitude
 Elect I; in waste places brood
 More lonely than an only god;
 For, human still, I yearn, I yearn,
 Yea, after a millennium, turn 80
 Back to my wife, my wife and boy;
 Yet ever I shun the dear abode
 Or site thereof, of homely joy.
 I fold ye in the watch of night,

Esther! then start. And hast thou been?
 And I for ages in this plight?
 Caitiff I am; but there's no sin
 Conjecturable, possible,
 No crime they expiate in hell
 Justly whereto such pangs belong:
 The wrongdoer he endureth wrong.
 Yea, now the Jew, inhuman erst,
 With penal sympathy is cursed—
 The burden shares of every crime,
 And throttled miseries undirged,
 Unchronicled, and guilt submerged
 Each moment in the flood of time.
 Go mad I can not: I maintain
 The perilous outpost of the sane.
 Memory could I mitigate,
 Or would the long years vary any!
 But no, 'tis fate repeating fate:
 Banquet and war, bridal and hate,
 And tumults of the people many;
 And wind, and dust soon laid again:
 Vanity, vanity's endless reign!—
 What's there?"

90

100

He paused, and all was hush
 Save a wild screech, and hurtling rush
 Of wings. An owl—the hermit true
 Of grot the eremite once knew
 Up in the cleft—alarmed by ray
 Of shifted flambeau, burst from cave
 On bushy wing, and brushed away
 Down the long Kedron gorge and grave.

110

"It flees, but it will be at rest
 Anon! But I—" and hung oppressed—
 "Years, three-score years, seem much to men;
 Three hundred—five—eight hundred, then;
 And add a thousand; these I know!
 That eighth dim cycle of my woe,

120

The which, ahead, did so delay,
 To me now seems but yesterday:
 To Rome I wandered out of Spain,
 And saw thy crowning, Charlemagne,
 On Christmas eve. Is all but dream?
 Or is this Shaveh, and on high,
 Is that, even *that*, Jerusalem?²—
 How long, how long?² Compute hereby:
 The years, the penal years to be, 130
 Reckon by years, years, years, and years
 Whose calendar thou here mayst see
 On grave-slabs which the blister sears—
 Of ancient Jews which sought this clime
 Inscriptions nigh extinct,
 Or blent or interlinked
 With dotard scrawl of idiot Time.
 Transported felon on the seas
 Pacing the deck while spray-clouds freeze;
 Pacing and pacing, night and morn, 140
 Until he staggers overworn;
 Through time, so I, Christ's convict grim,
 Deathless and sleepless lurching fare—
 Deathless and sleepless through remorse for Him;
 Deathless, when sleepless were enough to bear."

Rising he slouched along the glen
 Halting at base of crag—detached
 Erect, as from the barrier snatched,
 And upright lodged below; and then:
 "Absalom's Pillar! See the shoal 150
 Before it—pebble, flint, and stone,
 With malediction, jeer or groan
 Cast through long ages. Ah, what soul
 That was but human, without sin,
 Did hither the first just missile spin!
 Culprit am I—this hand flings none;
 Rather through yon dark-yawning gap,
 Missed by the rabble in mishap

Of peltings vain—abject I'd go,
 And, contrite, coil down there within,
 Lie still, and try to ease the throe.

160

“But nay—away!

Not long the feet unblest may stay.
 They come: the vengeful vixens strive—
 The harpies, lo—hag, gorgon, drive!”

There caught along, as swept by sand
 In fierce Sahara hurricaned,
 He fled, and vanished down the glen.

The Spahi, who absorbed had been
 By the true acting, turned amain,
 And letting go the mental strain,
 Vented a resonant, “*Bismillah!*”
 Strange answering which pealed from on high—
 “*Dies iræ, dies illa!*”

170

They looked, and through the lurid fume
 Profuse of torches that but die,
 And ghastly there the cliffs illume;
 The skull-capped man they mark on high—
 Fitful revealed, as when, through rift
 Of clouds which dyed by sunset drift,
 The Matterhorn shows its cragged austerity.

180

XX

AFTERWARD

“Seedsmen of old Saturn's land,
 Love and peace went hand in hand,
 And sowed the Era Golden!

“Golden time for man and mead:
 Title none, nor title-deed,
 Nor any slave, nor Soldan.

"Venus burned both large and bright,
Honey-moon from night to night,
Nor bride, nor groom waxed olden.

"Big the tears, but ruddy ones, 10
Crushed from grapes in vats and tuns
Of vineyards green and golden!

"Sweet to sour did never sue,
None repented ardor true—
Those years did so embolden.

"Glum Don Graveairs slunk in den:
Frankly roved the gods with men
In gracious talk and golden.

"Thrill it, cymbals of my rhyme,
Power was love, and love in prime, 20
Nor revel to toil beholden.

"Back, come back, good age, and reign,
Goodly age, and long remain—
Saturnian Age, the Golden!"

The masquer gone, by stairs that climb,
In seemly sort, the friars withdrew;
And, waiting that, the Islesman threw
His couplets of the Arcadian time,
Then turning on the pilgrims: "Hoo!

"The bird of Paradise don't like owls: 30
A handful of acorns after the crows!"

But Clarel, bantered by the song,
Sad questioned, if in frames of thought
And feeling, there be right and wrong;
Whether the lesson Joel taught

Confute what from the marble's caught
 In sylvan sculpture—Bacchant, Faun,
 Or shapes more lax by Titian drawn.
 Such counter natures in mankind—
 Mole, bird, not more unlike we find:
 Instincts adverse, nor less how true
 Each to itself. What clew, what clew?

40

xxi

IN CONFIDENCE

Towers twain crown Saba's mountain height;
 And one, with larger outlook bold,
 Monks frequent climb or day or night
 To peer for Arabs. In the breeze
 So the ship's lifted topmen hold
 Watch on the blue and silver seas,
 To guard against the slim Malay,
 That perilous imp whose slender proa
 Great hulls have rued—as in ill hour
 The whale the sword-fish's lank assay.

10

Upon that pile, to catch the dawn,
 Alert next day see Derwent stand
 With Clarel. All the mountain-land
 Disclosed through Kedron far withdrawn,
 Cloven and shattered, hushed and banned,
 Seemed poised as in a chaos true,
 Or throe-lock of transitional earth
 When old forms are annulled, and new
 Rebel, and pangs suspend the birth.

That aspect influenced Clarel. Fair
 Derwent's regard played elsewhere—
 Expectant. Twilight gray took on
 Suffusion faint of cherry tone.
 The student marked it; but the priest
 Marked whence it came: Turn, turn—the East!

20

Oh, look! how like an ember red
The seed of fire, by early hand
Raked forth from out the ashy bed,
Shows yon tinged flake of dawn. See, fanned
As 'twere, by this spice-air that blows, 30
The live coal kindles—the fire grows!”
And mute, he watched till all the East
Was flame: “Ah, who would not here come,
And from dull drowsiness released,
Behold morn's rosy martyrdom!”

It was an unaffected joy,
And showed him free from all annoy
Within—such, say, as mutiny
Of non-content in random touch
That he perchance had overmuch 40
Favored the first night's revelry.

For Clarel—though at call indeed
He might not else than turn and feed
On florid dawn—not less, anon,
When wonted light of day was won,
Sober and common light, with that
Returned to him his unelate
And unalleviated tone;
And thoughts, strange thoughts, derived overnight,
Touching the Swede's dark undelight, 50
Recurred; with sequence how profuse
Concerning all the company—
The Arnaut, and the man of glee—
The Lesbian, and calm grave Druze,
And Belex; yes, and in degree
Even Rolfe; Vine too. Less he who trim
Beside him stood, eludes his doubt—
Derwent himself, whose easy skim
Never had satisfied throughout.
He now, if not deemed less devout 60
Through wassail and late hint of him,
Was keenlier scanned. Yet part might be
Effect of long society,

Which still detracts. But in review
 Of one who could such doubt renew,
 Clarel inveighs: Parhelion orb
 Of faith autumnal, may the dew
 Of earth's sad tears thy rays absorb?
 Truth bitter: Derwent bred distrust
 Heavier than came from Mortmain's thrust
 Into the cloud—profounder far
 Than Achor's glen with ominous scar.

70

All aliens now being quite aloof,
 Fain would he put that soul to proof.
 Yet, fearful lest he might displease,
 His topics broached he by degrees.
 Needless. For Derwent never shrunk:

“Lad, lad, this diffidence forget;
 Believe, you talk here to no monk:
 Who's old Duns Scotus? We're well met.
 Glad that at last your mind you set
 In frank communion here with me.
 Better had this been earlier, though;
 There lacked not times of privacy
 Had such been sought. But yes, I know;
 You're young, you're off the poise; and so
 A link have felt with hearts the same
 Though more advanced. I scarce can blame.
 And yet perhaps one here might plead
 These rather stimulate than feed.
 Nor less let each tongue say its say;
 Therefrom we truth elicit. Nay,
 And with the worst, 'tis understood
 We broader clergy think it good
 No more to use censorious tone:
 License to all.—We are alone;
 Speak out, that's right.”

80

90

The student first
 Cited the din of clashed belief
 So loud in Palestine, and chief
 By Calvary, where are rehearsed

100

Within the Sepulcher's one fane
All rituals which, ere Luther's reign,
Shared the assent of Christendom.
Besides: how was it even at home?
Behind the mellow chancel's rail
Lurked strife intestine. What avail
The parlor-chapels liberal?
The hearers their own minds elect;
The very pews are each a sect; 110
No one opinion's steadfast sway:
A wide, an elemental fray.
As with ships moored in road unsafe,
When gales augment and billows chafe,
Hull drives 'gainst hull, endangering all
In crossing cables; while from thrall
Of anchor, others, dragged amain,
Drift seaward: so the churches strain,
Much so the fleets sectarian meet
Doubt's equinox. Yes, all was dim; 120
He saw no one secure retreat;
Of late so much had shaken him.

Derwent in grave concern inclined.
"Part true, alas!" Nor less he claimed
Reserves of solace, and of kind
Beyond that in the desert named,
When the debate was scarce with men
Who owned with him a common ground—
True center where they might convene.
And yet this solace when unbound 130
At best proved vague (so Clarel deemed).
He thought, too, that the priest here seemed
Embarrassed on the sudden, nay,
He faltered. What could so betray?
In single contact, heart to heart,
With young, fresh, fervid earnestness,
Was he surprised into distress—
An honest quandary, a smart
More trying e'en than Mortmain's dart,

Grieving and graveling, could deal?

140

But Derwent rallied, and with zeal:

"Shall everything then plain be made?

Not that there's any ambushade:

In youth's first heat to think to know!

For time 'tis well to bear a cross:

Yet on some waters here below

Pilots there be, if one's at loss."

The pupil colored; then restrained

An apt retort too personal,

Content with this: "Pilots retained?"

150

But in debates which I recall

Such proved but naught. This side—that side,

They crossing hail through fogs that dwell

Upon a limitless deep tide,

While their own cutters toll the bell

Of groping."

Derwent bit the lip;

Altered again, had fain let slip

"Throw all this burden upon HIM;"

But hesitated. Changing trim,

160

Considerate then he turned a look

Which seemed to weigh as in a book

Just how far youth might well be let

Into maturity's cabinet.

He, as in trial, took this tone:

"Not but there's here and there a heart

Which shares at whiles strange throbs alone.

Such at the freakish sting will start:

No umpirage! they cry—we dote

To dream heaven drops a casting vote,

170

In these perplexities takes part!"

Clarel, uncertain, stood at gaze,

But Derwent, riving that amaze,

Advanced impulsively: "Your hand!

No longer will I be restrained.

Yours is a sect—but never mind:

By function we are intertwined,

Our common function. Weigh it thus:

Clerics we are—clerics, my son;

Nay, shrink not so incredulous; 180

Paternally my sympathies run—

Toward you I yearn. Well, now: what joy,

What saving calm, what but annoy

In all this hunt without one clew?

What lack ye, pray? what would ye do?

Have Faith, which, even from the myth,

Draws something to be useful with:

In any form some truths will hold;

Employ the present-sanctioned mold.

Nay, hear me out; clean breast I make, 190

Quite unreserved—and for whose sake?

Suppose an instituted creed

(Or truth or fable) should indeed

To ashes fall; the spirit exhales,

But reinfunds in active forms:

Verse, popular verse, it charms or warms—

Bellies Philosophy's flattened sails—

Tinctures the very book, perchance,

Which claims arrest of its advance.

Why, the true import, deeper use 200

Shows first when Reason quite slips noose,

And Faith's long dead. Attest that gold

Which Bacon counted down and told

In one ripe tract, by time unshamed,

Wherein from riddle he reclaimed

The myths of Greece. But go back—well,

Reach to the years of first decay

Or totter: prithee, lad, but tell

How with the flamens of that day?

When brake the sun from morning's tents 210

And walked the hills, and gilded thence

The fane in porch; the priest in view

Bowed—hailed Apollo, as before,

Ere change set in; what else to do?

Or whither turn, or what adore?

What but to temporize for him,
 Stranded upon an interim
 Between the ebb and flood? He knew.—
 You see? Transfer—apply it, you.”

“Ill know I what you there advise.—
 Ah, heaven!” and for a moment stood;
 Then turned: “A rite they solemnize—
 An awful rite, and yet how sweet
 To humble hearts which sorrows beat.
 Tell, is that mystic flesh and blood—
 I shrink to utter it!—Of old
 For medicine they mummy sold—
 Conjurer’s balsam.—God, my God,
 Sorely Thou triest me the clod!”

220

Upon the impassioned novice here
 Discreet the kind proficient throws
 The glance of one who still would peer
 Where best to take the hedge or close.
 Ere long: “You’d do the world some good?
 Well, then: no good man will gainsay
 That good is good, done any way,
 In any name, by any brotherhood.
 How think you there?”

230

From Clarel naught.
 Derwent went on: “For lamp you yearn—
 A lantern to benighted thought.
 Obtain it—whither will you turn?
 Still lost you’d be in blanks of snow.
 My fellow-creature, do you know
 That what most satisfies the head
 Least solaces the heart? Less light
 Than warmth needs earthly wight.
 Christ built a hearth: the flame is dead
 We’ll say, extinct; but lingers yet,
 Enlodged in stone, the hoarded heat.
 Why not nurse that? Would rive the door
 And let the sleet in? But, once o’er,

240

250

This tarrying glow, never to man,
Methinks, shall come the like again.
What if some camp on crags austere
The Stoic held ere Gospel cheer?
There may the common herd abide,
Having dreamed of heaven? Nay, and can you?
You shun that; what shall needier do?
Think, think!"

260

 The student, sorely tried,
The appeal and implication felt,
But comfort none.

 And Derwent dealt
Heaped measure still: "All your ado
In youth was mine; your swarm I knew
Of buzzing doubts. But is it good
Such gnats to fight? or well to brood
In selfish introverted search,

Leaving the poor world in the lurch?

270

Not so did Christ. Nor less he knew
And shared a troubled era too;
And shared besides that problem gray
Which is forever and alway:

His person our own shadow threw.

Then heed him, heed his eldership:

In all respects did Christ indeed

Credit the Jews' crab-apple creed

Whereto he yet conformed? or so

But use it, graft it with his slip

280

From Paradise? No, no—no, no!

Spare fervid speech! But, for the rest,

Be not extreme. Midway is best.

Herein 'tis never as by Nile—

From waste to garden but a stile.

Betwixt rejection and belief,

Shadings there are—degrees, in brief.

But ween you, gentle friend, your way

Of giving to yourself the goad

Is obsolete, no more the mode?

290

Our comrades—frankly let me say—
 That Rolfe, good fellow though he be,
 And Vine, methinks, would you but see,
 Are much like prints from plates but old.
 Interpretations so unfold—
 New finding, happy gloss or key,
 A decade's now a century.
 Byron's storm-cloud away has rolled—
 Joined Werther's; Shelley's drowned; and—why,
 Perverse were now e'en Hamlet's sigh:
 Perverse?—indecorous indeed!"

300

"E'en so? e'en sadly is it so?"

"Not sad, but veritable, know.
 But what—how's this!" For here, with speed
 Of passion, Clarel turned: "Forbear!
 Ah, wherefore not at once name Job,
 In whom these Hamlets all conglobed.
 Own, own with me, and spare to feign,
 Doubt bleeds, nor Faith is free from pain!"

310

Derwent averted here his face—
 With his own heart he seemed to strive;
 Then said: "Alas, too deep you dive.
 But hear me yet for little space:
 This shaft you sink shall strike no bloom:
 The surface, ah, heaven keeps *that* green;
 Green, sunny: nature's active scene,
 For man appointed, man's true home."

He ended. Saba's desert lay—
 Glare rived by gloom. That comment's sway
 He felt: "Our privacy is gone;
 Here trips young Anselm to espy
 Arab or pilgrim drawing nigh.
 Dost hear him? come then, we'll go down.
 Precede."

320

At every step and steep,
 While higher came the youthful monk,
 Lower and lower in Clarel sunk

The freighted heart. It touched this deep:
 Ah, Nehemiah, alone art true?
 Secure in reason's wane or loss?
 Thy folly that folly of the cross
 Contemned by reason, yet how dear to you?

330

xxii

THE MEDALLION

In Saba, as by one consent,
 Frequent the pilgrims single went;
 So, parting with his young compeer,
 And breaking fast without delay,
 For more restorative and cheer,
 Good Derwent lightly strolled away
 Within this monkish capital.
 Chapels and oratories all,
 And shrines in coves of gilded gloom;
 The kitchen, too, and pantler's room—
 Naught came amiss.

10

Anear the church

He drew unto a kind of porch
 Such as next some old minsters be,
 An inner porch (named *Galilee*
 In parlance of the times gone by),
 A place for discipline and grief.
 And here his tarry had been brief
 But for a shield of marble nigh,
 Set in the living rock: a stone
 In low relief, where well was shown,
 Before an altar under sky,
 A man in armor, visor down,
 Enlocked complete in panoply,
 Uplifting reverent a crown
 In invocation.

20

This armed man

In corselet showed the dinted plate,

And dread streaks down the thigh-piece ran;
 But the bright helm inviolate 30
 Seemed raised above the battle-zone—
 Cherubic with a rare device:
 Perch for the bird of Paradise.
 A victor seemed he, without pride
 Of victory, or joy in fame:
 'Twas reverence, and naught beside,
 Unless it might that shadow claim
 Which comes of trial. Yes, the art
 So cunning was, that it in part
 By fair expressiveness of grace 40
 Atoned even for the visored face.

Long time becharmed here Derwent stood,
 Charmed by the marble's quiet mood
 Of beauty, more than by its tone
 Of earnestness, though these were one
 In that good piece. Yes, long he fed
 Ere yet the eye was lower led
 To trace the inscription underrun:

"O fair and friendly manifested Spirit!
 Before thine altar dear 50
 Let me recount the marvel of the story
 Fulfilled in tribute here.

"In battle waged where all was fraudulent silence,
 Foul battle against odds,
 Disarmed, I, fall'n and trampled, prayed: Death, succor!
 Come, Death: thy hand is God's!

"A pale hand noiseless from the turf responded,
 Riving the turf and stone:
 It raised, re-armed me, sword and golden armor,
 And waved me warring on. 60

"O fairest, friendliest, and ever holy—
 O Love, dissuading fate—

To thee, to thee the rescuer, thee sainted,
The crown I dedicate:

“To thee I dedicate the crown, a guerdon
The winner may not wear;
His wound re-opens, and he goes to haven:
Spirit! befriend him there.”

“A hero, and shall he repine?
’Tis not Achilles;” and straightway 70
He felt the charm in sort decline;
And, turning, saw a votary gray:
“Good brother, tell: make this thing clear:
Who set this up?” “’Twas long ago,
Yes, long before I harbored here,
Long centuries, they say.” “Why, no!
So bright it looks, ’tis recent, sure.
Who set it up?” “A count turned monk.”
“What count?” “His name he did abjure 80
For Lazarus, and ever shrunk
From aught of his life’s history:
Yon slab tells all or nothing, see.
But this I’ve heard; that when the stone
Hither was brought from Cyprus fair
(Some happy sculptors flourished there
When Venice ruled), he said to one:
‘They’ve made the knight too rich appear—
Too rich in helm.’ He set it here
In Saba as securest place,
For a memorial of grace 90
To outlast him, and many a year.”

xxiii

DERWENT WITH THE ABBOT

’Tis travel teaches much that’s strange,
Mused Derwent in his further range;

Then fell into uneasy frame:
 The visored man, relinquished name,
 And touch of unglad mystery.

He rallied: I will go and see
 The archimandrite in his court:
 And thither straight he made resort
 And met with much benignity.

The abbot's days were near the span,
 A holy and right reverend man,
 By name Christodulus, which means
Servant of Christ. Behind the screens
 He kept, but issued the decree:
 Unseen he ruled, and sightlessly:
 Yes, blind he was, stone-blind and old;
 But, in his silken vestment rolled,
 At mid-day on his Persian rug,
 Showed cosy as the puss Maltese
 Demure, in rosy fire-light snug,
 Upon the velvet hem at ease
 Of seated lady's luxuries
 Of robe. For all his days, and nights,
 Which Eld finds wakeful, and the slights
 Of churlish Time, life still could please.
 And chief what made the charm to be,
 Was his retention of that toy,
 Dear to the old—authority.
 And blent herewith was soothing balm,
 Senior complacency of calm—
 A settledness without alloy,
 In tried belief how orthodox
 And venerable; which the shocks
 Of schism had stood, ere yet the state
 Of Peter claimed earth's pastorate.
 So far back his Greek Church did plant,
 Rome's Pope he deemed but Protestant—
 A Rationalist, a bigger Paine—
 Heretic, worse than Arian;

10

20

30

He lumped him with that compound mass
Of sectaries of the West, alas!

40

Breathed Derwent: "This is a lone life;
Removed thou art from din and strife,
But from all news as well."

"Even so,

My son. But what's news here below?
For hearts that do Christ's promise claim,
No hap's important since He came.
Besides: in Saba here remain
Ten years; then back, the world regain—
Five minutes' talk with any one
Would put thee even with him, son.
Pretentious are events, but vain."

50

"But new books, authors of the time?"
"Books have we ever new—sublime:
The Scriptures—drama, precept fine,
Verse and philosophy divine,
All best. Believe again, O son,
God's revelation, Holy Writ,
Quite supersedes and makes unfit
All text save comment thereupon.
The Fathers have we, these discuss:
Sweet Chrysostom, Basilus,
Great Athanese, and—but all's known
To you, no question."

60

In the mien
Of Derwent, as this dropped in ear,
A junior's deference was seen.
Nothing he controverted. Here
He won the old man's heart, he knew,
And readier brought to pass the thing
That he designed: which was, to view
The treasures of this hermit-king.
At hint urbane, the abbot called
An acolyth, a blue-robed boy,
So used to service, he forestalled

70

His lighter wishes, and took joy
In serving. Keys were given. He took
From out a coffer's deeper nook
Small shrines and reliquaries old:
Beryl and Indian seed-pearl set
In little folding-doors of gold
And ivory, of triptych form,
With starred Byzantine pictures warm,
And opening into cabinet
Where lay secured in precious zone
The honeycombed gray-greenish bone
Of storied saint. But prized supreme
Were some he dwelt upon, detained,
Felt of them lovingly in hand;
Making of such a text or theme
For grave particulars; far back
Tracing them in monastic dream:
While fondling them (in way, alack,
Of Jew his coins) with just esteem
For rich encasings. Here anew
Derwent's attention was not slack;
Yet underneath a reverence due,
Slyly he kept his pleasant state:
The dowager—her family plate.

80

90

100

The abbot, with a blind man's way
Of meek divining, guessed the play
Of inkept comment: "Son," said he,
"These dry bones cannot live: what then?
In times ere Christianity
By worldings was professed, true men
And brave, which sealed their faith in blood
Or flame, the Christian brotherhood
Revered—attended them in death;
Caught the last parting of the breath:
Happy were they could they but own
Some true memento, but a bone
Purchased from executioner,
Or begged: hence relics. Trust me, son,

110

'Twas love began, and pious care
 Prolongs this homage." Derwent bowed;
 And, bland: "Have miracles been wrought
 From these?" "No, none by me avowed
 From knowledge personal. But then
 Such things may be, for they have been." 120
 "Have been?" "'Tis in the Scripture taught
 That contact with Elisha's bones
 Restored the dead to life." "Most true,"
 Eyeing the bits of skeletons
 As in enlightened reverence new,
 Forgetting that his host was blind,
 Nor might the flattery receive.

Erelong, observing the old man
 Waxed weary, and to doze began,
 Strange settling sidelong, half reclined, 130
 His blessing craved he, and took leave.

xxiv

VAULT AND GROTTO

But Clarel, bides he still by tower?
 His was no sprightly frame; nor mate
 He sought: it was his inner hour.
 Yes, keeping to himself his state,
 Nor thinking to break fast till late,
 He moved along the gulf's built flank
 Within the inclosures rank o'er rank.
 Accost was none, for none he saw,
 Until the Druze he chanced to meet,
 Smoking, nor did the Emir draw 10
 The amber from the mouth, to greet,
 Not caring so to break the spell
 Of that Elysian interval;
 But lay, his pipe at lengthy lean,

Reclined along the crag serene,
 As under Spain's San Pedro dome
 The long-sword Cid upon his tomb;
 And with an unobtrusive eye
 Yet apprehending, and mild mien,
 Regarded him as he went by
 Tossed in his trouble. 'Twas a glance
 Clarel did many a time recall,
 Though its unmeant significance—
 That was the last thing learned of all.

20

But passing on by ways that wind,
 A place he gained secluded there
 In ledge. A cenobite inclined
 Busy at scuttle-hole in floor
 Of rock, like smith who may repair
 A bolt of Mammon's vault. The door
 Or stony slab lay pushed aside.
 Deeming that here the monks might store,
 In times of menace which they bide,
 Their altar plate, Clarel drew near,
 But faltered at the friar's sad tone
 Ascetical. He looked like one
 Whose life is but a patience mere,
 Or worse, a fretting doubt of cheer
 Beyond; he toiled as in employ
 Imposed, a bondman far from joy.
 No answer made he to salute,
 Yet deaf might be. And now, while mute
 The student lingered, lo, down slipped
 Through cleft of crags, the sun did win
 Aloft in Kedron's citadel,
 A fiery shaft into that crypt
 (Like well-pole slant in farm-house well)
 And lighted it: and he looked in.
 On stony benches, head by head,
 In court where no recorders be,
 Preserved by nature's chemistry
 Sat the dim conclave of the dead,

30

40

50

Encircled where the shadow rules,
By sloping theaters of skulls.

He rose—retreated by the line
Of cliff, but paused at tones which sent:
“So pale? the end’s nor imminent
Nor far. Stand, thou; the countersign!”—
It came from over Kedron’s rent.
Thitherward then his glance he bent,
And saw, by mouth of grot or mine,
Rustic with wicket’s rude design,
A sheeted apparition wait,
Like Lazarus at the charnel gate
In Bethany.

60

“The countersign!”

“Reply, say something; yea, say *Death*,”
Prompted the monk, erewhile so mute.
Clarel obeyed; and, in a breath,
“Advance!” the shroud cried, turning foot,
And so retired there into gloom
Within, and all again was dumb.

70

“And who that man—or ghost?” he yearned
Unto the toiler; who returned:
“Cyril. ’Tis long since that he craved
Over against to dwell encaved.
In youth he was a soldier. Go.”
But Clarel might not end it so:
“I pray thee, friend, what grief or zeal
Could so unhinge him? *that* reveal.”
“Go—ask your world:” and grim toiled on,
Fitting his clamp as if alone,
Dismissing him austere thus.

80

And Clarel, sooth, felt timorous.
Conscious of seeds within his frame
Transmitted from the early gone,
Scarce in his heart might he disclaim
That challenge from the shrouded one.
He walked in vision—saw in fright
Where through the limitless of night

90

The spirits innumerable lie,
 Strewn like snared miners in vain flight
 From the dull black-damp. Die—to die!
 To be, then not to be! to end,
 And yet time never, never suspend
 His going.—This is cowardice
 To brood on this!—Ah, Ruth, thine eyes
 Abash these base mortalities!

But slid the change, anew it slid
 As by the Dead Sea marge forbid:
 The vision took another guise:
 From 'neath the closing, lingering lid
 Ruth's glance of love is glazing met,
 Reproaching him: *Dost tarry, tarry yet?*

100

XXV

DERWENT AND THE LESBIAN

If where, in blocks unbeautified,
 But lath and plaster may divide
 The cot of dole from bed of bride;
 Here, then, a page's slender shell
 Is thick enough to set between
 The graver moral, lighter mien—
 The student and the cap-and-bell.
 'Tis nature.

Pastime to achieve,
 After he reverent did leave
 The dozer in the gallery,
 Derwent, good man of pleasantry,
 He sauntered by the stables old,
 And there the ass spied through a door,
 Lodged in a darksome stall or hold,
 The head communing with the floor.

Taking some barley, near at hand,
 He entered, but was brought to stand,
 Hearing a voice: "Don't bother her;

10

She cares not, she, for provender;
 Respect her nunnery, her cell:
 She's pondering, see, the asses' hell."
 He turned; it was the Lesbian wag,
 Who offered straight to be his guide
 Even anywhere, be it vault or crag.

20

"Well, thanks; but first to feed your nun,
 She fasts overmuch.—There, it is done.
 Come show me, do, that famous tide
 Evoked up from the waste, they tell,
 The canonized abbot's miracle,
 St. Saba's fount: where foams it, pray?"
 "Near where the damned ones den." "What say?"
 "Down, plummets down. But come along;"
 And leading, whiled the way with song:

30

"Saintly lily, credit me,
 Sweet is the thigh of the honey-bee!
 Ruddy ever and oleose,
 Ho for the balm of the red, red rose!"

Stair after stair, and stair again,
 And ladder after ladder free,
 Lower and steeper, till the strain
 Of cord irked Derwent: "Verily,
 E'en as but now you lightly said,
 'Tis to Avernus we are bending;
 And how much further this descending?"

40

At last they dropped down on the bed
 Of Kedron, sought a cavern dead
 And there the fount.

" 'Tis cool to sip,
 I'm told; my cup, here 'tis; wilt dip?"
 And proffered it: "With me, with me,
 Alas, this natural dilution
 Of water never did agree;
 Mine is a touchy constitution;
 'Tis a respectable fluid though.

50

Ah, you don't care. Well, come out, do.
 The thing to mark here's not the well,
 But Saba in her crescent swell,
 Terrace on terrace piled. And see,
 Up there by yon small balcony
 Our famous palm stands sentinel.
 Are you a good believer?" "Why?"
 "Because that blessed tree (not I,
 But all our monks avouch it so)
 Was set a thousand years ago
 By dibble in St. Saba's hand."
 "Indeed? Heaven crown him for it. Palm!
 Thou benediction in the land,
 A new millennium may'st thou stand:
 So fair, no fate would do thee harm."

60

70

Much he admired the impressive view;
 Then facing round and gazing up
 Where soared the crags: "Yon grottoes few
 Which make the most ambitious group
 Of all the *laura* row on row,
 Can one attain?" "Forward!" And so
 Up by a cloven rift they plied—
 Saffron and black—branded beside,
 Like to some felon's wall of cell
 Smoked with his name. Up they impel
 Till Derwent, overwearied, cried:
 "Dear Virgil mine, you are so strong,
 But I, thy Dante, am nigh dead."
 "Who *daunts* ye, friend? don't catch the thread."
 "The ascending path was ever long."
 "Ah yes; well, cheer it with a song:

80

'My love but she has little feet
 And slippers of the rose,
 From under—Oh, the lavender sweet—
 Just peeping out, demurely neat;
 But she, she never knows—
 No, no, she never knows!

90

'A dimpled hand is hers, and e'en
 As dainty as her toes;
 In mine confiding it she'll lean
 Till heaven knows what my tinglings mean;
 But she, she never knows—
 Oh no, she never knows!

No, never!—Hist!"

"Nay, revelers, stay.

100

Lachryma Christi makes ye glad!
 Where joys he now shall next go mad?
 His snare the spider weaves in sun:
 But ye, your lease has yet to run;
 Go, go: from ye no countersign."

Such incoherence! where lurks he,
 The ghoul, the riddler? in what mine?
 It came from an impending crag
 Or cleft therein, or cavity.

The man of bins a bit did drag;
 But quick to Derwent, "Never lag:
 A crazy friar; but prithee, haste:

110

I know him—Cyril; there, we've passed."
 "Well, that is queer—the queerest thing,"
 Said Derwent, breathing nervously.

"He's ever ready with his sting,
 Though dozing in his grotto dull."

"Demented—pity! let him be."

"Ay, if he like that kind of hull,
 Let the poor wasp den in the skull."

120

"What's that?" here Derwent; "that shrill cry?"
 And glanced aloft; "for mercy, look!"
 A great bird crossed high up in sky
 Over the gulf; and, under him,
 Its downward flight a black thing took,
 And, eddying by the path's sheer rim,
 Still spun below: "'Tis Mortmain's cap,
 The skull-cap!" "Skull is't? say ye *skull*
 From heaven flung into Kedron's lap?"

The gods were ever bountiful!
 No—there: I see. Small as a wren—
 That death's head of all mortal men—
 Look where he's perched on topmost crag,
 Bareheaded brooding. Oh, the hag,
 That from the very brow could pluck
 The cap of a philosopher
 So near the sky, then, with a mock,
 Disdain and drop it." "Queer, 'tis queer
 Indeed!" "One did the same to me,
 Yes, much the same—pecked at my hat,
 I mountain-riding, dozingly,
 Upon a dromedary drear.
 The devil's in these eagles-gier.
She ones they are, be sure of that,
 That be so saucy.—Ahoy there, thou!"
 Shooting the voice in sudden freak
 Athwart the chasm, where wended slow
 The timoneer, that pilgrim Greek,
 The graybeard in the mariner trim,
 The same that told the story o'er
 Of crazy compass and the Moor.
 But he, indeed, not hearing him,
 Pursued his way.

130

140

150

"That salted one,
 That pickled old sea-Solomon,
 Tempests have deafened him, I think.
 He has a tale can make ye wink;
 And pat it comes in too. But dwell!
 Here, sit we down here while I tell."

xxvi

VINE AND THE PALM

Along those ledges, up and down—
 Through terce, sext, nones, in ritual flight

To vespers and mild evening brown;
 On errand best to angels known,
 A shadow creepeth, brushed by light.
 Behold it stealing now over one
 Reclined aloof upon a stone
 High up. 'Tis Vine.

And is it I

(He muses), I that leave the others,
 Or do they leave me? One could sigh
 For Achmed with his hundred brothers:

10

How share the gushing amity
 With all? Divine philanthropy!
 For my part, I but love the past—
 The further back the better; yes,
 In the past is the true blessedness;
 The future's ever overcast—
 The present aye plebeian. So,
 Mar Saba, thou fine long-ago
 Lithographed here, thee do I love;
 And yet to-morrow I'll remove
 With right good will; a fickle lover
 Is only constant as a rover.
 Here I lie, poor solitaire;
 But see the brave one over there—
 The Palm! Come now, to pass the time
 I'll try an invocation free—
 Invoke it in a style sublime,
 Yet sad as sad sincerity:—

20

30

“Witness to a watered land,
 Voucher of a vernal year—
 St. Saba's Palm, why there dost stand?
 Would'st thou win the desert here
 To dreams of Eden? Thy device
 Intimates a Paradise!
 Nay, thy plume would give us proof
 That thou thyself art prince thereof,

Fair lord of that domain.

“But, lonely dwelling in thy reign,
Kinship claimest with the tree
Worshipped on Delos in the sea—
Apollo’s Palm? It ended;
Nor dear divinities befriended.—

40

“Thou that pledgest heaven to me,
Stem of beauty, shaft of light,
Behold, thou hang’st suspended
Over Kedron and the night!
Shall come the fall? shall time disarm
The grace, the glory of the Palm?

50

“Tropic seraph! thou once gone,
Who then shall take thy office on—
Redeem the waste, and high appear,
Apostle of Talassa’s year
And climes where rivers of waters run?

“But braid thy tresses—yet thou’rt fair:
Every age for itself must care:
Braid thy green tresses; let the grim
Awaiter find thee never dim!
Serenely still thy glance be sent
Plumb down from horror’s battlement:
Though the deep Fates be concerting
A reversion, a subverting,
Still bear thee like the Seraphim.”

60

He loitered, lounging on the stair:
Howbeit, the sunlight still is fair.

Next meetly here behooves narrate
How fared they, seated left but late—
Viewless to Vine above their dell,
Viewless and quite inaudible:
Derwent, and his good gossip cosy,
The man of Lesbos, light and rosy,
His anecdote about to tell.

70

xxvii

MAN AND BIRD

"Yes, pat it comes in here for me:
 He says, that one fine day at sea—
 'Twas when he younger was and spry—
 Being at mast-head all alone,
 While he his business there did ply,
 Strapping a block where halyards run,
 He felt a fanning overhead—
 Looked up, and so into the eye
 Of a big bird, red-billed and black
 In plume. It startled him, he said,
 It seemed a thing demoniac.
 From poise, it went to wheeling round him;
 Then, when in daze it well had bound him,
 It pounced upon him with a buffet;
 He, enraged, essayed to cuff it,
 But only had one hand, the other
 Still holding on the spar. And so,
 While yet they shouted from below,
 And yet the wings did whirr and smother,
 The bird tore at his old wool cap,
 And chanced upon the brain to tap.
 Up went both hands; he lost his stay,
 And down he fell—he, and the bird
 Maintaining still the airy fray—
 And, souse, plumped into sea; and heard,
 While sinking there, the piercing gird
 Of the grim fowl, that bore away
 The prize at last."

10

20

"And did he drown?"

"Why, there he goes!" and pointed him
 Where still the mariner wended on:
 "'Twas in smooth water; he could swim.
 They luffed and flung the rope, and fired
 The harpoon at the shark untired

30

Astern, and dragged him—not the shark,
 But man—they dragged him 'board the barque;
 And down he dropped there with a thump,
 Being water-logged with spongy lump
 Of quilted patches on the shirt
 Of wool, and trowsers. All inert
 He lay. He says, and true's the word,
 That bitterer than the brine he drank
 Was that shrill gird the while he sank."

40

"A curious story, who e'er heard
 Of such a fray 'twixt man and bird!"—
 "Bird? but he deemed it was the devil,
 And that he carried off his soul
 In the old cap, nor was made whole
 'Till some good vicar did unravel
 The snarled illusion in the skein,
 And he got back his soul again."

50

"But lost his cap. A curious story—
 A bit of Nature's allegory.
 And—well, what now? You seem perplexed."

"And so I am.—Your friend there, see,
 Up on yon peak, he puzzles me.
 Wonder where I shall find him next?
 Last time 'twas where the corn-cribs be—
Bone-cribs, I mean; in church, you know;
 The blessed martyrs' holy bones,
 Hard by the porch as in you go—
 Sabaïtes' bones, the thousand ones
 Of slaughtered monks—so faith avers.
 Dumb, peering in there through the bars
 He stood. Then, in the spiders' room,
 I saw him there, yes, quite at home
 In long-abandoned library old,
 Conning a venerable tome,
 While dust of ages round him rolled;
 Nor heeded he the big fly's buzz,
 But mid heaped parchment leaves that mold
 Sat like the bankrupt man of Uz

60

70

Among the ashes, and read and read.
 Much learning, has it made him mad?
 Kedron well suits him, 'twould appear:
 Why don't he stay, yes, anchor here,
 Turn anchorite?"

And do ye pun,
 And he, he such an austere one?
 (Thought Derwent then) Well, run your rig—
 Hard to be comic and revere;
 And once 'twas tittered in mine ear
 St. Paul himself was but a prig.
 Who's safe from the derision?—Here
 Aloud: "Why, yes; our friend is queer,
 And yet, as some esteem him, not
 Without some wisdom to his lot."

80

"Wisdom? our Cyril is deemed wise.
 In the East here, one who's lost his wits
 For saint or sage they canonize:
 That's pretty good for perquisites.
 I'll tell you: Cyril (some do own)
 Has gained such prescience as to man
 (Through seldom seeing any one),
 To him's revealed the mortal span
 Of any wight he peers upon.
 And that's his hobby—as we proved
 But late."

90

"Then not in vain we've roved,
 Winning the oracle whose caprice
 Avers *we've* yet to run our lease."

100

"Length to that lease! But let's return,
 Give over climbing, and adjourn."

"Just as you will."

"But first to show

A curious caverned place hard by.
 Another crazed monk—start not so—
 He's gone, clean vanished from the eye!
 Another crazed one, deemed inspired,

Long dwelt in it. He never tired—
Ah, here it is, the vestibule.”

110

They reach an inner grotto cool,
Lighted by fissure up in dome;
Fixed was each thing, each fixture stone:
Stone bed, bench, cross, and altar—stone.

“How like you it—Habbibi’s home?
You see these writings on the wall?
His craze was this: he heard a call
Ever from heaven: O scribe, write, write!
Write this—that write—to these indite—
To them! Forever it was—write!
Well, write he did, as here you see.
What is it all?”

120

“Dim, dim to me,”
Said Derwent; “ay, obscurely traced;
And much is rubbed off or defaced.
But here now, this is pretty clear:
*‘I, Self, I am the enemy
Of all. From me deliver me,
O Lord.’*—Poor man!—But here, dim here:
*‘There is a hell over which mere hell
Serves—for—a—heaven.’*—Oh, terrible!
Profound pit that must be!—What’s here
Half faded: ‘. . . *teen* . . . *six*,
*The hundred summers run,
Except it be in cicatrix
The aloe—flowers—none.’*—

130

Ah, Nostrodamus; prophecy
Is so explicit.—But this, see.
Much blurred again: ‘. . . *testimony*,
. . . . *grown fat and gray,*
The lion down, and—full of honey,
The bears shall rummage—him—in—May.’—
Yes, bears like honey.—Yon gap there
Well lights the grotto; and this air
Is dry and sweet; nice citadel

140

For study."

"Or dessert-room. So,
Hast seen enough? then let us go.
Write, write—indite!—what peer you at?"
Emerging, Derwent, turning round,
Small text spied which the door-way crowned.
"Ha, new to me; and what is that?"
The Islesman asked; "pray, read it o'er."

150

"*'Ye here who enter Habbi's den,
Beware what hence ye take!'*" "Amen!
Why didn't he say that before?
But what's to take? all's fixture here."
"Occult, occult," said Derwent, "queer."
Returning now, they made descent,
The pilot trilling as they went:

160

"King Cole sang as he clinked the can,
Sol goes round, and the mill-horse too:
A thousand pound for a fire-proof man!
The devil vows he's the sole true-blue;
And the prick-louse sings,
See the humbug of kings—
'Tis I take their measure, ninth part of a man!"

Lightly he sheds it off (mused then
The priest), a man for Daniel's den.

170

In by-place now they join the twain,
Belex, and Og in red Fez bald;
And Derwent, in his easy vein
Ear gives to chat, with wine and gladness,
Pleased to elude the Siddim madness,
And, yes, even that in grotto scrawled;
Nor grieving that each pilgrim friend
For time now leave him to unbend.
Yet, intervening even there,
A touch he knew of gliding care:
We loiterers whom life can please

180

(Thought he) could we but find our mates
 Ever! but no; before the gates
 Of joy, lie some who carp and tease:
 Collisions of men's destinies!—
 But quick, to nullify that tone
 He turned to mark the jovial one
 Telling the twain, the martial pair,
 Of Cairo and his tarry there;
 And how, his humorous soul to please,
 He visited the dervishes,
 The dancing ones: "But what think ye?
 The captain-dervish vowed to me
 That those same cheeses, whirl-round-rings
 He made, were David's—yes, the king's
 Who danced before the Ark. But, look:
This was the step King David took;"
 And cut fantastic pigeon-wings.

190

xxviii

MORTMAIN AND THE PALM

"See him!—How all your threat he braves,
 Sabal your ominous architraves
 Impending, stir him not a jot.
 Scarce *he* would change with me in lot:
 Wiser am I?—Curse on this store
 Of knowledge! Nay, 'twas cursed of yore.
Knowledge is power: tell that to knaves;
 'Tis knavish knowledge: the true lore
 Is impotent for earth: *Thyself*
Thou can'st not save; come down from cross!
 They cast it in His teeth; trim Pelf
 Stood by, and jeered, *Is gold then dross?*—
 Cling to His tree, and there find hope:
 Me it but makes a misanthrope.
 Makes? nay, but 'twould, did not the hate

10

Dissolve in pity of the fate.—
 This legend, dream, and *fact* of life!
 The drooping hands, the dancing feet
 Which in the endless series meet;
 And rumors of *No God* so rife!"

20

The Swede, the brotherless—who else?
 'Twas he, upon the brink opposed,
 To whom the Lesbian was disclosed
 In antic: hence those syllables.

Ere long (at distance from that scene)
 A voice dropped on him from a screen
 Above: "Ho, halt!" It chanced to be
 The challenged here no start incurred,
 Forewarned of near vicinity
 Of Cyril and his freak. He heard,
 Looked up, and answered, "Well?" "The word!"
 "*Hope*," in derision. "Stand, delay:
 That was pass-word for yesterday."
 "*Despair*." "Advance."

30

He, going, scanned
 The testimony of the hand
 Gnawed in the dream: "Yea, but 'tis here.
 Despair? nay, death; and what's death's cheer?
 Death means—the sea-beat gains the shore;
 He's home; his watch is called no more.
 So looks it. Not *I* tax thee, Death,
 With that, which might make Strength a trembler—
 While yet for me it scants no breath—
 That, quiet under sleepest mound,
 Thou art a dangerous dissembler;
 That he whose evil is profound
 In multiform of life's disguises,
 Whom none dare check, and naught chastises,
 And in his license thinks no bound—
 For him thou hoardest strange surprises!—
 But what—the Tree? O holy Palm,

40

50

If 'tis a world where hearts wax warm
 Oftener through hate than love, and chief
 The bland thing be the adder's charm,
 And the true thing virtue's ancient grief—
 Thee yet it nourishes—even thee!

“Envoy, whose looks the pang assuage,
 Disclose thy heavenly embassy!
 That lily-rod which Gabriel bore
 To Mary, kneeling her before,
 Anouncing a God, the mother she;
 That budded stalk from Paradise—
 Like that thou shin'st in thy device:
 And sway'st thou over here toward me—
 Toward *me* can such a symbol sway!”

60

In rounded turn of craggy way,
 Across the interposed abyss,
 He had encountered it. Submiss,
 He dropped upon the under stone,
 And soon in such a dream was thrown
 He felt as floated up in cheer
 Of saint borne heavenward from the bier.
 Indeed, each wakeful night, and fast
 (That feeds and keeps what clay would clutch)
 With thrills which he did still outlast,
 His fibres made so fine in end
 That though in trials fate can lend
 Firm to withstand, strong to contend;
 Sensitive he to a spirit's touch.

70

A wind awakened him—a breath.
 He lay like light upon the heath,
 Alive though still. And all came back,
 The years outlived, with all their black;
 While bright he saw the angel-tree
 Across the gulf alluring sway:
Come over! be—forever be
As in the trance.—“Wilt no delay?”

80

Yet hear me in appeal to thee:
 When the last light shall fade from me,
 If, groping round, no hand I meet;
 Thee I'll recall—invoke thee, Palm:
 Comfort me then, thou Paraclete!
 The lull late mine beneath thy lee,
 Then, then renew, and seal the calm."

90

Upon the ledge of hanging stair,
 And under Vine, invisible there,
 With eyes still feeding on the Tree,
 Relapsed he lingered as in Lethe's snare.

xxix

ROLFE AND THE PALM

Pursued, the mounted robber flies
 Unawed through Kedron's plunged demesne:
 The clink, and clinking echo dies:
 He vanishes: a long ravine.
 And stealthy there, in little chinks
 Betwixt or under slab-rocks, slinks
 The dwindled amber current lean.

Far down see Rolfe there, hidden low
 By ledges slant. Small does he show
 (If eagles eye), small and far off
 As Mother-Cary's bird in den
 Of Cape Horn's hollowing billow-trough,
 When from the rail where lashed they bide
 The sweep of overcurling tide—
 Down, down, in bonds the seamen gaze
 Upon that flutterer in glen
 Of waters where it sheltered plays,
 While, over it, each briny height
 Is torn with bubbling torrents white

10

In slant foam tumbling from the snow
 Upon the crest; and far as eye
 Can range through mist and scud which fly,
 Peak behind peak the liquid summits grow.

20

By chance Rolfe won the rocky stair
 At base, and queried if it were
 Man's work or nature's, or the twain
 Had wrought together in that lane
 Of high ascent, so crooked with turns
 And flanked by coignes, that one discerns
 But links thereof in flights encaved,
 Whate'er the point of view. Up, slow
 He climbed for little space; then craved
 A respite, turned and sat; and, lo,
 The Tree in salutation waved
 Across the chasm. Reminders swell;
 Sweet troubles of emotion mount—
 Sylvan reveries, and they well
 From memory's *Bandusia* fount;
 Yet scarce the memory alone,
 But that and question merged in one:

30

40

“Whom weave ye in,
 Ye vines, ye palms? whom now, Soolee?
 Lives yet your Indian Arcady?
 His sunburnt face what Saxon shows—
 His limbs all white as lilies be—
 Where Eden, isled, impurpled glows
 In old *Mendanna's* sea?
 Takes who the venture after me?

“Who now adown the mountain dell
 (Till mine, by human foot untrod—
 Nor easy, like the steps to hell)
 In panic leaps the appalling crag,
 Alighting on the cloistral sod
 Where strange *Hesperian* orchards drag,
 Walled round by cliff and cascatelle—

50

Arcades of Iris; and though lorn,
 A truant ship-boy overworn,
 Is hailed for a descended god?

“Who sips the vernal cocoa’s cream—
 The nereids dimpling in the darkling stream? 60
 For whom the gambol of the tricky dream—
 Even Puck’s substantiated scene,
 Yea, much as man might hope and more than heaven may
 mean?

“And whom do priest and people sue,
 In terms which pathos yet shall tone
 When memory comes unto her own,
 To dwell with them and ever find them true:
 ‘Abide, for peace is here:
 Behold, nor heat nor cold we fear,
 Nor any dearth: one happy tide— 70
 A dance, a garland of the year:
 Abide!’

“But who so feels the stars annoy,
 Upbraiding him—how far astray!—
 That he abjures the simple joy,
 And hurries over the briny world away?
 “Renouncer! is it Adam’s flight
 Without compulsion or the sin?
 And shall the vale avenge the slight
 By haunting thee in hours thou yet shalt win?” 80

He tarried. And each swaying fan
 Sighed to his mood in threnodies of Pan.

XXX

THE CELIBATE

All distant through that afternoon
 The student kept, nor might attune
 His heart to any steadfast thought

But Ruth—still Ruth, yet strange involved
 With every mystery unresolved
 In time and fate. In cloud thus caught,
 Her image labored like a star
 Fitful revealed in midnight heaven
 When inland from the sea-coast far
 The storm-rack and dark scud are driven.
 Words scarce might tell his frame, in sooth:
 'Twas Ruth, and oh, much more than Ruth.

10

That flank of Kedron still he held
 Which is built up; and, passing on—
 While now sweet peal of chimings swelled
 From belfry old, withdrawn in zone—
 A way through cloisters deep he won
 And winding vaults that slope to height;
 And heard a voice, espied a light
 In twinkle through far passage dim,
 And aimed for it, a friendly gleam;
 And so came out upon the Tree
 Mid-poised, and ledge-built balcony
 Inrailed, and one who, leaning o'er,
 Beneath the Palm—from shore to shore
 Of Kedron's overwhelming walls
 And up and down her gap and grave,
 A golden cry sent, such as calls
 To creatures which the summons know.
 And, launching from crag, tower, and cave
 Beatified in flight they go:
 St. Saba's doves, in Saba bred.
 For wonted bounty they repair,
 These convent-pensioners of air;
 Fly to their friend; from hand outspread
 Or fluttering at his feet are fed.
 Some, iridescent round his brow,
 Wheel, and with nimbus him endow.

20

30

Not fortune's darling here was seen,
 But heaven's elect. The robe of blue

40

So sorted with the doves in hue
 Prevailing, and clear skies serene
 Without a cloud; so pure he showed—
 Of stature tall, in aspect bright—
 He looked an almoner of God,
 Dispenser of the bread of light.
 'Twas not the intellectual air—
 Not solely that, though that be fair:
 Another order, and more rare—
 As high above the Plato mind
 As this above the Mammon kind.
 In beauty of his port unsealed,
 To Clarel part he stood revealed
 At first encounter; but the sweet
 Small pecking bills and hopping feet
 Had previous won; the host urbane,
 In courtesy that could not feign,
 Mute welcome yielding, and a seat.
 It charmed away half Clarel's care,
 And charmed the picture that he saw,
 To think how like that turtle pair
 Which Mary, to fulfill the law,
 From Bethlehem to temple brought
 For offering; these Saba doves
 Seemed natives—not of Venus' court
 Voluptuous with wanton wreath—
 But colonnades where Enoch roves,
 Or walks with God, as Scripture saith.

50

60

Nor myrtle here, but sole the Palm
 Whose vernal fans take rich release
 From crowns of foot-stalks golden warm.
 O martyr's scepter, type of peace,
 And trouble glorified to calm!

70

What stillness in the almoner's face:
 Nor Fomalhaut more mild may reign
 Mellow above the purple main
 Of autumn hills. It was a grace
 Beyond medallions ye recall.

The student murmured, filial—
 "Father," and tremulously gleamed,
 "Here, sure, is peace." The father beamed;
 The nature of the peace was such
 It shunned to venture any touch
 Of word. "And yet," went Clarel on;
 But faltered there. The saint but glanced.
 "Father, if Good, 'tis unenhanced:
 No life domestic do ye own
 Within these walls: woman I miss.
 Like cranes, what years from time's abyss
 Their flight have taken, one by one,
 Since Saba founded this retreat:
 In cells here many a stifled moan
 Of lonely generations gone;
 And more shall pine as more shall fleet."

80

90

With dove on wrist, he, robed, stood hushed,
 Mused on the bird, and softly brushed.
 Scarce reassured by air so mute,
 Anxiously Clarel urged his suit.
 The celibate let go the dove;
 Cooing, it won the shoulder—lit
 Even at his ear, as whispering it.
 But he one pace made in remove,
 And from a little alcove took
 A silver-clasped and vellum book;
 And turned a leaf, and gave that page
 For answer.—

100

Rhyme, old hermit-rhyme
 Composed in Decius' cruel age
 By Christian of Thebæan clime:

'Twas David's son, and he of Dan,
 With him misloved that fled the bride,
 And Job whose wife but mocked his ban;
 Then rose, or in redemption ran—
 The rib restored to Adam's side,
 And man made whole, as man began.

110

And lustral hymns and prayers were here:
Renouncings, yearnings, charges dread
Against our human nature dear:
Worship and wail, which, if misled,
Not less might fervor high instill 120
In hearts which, striving in their fear
Of clay, to bridle, curb or kill;
In the pure desert of the will
Chastised, live the vowed life austere.

The given page the student scanned:
Started—reviewed, nor might withstand.
He turned; the celibate was gone;
Over the gulf he hung alone:
Alone, but for the comment caught
Or dreamed, in face seen far below, 130
Upturned toward the Palm in thought,
Or else on him—he scarce might know.
Fixed seemed it in assent indeed
Which indexed all? It was the Swede.
Over the Swede, upon the stair—
Long Bethel-stair of ledges brown
Sloping as from the heaven let down—
Apart lay Vine; lowermost there,
Rolfe he discerned; nor less the three,
While of each other unaware, 140
In one consent of frame might be.

How vaguely, while yet influenced so
By late encounter, and his glance
Rested on Vine, his reveries flow
Recalling that repulsed advance
He knew by Jordan in the wood,
And the enigma unsubdued—
Possessing Ruth, nor less his heart
Aye hungering still, in deeper part
Unsatisfied. Can be a bond 150
(Thought he) as David sings in strain
That dirges beauteous Jonathan,

Passing the love of woman fond?
 And may experience but dull
 The longing for it? Can time teach?
 Shall all these billows win the lull
 And shallow on life's hardened beach?—

He lingered. The last dove had fled,
 And nothing breathed—breathed, waved, or fed,
 Along the uppermost sublime
 Blank ridge. He wandered as in sleep;
 A saffron sun's last rays were shed;
 More still, more solemn waxed the time,
 Till Apathy upon the steep
 Sat one with Silence and the Dead.

160

xxxI

THE RECOIL

“But who was SHE (if Luke attest)
 Whom generations hail for blest—
 Immaculate though human one;
 What diademed and starry Nun—
 Bearing in English old the name
 And hallowed style of HOLIDAME;
 She, She, the Mater of the Rood—
 Sprang she from Ruth's young sisterhood?”

On cliff in moonlight roaming out,
 So Clarel, thrilled by deep dissent,
 Revulsion from injected doubt
 And many a strange presentiment.

10

But came ere long profound relapse:
 The Rhyme recurred, made voids or gaps
 In dear relations; while anew,
 From chambers of his mind's review,
 Emerged the saint, who with the Palm

Shared heaven on earth in gracious calm,
Even as his robe partook the hue.

And needs from that high mentor part? 20

Is strength too strong to teach the weak?

Though tame the life seem, turn the cheek,

Does the call elect the hero-heart?—

The thunder smites our tropic bloom:

If live the abodes unvexed and balmy—

No equinox with annual doom;

If Eden's wafted from the plume

Of shining Raphael, Michael palmy;

If these in more than fable be,

With natures variously divine— 30

Through all their ranks they are masculine;

Else how the power with purity?

Or in yon worlds of light is known

The clear intelligence alone?

Express the Founder's words declare,

Marrying none is in the heaven;

Yet love in heaven itself to spare—

Love feminine! Can Eve be riven

From sex, and disengaged retain

Its charm? Think this—then may ye feign 40

The perfumed rose shall keep its bloom,

Cut off from sustenance of loam.

But if Eve's charm be not supernal,

Enduring not divine transplanting—

Love kindled thence, is that eternal?

Here, here's the hollow—here the haunting!

Ah, love, ah wherefore thus unsure?

Linked art thou—locked, with Self impure?

Yearnings benign the angels know,

St. Francis and St. John have felt: 50

Good will—desires that overflow,

And reaching far as life is dealt.

That *other* love!—Oh heavy load—

Is naught then trustworthy but God?

On more hereof, derived in frame
 From the eremite's Thebæan flame,
 Mused Clarel, taking self to task,
 Nor might determined thought reclaim:
 But, the waste invoking, this did ask:
 "Truth, truth cherubic! claim'st thou worth
 Foreign to time and hearts which dwell
 Helots of habit old as earth
 Suspended 'twixt the heaven and hell?"

60

But turn thee, rest the burden there;
 To-morrow new deserts must thou share.

xxxii

EMPTY STIRRUPS

The gray of dawn. A tremor slight:
 The trouble of imperfect light
 Anew begins. In floating cloud
 Midway suspended down the gorge,
 A long mist trails white shreds of shroud
 How languorous toward the Dead Sea's verge.
 Riders in seat halt by the gate:
 Why not set forth? For one they wait
 Whose stirrups empty be—the Swede.
 Still absent from the frater-hall
 Since afternoon and vesper-call,
 He, they imagined, had but sought
 Some cave in keeping with his thought,
 And reappear would with the light
 Suddenly as the Gileadite
 In Obadiah's way. But—no,
 He cometh not when they would go.
 Dismounting, they make search in vain;
 Till Clarel—minding him again
 Of something settled in his air—

10

20

A quietude beyond mere calm—
 When seen from ledge beside the Palm
 Reclined in nook of Bethel-stair,
 Thitherward led them in a thrill
 Of nervous apprehension, till
 Startled he stops, with eyes avert
 And indicating hand.—

'Tis *he*—

So undisturbed, supine, inert—
 The filmed orbs fixed upon the Tree—
 Night's dews upon his eyelids be.

30

To test if breath remain, none tries:
 On those thin lips a feather lies—
 An eagle's, wafted from the skies.
 The vow: and had the genius heard,
 Benignant? nor had made delay,
 But, more than taking him at word,
 Quick wafted where the palm-boughs sway
 In St. John's heaven? Some divined
 That long had he been undermined
 In frame; the brain a tocsin-bell
 Overburdensome for citadel
 Whose base was shattered. They refrain
 From aught but that dumb look that fell
 Identifying; feeling pain
 That such a heart could beat, and will—
 Aspire, yearn, suffer, baffled still,
 And end. With monks which round them stood
 Concerned, not discomposed in mood,
 Interment they provided for—
 Heaved a last sigh, nor tarried more.

40

50

Nay; one a little lingered there;
 'Twas Rolfe. And as the rising sun,
 Though viewless yet from Bethel-stair,
 More lit the mountains, he was won
 To invocation, scarce to prayer:

“Holy Morning,
What blessed lore reservest thou,
Withheld from man, that evermore
Without surprise,
But, rather, with a hurtless scorning
In thy placid eyes,
Thou viewest all events alike?
Oh, tell me, do thy bright beams strike
The healing hills of Gilead now?”

60

And glanced toward the pale one near
In shadow of the crag's dark brow.—

Did Charity follow that poor bier?
It did; but Bigotry did steer:
Friars buried him without the walls
(Nor in a consecrated bed)
Where vulture unto vulture calls,
And only ill things find a friend:
There let the beak and claw contend,
There the hyena's cub be fed:
Heaven that disclaims, and him beweeps
In annual showers; and the tried spirit sleeps.

70

END OF PART III

PART IV

BETHLEHEM

PART IV

BETHLEHEM

i

IN SADDLE

Of old, if legend truth aver,
With hearts that did in aim concur,
Three mitered kings—Amerrian,
Apelius, and Damazon—
By miracle in Cassak met
(An Indian city, bards infer);
Thence, prompted by the vision yet
To find the new-born Lord nor err,
Westward their pious feet they set—
With gold and frankincense and myrrh.
Nor failed they, though by deserts vast
And voids and menaces they passed:
They failed not, for a light was given—
The light and pilotage of heaven:
A light, a lead, no longer won
By any, now, who seekers are:
Or fable is it? but if none,
Let man lament the foundered Star.

10

And Kedron's pilgrims: In review
The wilds receive those guests anew.
Yet ere, the MANGER now to win,
Their desert march they re-begin,
Belated leaving Saba's tower;
Reverted glance they grateful throw,
Nor slight the abbot's parting dower

20

Whose benedictions with them go.

Nor did the sinner of the isle
From friendly cheer refrain, though lax:

"Our Lady of the Vines beguile

Your travel and bedew your tracks!"

30

Blithe wishes, which slim mirth bestow;

For, ah, with chill at heart they mind

Two now forever left behind.

But as men drop, replacements rule:

Though fleeting be each part assigned,

The eternal ranks of life keep full:

So here—if but in small degree—

Recruits for fallen ones atone;

The Arnaut and pilgrim from the sea

The muster joining; also one

40

In military undress dun—

A stranger quite.

The Arnaut rode

For escort mere. His martial stud

A brother seemed—as strong as he,

As brave in trappings, and with blood

As proud, and equal gravity,

Reserving latent mettle. Good

To mark the rider in his seat—

Tall, shapely, powerful and complete;

50

Alean, too, in an easy way,

Like Pisa's Tower confirmed in place,

Nor lacking in subordinate grace

Of lighter beauty. Truth to say,

This horseman seemed to waive command:

Abeyance of the bridle-hand.

But winning space more wide and clear,

He showed in ostentation here

How but a pulse conveyed through rein

Could thrill and fire, or prompt detain.

60

On dappled steed, in kilt snow-white,

With burnished arms refracting light,

He orbits round the plodding train.

Djalea in quiet seat observes;
 'Tis little from his poise he swerves;
 Sedate he nods, as he should say:
 "Rough road may tame this holiday
 Of thine; but pleasant to look on:
 Come, that's polite!" for on the wing,
 Or in suspense of curvetting
 Chiron salutes the Emir's son.

70

Meantime, remiss, with dangling sword,
 Upon a cloistral beast but sad,
 A Saba friar's befitting pad
 (His own steed, having sprained a cord,
 Left now behind in convent ward)
 The plain-clad soldier, heeding none
 Though marked himself, in neutral tone
 Maintained his place. His shoulders lithe
 Were long-sloped and yet ample, too,
 In keeping with each limb and threw:
 Waist flexile as a willow withe;
 Withal, a slouched reserve of strength,
 As in the pard's luxurious length;
 The cheek, high-boned, of copperish show
 Enhanced by sun on land and seas;
 Long hair, much like a Cherokee's,
 Curving behind the ear in flow
 And veiling part a saber-scar
 Slant on the neck, a livid bar;
 Nor might the felt hat hide from view
 One temple pitted with strange blue
 Of powder-burn. Of him you'd say—
 A veteran, no more. But nay:
 Brown eyes, what reveries they keep—
 Sad woods they be, where wild things sleep.

80

90

Hereby, and by yet other sign,
 To Rolfe, and Clarel part, and Vine,
 The stranger stood revealed, confessed
 A native of the fair South-West—

100

Their countryman, though of a zone
 Varied in nature from their own:
 A countryman—but how estranged!
 Nor any word as yet exchanged
 With them. But yester-evening's hour
 Then first he came to Saba's tower,
 And saw the Epirot aside
 In conference, and word supplied
 Touching detention of the troop
 Destined to join him for the swoop
 Over Jordan. But the pilgrims few
 Knew not hereof, not yet they knew,
 But deemed him one who took his way
 Eccentric in an armed survey
 Of Judah.

110

On the pearl-gray ass
 (From Siddim riderless, alas!)
 Rode now the timoneer sedate,
 Jogging beneath the Druze's lee,
 As well he might, instructed late
 What perils in lack of convoy be.

120

A frater-feeling of the sea
 Influenced Rolfe, and made him take
 Solace with him of salt romance,
 Albeit Agath scarce did wake
 To full requital—chill, perchance
 Derived from years or diffidence;
 Howe'er, in friendly way Rolfe plied
 One-sided chat.

As on they ride
 And o'er the ridge begin to go,
 A parting glance they turn; and lo!
 The convent's twin towers disappear—
 Engulfed like a brig's masts below
 Submerging waters. Thence they steer
 Upward anew, in lane of steeps—
 Ravine hewn-out, as 'twere by sledges;
 Inwalled, from ledges unto ledges,

130

And stepwise still, each rider creeps,
Until, at top, their eyes behold
Judæa in highlands far unrolled.
A horseman so, in easier play
Wheeling aloft (so travelers say)
Up the Moor's Tower, may outlook gain
From saddle over Seville's plain.

But here, 'twixt tent-lapped hills, they see,
Northward, a land immovably
Haggard and haggish, specked gray-green—
Pale tint of those frilled lichens lean,
Which on a prostrate pine ye view,
When fallen from the banks of grace
Down to the sand-pit's sterile place,
Blisters supplant the beads of dew.
Canker and palmer-worm both must
Famished have left those fields of rust:
The rain is powder—land of dust:
There few do tarry, none may live—
Save mad, possessed, or fugitive.

Exalted in accursed estate,
Like Naaman in his leprous plight
Haughty before Elisha's gate,
Show the blanched hills.

All now alight
Upon the Promethean ledge.
The Druze stands by the imminent edge
Peering, and rein in hand. With head
Over her master's shoulder laid,
The mare, too, gazed, nor feared a check,
Though leaning half her lovesome neck,
Yet lightly, as a swan might do.
An arm Djalea enfolding stretched,
While sighs the sensitive creature fetched,
As e'en that waste to sorrow moved
Instinctive. So, to take the view
See man and mare, lover and loved.

Slant palm to brow against the haze,

Meantime the salt one sent his gaze
 As from the mast-head o'er the pale
 Expanse. But what may eyes avail?
 Land lone as seas without a sail. 180
 "Wreck, ho—the wreck!" Not unamazed
 They hear his sudden outcry. Crazy?
 Or subject yet by starts dismayed
 To flighty turns, for friars said
 Much wandered he in mind when low.
 But never Agath heeded them:
 Forth did his leveled finger go
 And, fixing, pointed: "See ye, see?
 'Way over where the gray hills be;
 Yonder—no, there—that upland dim: 190
 Wreck, ho! the wreck—Jerusalem!"
 "Keen-sighted art thou!" said Djalea
 Confirming him; "ay, it is there."
 Then Agath, that excitement gone,
 Relapsed into his quiet tone.

ii

THE ENSIGN

Needs well to know the distant site
 (Like Agath, who late on the way
 From Joppa here had made delay)
 Ere, if unprompted, thou aright
 Mayst single Zion's mountain out
 From kindred summits roundabout.
 Abandoned quarry mid the hills
 Remote, as well one's dream fulfills
 Of what Jerusalem should be,
 As that vague heap, whose neutral tones 10
 Blend in with Nature's, helplessly:
 Stony metropolis of stones.
 But much as distant shows the town

Erst glorious under Solomon,
Appears now, in these latter days,
To languid eyes, through dwelling haze,
The city St. John saw so bright
With sardonyx and ruby? Gleam
No more, like Monte Rosa's height,
Thy towers, O New Jerusalem?
To Patmos now may visions steal?
Lone crag where lone the ospreys wheel!

20

Such thought, or something near akin,
Touched Clarel, and perchance might win
(To judge them by their absent air)
Others at hand. But not of these
The Illyrian bold: impatient stare
He random flung; then, like a breeze
Which fitful rushes through the glen
Over clansmen low—Prince Charlie's men—
Shot down the ledges, while the clang
Of saber 'gainst the stirrup rang,
And clinked the steel shoe on the stone.
His freak of gallantry in cheer
Of barbarous escort ending here,
Back for the stronghold dashed he lone.
When died the din, it left them more
Becalmed upon that hollow shore.

30

Not slack was ocean's wrinkled son
In study of the mountain-town—
Much like himself, indeed, so gray
Left in life's waste to slow decay.
For index now as he stretched forth
His loose-sleeved arm in sailor way
Pointing the bearings south and north,
Derwent, arrested, cried, "Dost bleed?"
Touching the naked skin: "Look here—
A living fresco!" And indeed,
Upon the fore-arm did appear

40

A thing of art, vermil and blue,
 A crucifixion in tattoo,
 With trickling blood-drops strange to see.
 Above that emblem of the loss,
 Twin curving palm-boughs draping met
 In manner of a canopy
 Over an equi-limbed small cross
 And three tri-spiked and sister crowns:
 And under these a star was set:
 And all was tanned and toned in browns.

50

In chapel erst which knew the mass,
 A mullioned window's umber glass
 Dyed with some saintly legend old,
 Obscured by cobwebs; this might hold
 Some likeness to the picture rare
 On arm here webbed with straggling hair.

60

"Leave out the crucifixion's hint,"
 Said Rolfe, "the rest will show in tint
 The *Ensign*: palms, cross, diadems,
 And star—the *Sign!*—Jerusalem's,
 Coeval with King Baldwin's sway.—
 Skilled monk in sooth ye need have sought
 In Saba."

70

Quoth the sea-sage: "Nay;
 Sketched out it was one Christmas day
 Off Java-Head. Little I thought
 (A heedless lad, scarce through youth's straits—
 How hopeful on the wreckful way)
 What meant this thing which here ye see,
 The bleeding man upon the tree;
 Since then I've felt it, and the fates."

80

"Ah—yes," sighed Derwent; "yes, indeed!
 But 'tis the *Ensign* now we heed."

The stranger here his dusk eye ran
 In reading sort from man to man,
 Cleric to sailor—back again.

"But, shipmate," Derwent cried; "tell me:
 How came you by this blazonry?"

“We seamen, when there’s naught to do
 In calms, the straw for hats we plait,
 Or one another we tattoo 90
 With marks we copy from a mate,
 Which he has from his elders ta’en,
 And those from prior ones again;
 And few, if any, think or reck
 But so with pains their skin to deck.
 This crucifixion, though, by some
 A charm is held ’gainst watery doom.”

“Comrades,” said Rolfe, “ ’tis here we note
 Downhanded in a way blind-fold,
 A pious use of times remote. 100
 Ah, but it dim grows, and more dim,
 The gold of legend, that fine gold!
 Washed in with wine of Bethlehem,
 This *Ensign* in the ages old
 Was stamped on every pilgrim’s arm
 By grave practitioners elect
 Whose calling lacked not for respect
 In Zion. Like the sprig of palm,
 Token it was at home, that he
 Which bore, had kneeled at Calvary. 110
 Nay, those monk-soldiers helmet-crowned,
 Whose effigies in armed sleep, lie—
 Stone, in the stony Temple round
 In London; and (to verify
 Them more) with carved greaves crossed, for sign
 Of duty done in Palestine;
 Exceeds it, pray, conjecture fair,
 These may have borne this blazon rare,
 And not alone on standard fine,
 But pricked on chest or sinewy arm, 120
 Pledged to defend against alarm
 His tomb for whom they warred? But see,
 From these mailed Templars now the sign,

Losing the import and true key,
Descends to boatswains of the brine."

Clarel, reposing there aside,
By secret thought preoccupied,
Now, as he inward chafe would shun,
A feigned quick interest put on:
"The import of these marks? Tell me."

130

"Come, come," cried Derwent; "dull ye bide!
By palm-leaves here are signified
Judæa, as on the Roman gem;
The cross scarce needs a word, agree;
The crowns are for the magi three;
This star—the star of Bethlehem."

"One might have known;" and fell anew
In void relapse.

"Why, why so blue?"
Derwent again; and rallying ran:
"While now for Bethlehem we aim,
Our stellar friend the post should claim
Of guide. We'll put him in the van—
Follow the star on the tattooed man,
We wise men here.—What's that?"

140

A gun,
At distance fired, startles the group.
Around they gaze, and down and up;
But in the wilds they seem alone.
Long time the echo sent its din,
Hurled roundabout, and out and in—
A foot-ball tossed from crag to crag;
Then died away in ether thin—
Died, as they deemed, yet did but lag,
For all abrupt one far rebound
Gave pause; that o'er, the hush was crowned.

150

"We loiter," Derwent said, in tone
Uneasy; "come, shall we go on?"

"Wherefore?" the saturnine demands.
Toward him they look, for his eclipse

160

There gave way for the first; and stands
The adage old, that one's own lips
Proclaim the character: "A gun:
A gun's man's voice—sincerest one.
Blench we to have assurance here,
Here in the waste, that kind is near?"

Eyes settle on his scars in view,
Both warp and burn, the which evince
Experience of the thing he hints.

"Nay—hark!" and all turn round anew:
Remoter shot came duller there:
"The Arnaut—and but fires in air,"
Djalea averred: "his last adieu."

170

By chance directed here in thought,
Clarel upon that warrior haught
Low mused: The rowel of thy spur
The robe rips of philosopher!
Naught reckest thou of wisest book:
The creeds thou star'st down with a look.
And how the worse for such wild sense?
And where is wisdom's recompense?
And as for heaven—Oh, heavens enlarge
Beyond each designated marge:
Valhalla's hall would hardly bar
Welcome to one whose end need be
In grace and grief of harnessed war,
To sink mid swords and minstrelsy.

180

So willfull! but 'tis loss and smart,
Clarel, in thy dissolving heart.
Will't form anew?

190

Vine's watchful eye,
While none perceived where bent his view,
Had fed on Agath sitting by;
He seemed to like him, one whose print
The impress bore of Nature's mint
Authentic; man of nature true,

If simple; naught that slid between
 Him and the elemental scene—
 Unless it were that thing indeed
 Uplooming from his ancient creed;
 Yet that but deepen might the sense
 Of awe, and serve dumb reverence
 And resignation.—“Anywhere,”
 Asked Vine—here now to converse led—
 “In those far regions, strange or rare,
 Where thou hast been, may aught compare
 With Judah here?”

200

“Sooth, sir,” he said,
 “Some chance comparison I’ve made
 In mind, between this stricken land
 And one far isle forever banned
 I camped on in life’s early days:
 I view it now—but through a haze:
 Our boats I view, reversed, turned down
 For shelter by the midnight sea;
 The very slag comes back to me
 I raked for shells, but found not one;
 That harpy sea-hawk—him I view
 Which, pouncing, from the red coal drew
 Our hissing meat—we lounging nigh—
 An instant’s dash—and with it flew
 To his sea-rock detached, his cry
 Thence sent, to mock the marl we threw:—
 I hear, I see; return those days
 Again—but ’tis through deepening haze:
 How like a flash that life is gone—
 So brief the youth by sailors known!”

210

220

“But tell us, tell,” now others cried,
 And grouped them as by hearth-stone wide.
 The timoneer, at hazard thrown
 With men of order not his own,
 Evinced abashment, yes, proved shy.
 They urged; and he could but comply.

230

But, more of clearness to confer—
 Less dimly to express the thing
 Rude outlined by this mariner,
 License is claimed in rendering;
 And tones he felt but scarce might give,
 The verse essays to interweave.

iii

THE ISLAND

“In waters where no charts avail,
 Where only fin and spout ye see,
 The lonely spout of hermit-whale,
 God set that isle which haunteth me.
 There clouds hang low, but yield no rain—
 Forever hang, since wind is none
 Or light; nor ship-boy’s eye may gain
 The smoke-wrapped peak, the inland one
 Volcanic; this, within its shroud
 Streaked black and red, burns unrevealed;
 It burns by night—by day the cloud
 Shows leaden all, and dull and sealed.
 The beach is cinders. With the tide
 Salt creek and ashy inlet bring
 More lonesomeness from the outer ring
 Of ocean.”

10

Pause he made, and sighed.—

“But take the way across the marl,
 A broken field of tumbled slabs
 Like ice-cakes frozen in a snarl
 After the break-up in a sound;
 So win the thicket’s upper ground
 Where silence like a poniard stabs,
 Since there the low throb of the sea
 Not heard is, and the sea-fowl flee

20

Far off the shore, all the long day
Hunting the flying-fish their prey.
Haply in bush ye find a path:
Of man or beast it scarce may be;
And yet a wasted look it hath,
As it were traveled ceaselessly—
Century after century—
The rock in places much worn down
Like to some old, old kneeling-stone
Before a shrine. But naught's to see,
At least naught there was seen by me,
Of any moving, creeping one.
No berry do those thickets bear,
Nor many leaves. Yet even there,
Some sailor from the steerage den
Put sick ashore—alas, by men
Who weary of him thus abjure—
The way may follow, in pursuit
Of apples red—the homestead-fruit
He dreams of in his calenture.
He drops, lost soul; but we go on—
Advance, until in end be won
The terraced orchard's mysteries,
Which well do that imp-isle beseem;
Paved with jet blocks those terraces,
The surface rubbed to unctuous gleam
By something which has life, you feel:
And yet, the shades but death reveal;
For under cobwebbed cactus trees,
White by their trunks—what hulks be these
Which, like old skulls of Anaks, are
Set round as in a Golgotha?
But, list—a sound! Dull, dull it booms—
Dull as the jar in vaulted tombs
When urns are shifted. With amaze
Into the dim retreats ye gaze.
Lo, 'tis the monstrous tortoise drear!
Of huge humped arch, the ancient shell

30

40

50

60

Is trenched with seams where lichens dwell,
Or some adhesive growth and sere:
A lumpish languor marks the pace—
A hideous, harmless look, with trace
Of hopelessness; the eyes are dull
As in the bog the dead black pool:
Penal his aspect; all is dragged, 70
As he for more than years had lagged—
A convict doomed to bide the place;
A soul transformed—for earned disgrace
Degraded, and from higher race.
Ye watch him—him so woe-begone:
Searching, he creeps with laboring neck,
Each crevice tries, and long may seek:
Water he craves, where rain is none—
Water within the parching zone, 80
Where only dews of midnight fall
And dribbling lodge in chinks of stone.
For meat the bitter tree is all—
The cactus, whose nipped fruit is shed
On those bleached skull-like hulks below,
Which, when by life inhabited,
Crept hither in last journey slow
After a hundred years of pain
And pilgrimage here to and fro,
For other hundred years to reign
In hollow of white armor so— 90
Then perish piecemeal. You advance:
Instant, more rapid than a glance,
Long neck and four legs are drawn in,
Letting the shell down with report
Upon the stone; so falls in court
The clattering buckler with a din.
There leave him, since for hours he'll keep
That feint of death.—But for the isle—
Much seems it like this barren steep:
As here, few there would think to smile.” 100

So, paraphrased in lines sincere
 Which still similitude would win,
 The sketch ran of that timoneer.
 He ended, and how passive sate:
 Nature's own look, which might recall
 Dumb patience of mere animal,
 Which better may abide life's fate
 Than comprehend.

What may man know?
 (Here pondered Clarel) let him rule—
 Pull down, build up, creed, system, school,
 And reason's endless battle wage,
 Make and remake his verbiage—
 But solve the world! Scarce that he'll do:
 Too wild it is, too wonderful.
 Since *this* world, then, can baffle so—
 Our natural harbor—it were strange
 If *that* alleged, which is afar,
 Should not confound us when we range
 In revery where its problems are.—
 Such thoughts! and can they e'en be mine
 In fount? Did Derwent true divine
 Upon the tower of Saba—yes,
 Hinting I too much felt the stress
 Of Rolfe—or whom? Green and unsure,
 And in attendance on a mind
 Poised at self-center and mature,
 Do I but lacquey it behind?
 Yea, here in frame of thought and word
 But wear the cast clothes of my lord?

110

120

130

iv

AN INTRUDER

Quiet Agath, with a start, just then
 Shrieked out, abhorrent or in fright.
 Disturbed in its pernicious den

Amid dry flints and shards of blight,
A crabbed scorpion, dingy brown,
With nervous tail slant upward thrown
(Like to a snake's wroth neck and head
Dilating when the coil's unmade
Before the poor affrighted clown
Whose foot offends it unbeknown) 10
Writhing, faint crackling, like wire spring.
With anguish of the poisonous bile
Inflaming the slim duct, the while
In act of shooting toward the sting;
This, the unblest, small, evil thing,
'Tis this they mark, wriggling in range,
Fearless, and with ill menace, strange
In such a minim.

Derwent rose,
And Clarel; Vine and Rolfe remained 20
At gaze; the soldier too and Druze.
Cried Rolfe, while thus they stood enchained:
"O small epitome of devil,
Wert thou an ox couldst thou thus sway?
No, disproportionate is evil
In influence. *Evil* do I say?
But speak not evil of the evil:
Evil and good they braided play
Into one cord."

While they delay, 30
The object vanished. Turning head
Toward the salt one, Derwent said:
"The thing's not sweet; but why start so,
My good man, you that frequent know
The wonders of the deep?" He flushed,
And in embarrassment kept dumb.
But Rolfe here to the rescue pushed:
"Men not deemed craven will succumb
To such an apparition. Why,
Soldiers, that into battle marching 40
Elastic pace with instep arching—

Sailors (and *he's* a sailor nigh)
 Who out upon the jib-boom hie,
 At world's end, in the midnight gale,
 And wrestle with the thrashing sail,
 The while the speared spar like a javelin flies
 Slant up from thundering seas to skies
 Electric:—these—I've known one start
 Seeing a spider run athwart!"

In common-place here lightly blew
 Across them through the desert air
 A whiff from pipe that Belex smoked:
 The Druze his sleek mare smooth bestroked,
 Then gave a sign. One parting view
 At Zion blurred, and on they fare.

50

V

OF THE STRANGER

While Agath was his story telling
 (Ere yet the ill thing worked surprise)
 The officer with forest eyes
 Still kept them dwelling, somber dwelling
 On that mild merman gray. His mien
 In part was that of one who tries
 Something outside his own routine
 Of memories, all too profuse
 In personal pain monotonous.
 And yet derived he little here,
 As seemed, to soothe his mind—austere
 With deep impressions uneffaced.
 At chance allusion—at the hint
 That the dragged tortoise bore the print
 Of something mystic and debased,
 How glowed the comment in his eyes:
 No cynic fire sarcastic; nay,

10

But deeper in the startled sway
Of illustrations to surmise.

Ever on him they turned the look, 20
While yet the hearing not forsook
The salt seer while narration ran.
The desert march resumed, in thought
They dwell, till Rolfe the Druze besought
If he before had met this man—
So distant, though a countryman
By birth. Why, yes—had met him: see,
Drilling some tawny infantry
In shadow of a Memphian wall,
White-robed young conscripts up the Nile; 30
And, afterward, on Jaffa beach,
With Turkish captains holding speech
Over some cannon in a pile
Late landed—with the conic ball.
No more? No more the Druze let fall,
If more he knew.

Thought Rolfe: Ay me,
Ay me, poor Freedom, can it be
A countryman's a refugee?
What maketh him abroad to roam, 40
Sharing with infidels a home?
Is it the immense charred solitudes
Once farms? and chimney-stacks that reign
War-burnt upon the houseless plain
Of hearthstones without neighborhoods?
Is it the wilds whose memories own
More specters than the woods bestrown
With Varus' legions mossy grown?
Is't misrule after strife? and dust
From victor heels? Is it disgust 50
For times when honor's out of date
And serveth but to alienate?
The usurping altar doth he scout—
The Parsee of a sun gone out?
And this, may all this mar his state?

His very virtues, in the blench
 And violence of fortune's wrench,
 Alas, serve but to vitiate?
 Strong natures have a strong recoil
 Whose shock may wreck them or despoil.
 Oh, but it yields a thought that smarts,
 To note this man. Our New World bold
 Had fain improved upon the Old;
 But the hemispheres are counterparts.

60

So inly Rolfe; and did incline
 In briefer question there to Vine,
 Who could but answer him with eyes
 Opulent in withheld replies.

And here—without a thought to chide—
 Feeling the tremor of the ground—
 Reluctant touching on the wound
 Unhealed yet in our mother's side;
 Behooveth it to hint in brief
 The rankling thing in Ungar's grief;
 For bravest grieve.—That evil day,
 Black in the New World's calendar—
 The dolorous winter ere the war;
 True Bridge of Sighs—so yet 'twill be
 Esteemed in riper history—
 Sad arch between contrasted eras;
 The span of fate; that evil day
 When the cadets from rival zones,
 Tradition's generous adherers,
 Their country's pick and flower of sons,
 Abrupt were called upon to act—
 For life or death, nor brook delay—
 Touching construction of a pact,
 A paper pact, with points abstruse
 As theologic ones—profuse
 In matter for an honest doubt;
 And which, in end, a stubborn knot
 Some cut but with the sword; that day
 With its decision, yet could sway

70

80

90

Ungar, and plunging thoughts excite.
Reading and revery impeded his pain,
Confirmed, and made it take a flight
Beyond experience and the reign
Of self; till, in a sort, the man
Grew much like that Pamphylian
Who, dying (as the fable goes) 100
In walks of Hades met with those
Which, though he was a sage of worth,
Did such new pregnancies implant,
Hadean lore, he did recant
All science he had brought from earth.
Herewith in Ungar, though, ensued
A bias, bitterness—a strain
Much like an Indian's hopeless feud
Under the white's aggressive reign.
Indian's the word; nor it impeach 110
For over-pointedness of speech;
No, let the story rearward run
And its propriety be shown:

Up Chesapeake in days of old,
By winding banks whose curves unfold
Cape after cape in bright remove,
Steered the ship *Ark* with her attendant *Dove*.
From the non-conformists' zeal or bile
Which urged, inflamed the civil check
Upon the dreaded Popish guile, 120
The New World's fairer flowers and dews
Welcomed the English Catholic:
Like sheltering arms the shores expand
To embrace and take to heart the crews.
Care-worn, sea-worn, and tempest-tanned,
Devout they hail that harbor green;
And, mindful of heaven's gracious Queen
And Britain's princess, name it Mary-Land.
It was from one of Calvert's friends
The exile of the verse descends; 130

And gifts, brave gifts, and martial fame
Won under Tilly's great command
That sire of after-sires might claim.
But heedless, in the Indian glade
He wedded with a wigwam maid,
Transmitting through his line, far down,
Along with touch in lineaments,
A latent nature, which events
Developed in this distant son,
And overrode the genial part—

140

An Anglo brain, but Indian heart.
And yet not so but Ungar knew
(In freak, his forest name alone
Retained he now) that instinct true
Which tempered him in years bygone,
When, spite the prejudice of kin
And custom, he with friends could be
Outspoken in his heart's belief
That holding slaves was aye a grief—
The system an iniquity
In those who plant it and begin;
While for inheritors—alas,
Who knows? and let the problem pass.

150

But now all that was over—gone;
Now was he the self-exiled one.
Too steadfast! Wherefore should be lent
The profitless high sentiment?
Renounce conviction in defeat:
Pass over, share the spoiler's seat
And thrive. Behooves thee else turn cheek
To fate with wisdom of the meek.
Wilt not? Unblest then with the store
Of heaven, and spurning worldly lore
Astute, eat thou thy cake of pride,
And henceforth live on unallied.—
His passion, that—mused, never said;
And his own pride did him upbraid.

160

The habit of his mind, and tone
 Tenacious touching issues gone,
 Expression found, nor all amiss, 170
 In thing he'd murmur: it was this:

“Who abideth by the dead
 Which ye hung before your Lord?
 Steadfast who, when all have fled
 Tree and corse abhorred?
 Who drives off the wolf, the kite—
 Bird by day, and beast by night,
 And keeps the hill through all?
 It is Rizpah: true is one
 Unto death; nor then will shun 180
 The Seven throttled and undone,
 To glut the foes of Saul.”

That for the past; and for the surge
 Reactionary, which years urge:

“Elying and elate,
 Do they mount them in their pride?
 Let them wait a little, wait,
 For the brimming of the flood
 Brings the turning of the tide.”

His lyric. Yet in heart of hearts 190
 Perchance its vanity he knew,
 At least suspected. What to do?
 Time cares not to avenge your smarts,
 But presses on, impatient of review.

Over uplands now toward eve they pass
 By higher uplands tinged with grass.

Lower it crept as they went on—
 Grew in advance, and rugged the ground;
 Yea, seemed before these pilgrims thrown
 To carpet them to royal bound.
 Each rider here in saddle-seat
 Lounges relaxed, and glads his sight;
 Solomon whinnies; those small feet
 Of Zar tread lightly and more light:
 Even Agath's ass the awakened head
 Turns for a nibble. So they sped,
 Till now Djalea turns short aside,
 Ascends, and by a happy brink
 Makes halt, and beckons them to ride
 And there with him at pleasure drink
 A prospect good.

10

Below, serene

In oliveyards and vineyards fair,
 They view a theater pale green
 Of terraces, which stair by stair
 Rise toward most venerable walls
 On summits twin, and one squared heap
 Of buttressed masonry based deep
 Adown the crag on lasting pedestals.

20

Though on that mount but towers convene,
 And hamlet none nor cot they see,
 They cannot choose but know the scene;
 And Derwent's eyes show humidly:
 "What other hill? We view it here:
 Blessed in story, and heart-cheer,
 Hail to thee, Bethlehem of Judæal
 Oh, look: as if with conscious sense
 Here nature shows meet reverence:
 See, at the sacred mountain's feet
 How kneels she with her fragrance sweet,
 And swathes them with her grasses fair:
 So Mary with the spikenard shed
 A lowly love, and bowed her head
 And made a napkin of her trailing hair."

30

40

He turned, but met no answering eyes;
The animation of surprise
Had vanished; strange, but they were dumb:
What wayward afterthought had come?
Those dim recurrings in the mind,
Sad visitations ill defined,
Which led the trio erst that met
Upon the crown of Olivet
Nehemiah's proffer to decline
When he invited them away
To Bethany—might such things sway
Even these by Bethlehem? The sign
Derwent respected, and he said
No more. And so, with spirits shrunk
Over the placid hills they tread
And win the stronghold of the monk.

50

vii

AT TABLE

As shipwrecked men adrift, whose boat
In war-time on the houseless seas
Draws nigh to some embattled hull
With pinnacles and traceries—
Grim abbey on the wave afloat;
And mark her bulwarks sorrowful
With briny stains, and answering mien
And cenobite dumb discipline,
And homely uniform of crew
Peering from ports where cannon lean,
Or pacing in deep galleries far,
Black cloisters of the god of war;
And hear a language which is new
Or foreign: so now with this band
Who, after desert roving, win
The fort monastic, close at hand,

10

Survey it, meditate it—see,
Through vaultings, the girt Capuchin,
Or list his speech of Italy.

Up to the arch the graybeard train
Of Bethlehemites attend, salute,
And in expectancy remain
At stand; their escort ending here,
They wait the recompense and fruit;
'Tis given; and with friendly cheer
Parting, they bear a meed beyond
The dry price set down in the bond.
The bonus Derwent did suggest,
Saying: "They're old: of all sweet food
Naught they take in so cheers their blood
As ruddy coin; it pads the vest."
Belex abides—true as his steel
To noble pilgrims which such largess deal.

20

30

While these now at refection sit,
Rolfe speaks: "Provided for so well,
Much at our ease methinks we dwell.
Our merit's guerdon? far from it!
Unworthy, here we welcome win
Where Mary found no room at inn."

"True, true," the priest sighed, staying there
The cup of Bethlehem wine in hand;
Then sipped; yet by sad absent air
The flavor seeming to forswear;
Nor less the juice did glad the gland.

40

The abstemious Ungar noted all,
Grave silence keeping. Rolfe let fall:
"Strange! of the sacred places here,
And all through Palestine indeed,
Not one we Protestants hold dear
Enough to tend and care for."

50

"Pray,"

The priest, "and why now should that breed
Astonishment? but say your say."

“Why, Shakespeare’s house in Stratford town
 Ye keep with loving tendance true,
 Set it apart in reverence due:
 A shrine to which the pilgrim’s won
 Across an ocean’s stormy tide:
 What zeal, what faith is there implied;
 Pure worship localized in grace,
 Tradition sole providing base.”

60

“Your drift I catch. And yet I think
 That they who most and deepest drink
 At Shakespeare’s fountain, scarce incline
 To idolize the local shrine:
 What’s in mere place that can bestead?”

“Nay, ’tis the heart here, not the head.
 You note some pilgrims hither bring
 The rich or humble offering:
 If that’s irrational—what then?
 In kindred way your Lutheran
 Will rival it; yes, in sad hour
 The Lutheran widow lays her flower
 Before the picture of the dead:
 Vital affections do not draw
 Precepts from Reason’s arid law.”

70

“Ah, clever! But we won’t contend.
 As for these *Places*, my dear friend,
 Thus stands the matter—as you know:
 Ere Luther yet made his demur,
 These legend-precincts high and low
 In custody already were
 Of Greek and Latin, who retain.
 So, even did we wish to be
 Shrine-keepers here and share the fee—
 No sites for Protestants remain.”

80

The compline service they attend;
 Then bedward, travel-worn, they wend;
 And, like a bland breeze out of heaven,
 The gracious boon of sleep is given.

90

But Ungar, islanded in thought
 Which not from place a prompting caught,
 Alone, upon the terrace stair
 Lingered, in adoration there
 Of Eastern skies: "Now night enthrones
 Arcturus and his shining sons;
 And lo, Job's chambers of the South:
 How might his hand not go to mouth
 In kiss adoring ye, bright zones?
 Look up: the age, the age forget—
 There's something to look up to yet!"

100

viii

THE PILLOW

When rule and era passed away
 With old Sylvanus (stories say),
 The oracles adrift were hurled,
 And ocean moaned about the world,
 And wandering voices without name
 At sea to sailors did proclaim,
Pan, Pan is dead!

Such fables old—
 From man's deep nature are they rolled,
 Pained and perplexed—awed, overawed
 By sense of change? But never word
 Aerial by mortal heard,
 Rumors that vast eclipse, if slow,
 Whose passage yet we undergo,
 Emerging on an age untried.
 If not all oracles be dead,
 The upstart ones the old deride:
 Parrots replace the sibyls fled—
 By rote repeat in lilting pride:

10

"Lodged in power, enlarged in all,
 Man achieves his last exemption—

20

Hopes no heaven, but fears no fall,
King in time, nor needs redemption."

They hymn. But these who cloistral dwell
In Bethlehem here, and share faith's spell
Meekly, and keep her tenor mild—
What know they of a world beguiled?
Or, knowing, they but know too well.

Buzzed thoughts! To Rolfe they came in doze
(His brain like ocean's murmuring shell)
Between the dream and slumber's light repose.

30

ix

THE SHEPHERDS' DALE

"Up, up! Around morn's standard rally;
She makes a sortie—join the sally:
Up, slugabeds; up, up!"

That call

Ere matins did each pilgrim hear
In cell, and knew the blithe voice clear.

"Beshrew thee, thou'rt poetical,"

Rolfe murmured from his place withdrawn.

"Ay, brother; but 'tis not surprising:

Apollo's the god of early rising.

10

Up, up! The negro-groom of Night

Leads forth the horses of the Dawn!

Up, up!" So Derwent, jocund sprite—

Although but two days now were passed

Since he had viewed a sunrise last—

Persuaded them to join him there

And unto convent roof repair.

Thought one: He's of no nature surly,

So cheerful in the morning early.

Sun-worship over, they came down:
And Derwent lured them forth, and on.

20

Behind the Convent lies a dale.
The Valley of the Shepherds named,
(And never may the title fail!)
By old tradition fondly claimed
To be in truth the very ground
About whose hollow, on the mound
Of hills, reclined in dozing way
That simple group ere break of day,
Which, startled by their flocks' dismay—
All bleating up to them in panic
And sparkling in scintillant ray—
Beheld a spendor diaphanic—
Effulgence never dawn hath shot,
Nor flying meteors of the night;
And trembling rose, shading the sight;
But heard the angel breathe—*Fear not*.
So (might one reverently dare
Terrene with heavenly to compare),
So, oft in mid-watch on that sea
Where the ridged Andes of Peru
Are far seen by the coasting crew—
Waves, sails and sailors in accord
Illumed are in a mystery,
Wonder and glory of the Lord,
Though manifest in aspect minor—
Phosphoric ocean in shekinah.

30

40

And down now in that dale they go,
Meeting a little St. John boy
In sackcloth shirt and belt of tow,
Leading his sheep. Ever behind
He kept one hand, stained with a shrub,
The which an ewe licked, never coy;
And all the rest with docile mind
Followed; and fleece with fleece did rub.

50

Beyond, hard by twin planted tents,
 Paced as in friendly conference
 Two shepherds on the pastoral hill,
 Brown patriarchs in shaggy cloak;
 Peaceful they went, as in a yoke 60
 The oxen unto pasture oak
 To lie in shade when noon is still.
 Nibbling the herb, or far or near,
 Advanced their flocks, and yet would veer,
 For width of range makes wayward will.

Ungar beheld: "What treat they of?
 Halving the land?—This might reclaim
 Old years of Lot and Abraham
 Just ere they parted in remove:
 A peaceful parting: 'Let there be 70
 No strife, I pray thee, between me
 And thee, my herdmen and thine own;
 For we be brethren. See, the land
 Is all before thee, fenced by none:
 Then separate thyself from me,
 I pray thee. If now the left hand
 Thou, Lot, wilt take, then I will go
 Unto the right; if thou depart
 Unto the right, then I will go
 Unto the left.'—They parted so, 80
 And not unwisely: both were wise.
 'Twas East and West; but *North* and *South!*"

Rolfe marked the nip of quivering mouth,
 Passion repressed within the eyes;
 But ignorance feigned: "This calm," he said,
 "How fitly hereabout is shed:
 The site of Eden's placed not far;
 In bond 'tween man and animal
 Survives yet under Asia's star
 A link with years before the Fall." 90

"Indeed," cried Derwent, pleased thereat,
 "Blest, blest is here the creature's state.

Those pigeons, now, in Saba's hold,
 Their wings how winsome would they fold
 Alighting at one's feet so soft.
 Doves, too, in mosque, I've marked aloft,
 At hour of prayer through window come
 From trees adjacent, and athrill
 Perch, coo, and nestle in the dome,
 Or fly with green sprig in the bill.
 How by the marble fount in court,
 Where for ablution Turks resort
 Ere going in to hear the Word,
 These small apostles they regard
 Which of sweet innocence report.
 None stone the dog; caressed, the steed;
 Only poor Dobbin (Jew indeed
 Of brutes) seems slighted in the East."

100

Ungar, who chafed in heart of him
 At Rolfe's avoidance of his theme
 (Although he felt he scarce could blame),
 Here turned his vexed mood on the priest:
 "As cruel as a Turk: Whence came
 That proverb old as the crusades?
 From Anglo-Saxons. What are they?
 Let the horse answer, and blockades
 Of medicine in civil fray!
 The Anglo-Saxons—lacking grace
 To win the love of any race;
 Hated by myriads dispossessed
 Of rights—the Indians East and West.
 These pirates of the sphere! grave looters—
 Grave, canting, Mammonite freebooters,
 Who in the name of Christ and Trade
 (Oh, bucklered forehead of the brass!)
 Deflower the world's last sylvan glade!"

120

"Alas, alas, ten times alas,
 Poor Anglo-Saxons!" Derwent sighed.
 "Nay, but if there I lurched too wide,

Respond to this: Old ballads sing
 Fair Christian children crucified
 By impious Jews: you've heard the thing:
 Yes, fable; but there's truth hard by:
 How many Hughs of Lincoln, say,
 Does Mammon in his mills, to-day,
 Crook, if he do not crucify?"

130

"Ah, come," said Derwent; "come, now, come;
 Think you that we who build the home
 For foundlings, and yield sums immense
 To hospitals for indigence——"

140

"Your alms-box, smaller than your till,
 And poor-house won't absolve your mill.
 But what ye are, a straw may tell—
 Your dearth of phrases affable.
 Italian, French—more tongues than these—
 Addresses have of courtesies
 In kindliness of man toward man,
 By prince used and by artisan,
 And not pervertible in sense
 Of scorn or slight. Ye have the *Sir*,
 That sole, employed in snub or slur,
 Never in pure benevolence,
 And at its best a formal term
 Of cold regard."

150

"Ah, why so warm
 In mere philology, dear sir?"
 Plead Derwent; "there, don't that confer
 Sweet amity? I used the word."

But Ungar heeded not—scarce heard;
 And, earnest as the earnest tomb,
 With added feeling, sting, and gloom
 His strange impeachment urged. Reply
 Came none; they let it go; for why
 Argue with man of bitter blood?
 But Rolfe he could but grieve within
 For countryman in such a mood—
 Knowing the cause, the origin.

160

X

A MONUMENT

Wise Derwent, that discourse to end,
 Pointed athwart the dale divine:
 "What's yonder object—fountain? shrine?
 Companions, let us thither go
 And make inspection."

In consent

Silent they follow him in calm.
 It proved an ancient monument—
 Rude stone; but tablets lent a charm:
 Three tablets on three sides. In one 10
 The Tender Shepherd mild looked down
 Upon the rescued weanling lost,
 Snugged now in arms. In emblem crossed
 By pastoral crook, Christ's monogram
 (Wrought with a medieval grace)
 Showed on the square opposed in face.
 But chiefly did they feel the claim
 Of the main tablet; there a lamb
 On passive haunches upright sate
 In patience which reproached not fate; 20
 The two fine furry fore-legs drooping
 Like tassels; while the shearer, stooping,
 Embraced it with one arm; and all
 The fleece rolled off in seamless shawl
 Flecked here and there with hinted blood.
 It did not shrink; no cry did come:
 In still life of that stone subdued
 Shearer and shorn alike were dumb.

As with a seventy-four, when lull

Lapses upon the storm, the hull 30
 Rights for the instant, while a moan
 Of winds succeeds the howl; so here
 In poise of heart and altered tone

With Ungar. Respite brief though dear
It proved; for he: "This type's assigned
To One who sharing not man's mind
Partook man's frame; whose mystic birth
Wrecked him upon this reef of earth
Inclement and inhuman. Yet,
Through all the trials that beset, 40
He leaned on an upholding arm—
Foreknowing, too, reserves of balm.
But how of them whose souls may claim
Some link with Christ beyond the name,
Which share the fate, but never share
Aid or assurance, and nowhere
Look for requital? Such there be;
In by-lanes o'er the world ye see
The Calvary-faces." All averse
Turned Derwent, murmuring, "Forbear. 50
Such breakers do the heaven asperse!"

But timely he alert espied,
Upon the mountain humbly kneeling,
Those shepherds twain, while morning-tide
Rolled o'er the hills with golden healing.
It was a rock they kneeled upon,
Convenient for their rite avowed—
Kneeled, and their turbaned foreheads bowed—
Bowed over, till they kissed the stone:
Each shaggy sur-coat heedful spread 60
For rug, such as in mosque is laid.
About the ledge's favored hem
Mild fed their sheep, enringing them;
While, facing as by second-sight,
Toward Mecca they direct the rite.

"Look; and their backs on Bethlehem turned,"
Cried Rolfe. The priest then, who discerned
The drift, replied, "Yes, for they pray
To Allah. Well, and what of that?
Christ listens, standing in heaven's gate— 70
Benignant listens, nor doth stay

Upon a syllable in creed:
Vowels and consonants indeed!"

And Rolfe: "But here were Margoth now,
Seeing yon shepherds praying so,
His gibe would run from man to man:
'Which is the humble publican?
Or do they but prostrate them there
To flout you Franks with Islam's prayer?'"

"Doubtless: some shallow thing he'd say,
Poor fellow," Derwent then; "but, nay,
Earnest they are; nor yet they'd part
(If pealed the hour) in street or mart,
From like observance."

"If 'tis so,"

The refugee, "let all avow
As openly faith's loyal heart.
By Christians too was God confessed
How frankly! in those days that come
No more to misnamed Christendom!
Religion then was the good guest,
First served, and last, in every gate:
What mottoes upon wall and plate!
She every human venture shared:
The ship in manifest declared
That not disclaiming heaven she thrust
Her bowsprit into fog and storm:
Some current silver bore the palm
Of Christ, token of saint, or bust;
In line devout the pikemen kneeled—
To battle by the rite were sealed.
Men were not lettered, but had sense
Beyond the mean intelligence
That knows to read, and but to read—
Not think. 'Twas harder to mislead
The people then, whose smattering now
Does but the more their ignorance show—
Nay, them to peril more expose—
Is as the ring in the bull's nose

80

90

100

Whereby a pert boy turns and winds 110
 This monster of a million minds.
 Men owned true masters; kings owned God—
Their master; Louis plied the rod
 Upon himself. In high estate,
 Not puffed up like a democrat
 In office, how with Charlemagne?
 Look up he did, look up in reign—
 Humbly look up, who might look down:
 His meekest thing was still his crown:
 How meek on *him*; since, graven there, 120
 Among the Apostles twelve—behold,
 Stern Scriptural precepts were enrolled,
 High admonitions, meet for kings.
 The coronation was a prayer,
 Which yet in ceremonial clings.
 The church was like a bonfire warm:
 All ranks were gathered round the charm.”

Derwent, who vainly had essayed
 To impede the speaker, or blockade,
 Snatched at the bridle here: “Ho, wait; 130
 A word, impetuous laureate!
 This *bric-a-brac-ish* style (outgrown
 Almost, where first it gave the tone)
 Of lauding the quaint ages old—
 But nay, that’s satire; I withhold.
 Grant your side of the shield part true:
 What then? why, turn the other: view
 The buckler in reverse. Don’t sages
 Denominate those times Dark Ages?
 Dark Middle Ages, time’s midnight!” 140
 “If night, it was no starless one;
 Art still admires what then was done:
 A strength they showed which is of light.
 Not more the Phidian marbles prove
 The graces of the Grecian prime
 And indicate what men they were,
 Than the grand minsters in remove

Do intimate, if not declare
 A magnanimity which our time
 Would envy, were it great enough 150
 To comprehend. Your counterbuff,
 However, holds. Yes, frankly, yes,
 Another side there is, admit.
 Nor less the very worst of it
 Reveals not such a shamelessness
 Of evildoer and hypocrite,
 And sordid mercenary sin
 As these days vaunt and revel in."

"No use, no use," the priest aside;
 "Patience! it is the maddest tide;" 160
 And seated him.

And Ungar then:
 "What's overtaken ye pale men?
 Shrewd are ye, the main chance ye heed:
 Has God quite lost his throne indeed
 That lukewarm now ye grow? Wilt own,
 Council ye take with fossil-stone?
 Your sects do nowadays create
 Churches as worldly as the state.
 And, for your more established forms— 170
 Ah, once in York I viewed through storms
 The Minster's majesty of mien—
 Towers, peaks, and pinnacles sublime—
 Faith's iceberg, stranded on a scene
 How alien, and an alien time;
 But now"—he checked himself, and stood.

Whence this strange bias of his mood
 (Thought they) leaning to things corroded,
 By many deemed for aye exploded?
 But, truly, knowing not the man, 180
 At fault they in conjecture ran.
 But Ungar (as in fitter place
 Set down) being sprung from Romish race,
 Albeit himself had spared to feed

On any one elected creed
 Or rite, though much he might recall
 In annals bearing upon all;
 And, in this land named of Behest,
 A wandering Ishmael from the West;
 Inherited the Latin mind,
 Which late—blown by the adverse wind
 Of harder fortunes that molest—
 Kindled from ember into coal.

190

The priest, as one who keeps him whole,
 Anew turns toward the kneeling twain:
 "Your error's slight, or, if a stain,
 'Twill fade. Our Lord enjoins good deeds
 Nor catechiseth in the creeds."

A something in the voice or man,
 Or in assumption of the turn
 Which prior theme did so adjourn,
 Pricked Ungar, and a look he ran
 Toward Derwent—an electric light
 Chastising in its fierce revolt;
 Then settled into that still night
 Of cloud which has discharged the bolt.

200

xi

DISQUIET

At breakfast in refectory there
 The priest—if Clarel not mistook—
 The good priest wore the troubled air
 Of honest heart striving to brook
 Injury, which from words abstained,
 And, hence, not readily arraigned;
 Which to requite in its own sort
 Is not allowed in heaven's high court,
 Or self-respect's. Such would forget,

But for the teasing doubt or fret
 Lest unto worldly witness mere
 The injury none the less appear
 To challenge notice at the least.

10

Ungar withdrew, leaving the priest
 Less ill at ease; who now a thought
 Threw out, as 'twere in sad concern
 For one whose nature, sour or stern,
 Still dealt in all unhandsome flings
 At happy times and happy things:
 "*The bramble sayeth it is naught:*"
 Poor man!" But that; and quite forbore
 To vent his grievance. Nor less sore
 He felt it—Clarel so inferred,
 Recalling here too Mortmain's word
 Of cutting censorship. How then?
 While most who met him frank averred
 That Derwent ranked with best of men,
 The Swede and refugee unite
 In one repugnance, yea, and slight.
 How take, construe their ill-content?
 A thing of vein and temperament?
 Rolfe liked him; and if Vine said naught,
 Yet even Vine seemed not uncheered
 By fair address. Then stole the thought
 Of how the priest had late appeared
 In that one confidential hour,
 Ambiguous on Saba's tower.
 There he dismissed it, let it fall:
 To probe overmuch seems finical.
 Nor less (for still the point did tease,
 Nor would away and leave at ease)
 Nor less, I wonder, if ere long
 He'll turn this off, not worth a song,
 As lightly as of late he turned
 Poor Mortmain's sally when he burned?

20

30

40

xii

OF POPE AND TURK

Marking the priest not all sedate,
 Rolfe, that a friend might fret discard,
 Turned his attention to debate
 Between two strangers at the board.
 In furtherance of his point or plea
 One said:

“Late it was told to me,
 And by the man himself concerned,
 A merchant Frank on Syria’s coast,
 That in a fire which traveled post,
 His books and records being burned,
 His Christian debtors held their peace;
 The Islam ones disclaimed release,
 And came with purses and accounts.”

10

“And duly rendered their amounts?
 ’Twas very kind. But oh, the greed,
 Rapacity, and crime at need
 In satraps which oppress the throng.”
 “True. But with these ’tis, after all,
 Wrong-doing purely personal—
 Not legislated—not a wrong
 Law-sanctioned. No: the Turk, admit,
 In scheme of state, the scheme of it,
 Upon the civil arm confers
 A sway above the scimeter’s—
 The civil power itself subjects
 Unto that Koran which respects
 Nor place nor person. Nay, adjourn
 The jeer; for now aside we’ll turn.
 Dismembered Poland and her throe
 In Ninety-Five, all unredressed:
 Did France, did England then protest?”

20

30

“England? I’m sure I do not know.
 Come, I distrust your shifting so.

Pray, to what end now is this pressed?"

"Why, here armed Christendom looking on,
In protest the Sultan stood alone."

"Indeed? But all this, seems to me,
Savors of Urquhart's vanity."

"The commentator on the East?"

40

"The same: that very inexact
Eccentric ideologist
Now obsolete."

"And that's your view?
He stands for God."

"I stand by fact."

"Well then, another fact or two;
When Poland's place in Thirty-One
Was blotted out, the Turk again
Protested, with one other man,
The Pope; these, and but these alone;
And in the protest both avowed
'Twas made for justice's sake and God.—
You smile."

50

"Oh no: but very clear
The protest prompted was by fear
In Turk and Pope, that time might come
When spoliation should drive home
Upon themselves. Besides, you know
The Polish church was Catholic:
The Czar would wrest it to the Greek:
'Twas *that* touched Rome. But let it go.—
In pith, what is it you would show?
Are Turks our betters? Very strange
Heaven's favor does not choicely range
Upon these Islam people good:
Bed-rid they are, behindhand all,
While Europe flowers in plenitude
Of wealth and commerce."

60

"I recall
Nothing in Testament which saith
That worldliness shall not succeed

70

In that wherein it laboreth.
 Howbeit, the Sultan's coming on:
 Fine lesson from ye has he won
 Of late; apt pupil he indeed:
 Ormus, that riches did confer,
 Ormus is made a borrower:
 Selim, who grandly turbaned sat,
 Verges on bankruptcy and—hat. 80
 But this don't touch the rank and file;
 At least, as yet. But preach and work:
 You'll civilize the barbarous Turk—
 Nay, all the East may reconcile:
 That done, let Mammon take the wings of even,
 And mount and civilize the saints in heaven."
 "I laugh—I like a brave caprice!
 And, sir——"
 But here did Rolfe release
 His ear, and Derwent too. A stir 90
 In court was heard of man and steed—
 Neighings and mountings, din indeed;
 And Rolfe: "Come, come; our traveler."

xiii

THE CHURCH OF THE STAR

They rise, and for a little space
 In farewell Agath they detain,
 Transferred here to a timelier train
 Than theirs. A work-day, passive face
 He turns to Derwent's *Luck to thee!*
 No slight he means—'tis far from that;
 But, schooled by the inhuman sea,
 He feels 'tis vain to wave the hat
 In God-speed on this mortal strand;
 Recalling all the sailing crews 10
 Destined to sleep in ocean sand,

Cheered from the wharf with blithe adieus.
 Nor less the heart's farewell they say,
 And bless the old man on his way.

Led by a slender monk and young,
 With curls that ringed the shaven crown,
 Courts now and shrines they trace. That thong
 Ascetic which can life chastise
 Down to her bleak necessities,
 They mark in coarse serge of his gown, 20
 And girdling rope, with cross of wood
 For tag at end; and hut-like hood
 Superfluous now behind him thrown;
 And sandals which expose the skin
 Transparent, and the blue vein thin
 Meandering there: the feet, the face
 Alike in lucid marble grace.
 His simple manners self-possessed
 Both saint and noble-born suggest;
 Yet under quietude they mark 30
 The slumbering of a vivid spark—
 Excitable, if brought to test.
 A Tuscan, he exchanged the charm
 Val d'Arno yields, for this dull calm
 Of desert. Was his youth self-given
 In frank oblation unto heaven?
 Or what inducement might disarm
 This Isaac when too young to know?

Hereon they, pacing, muse—till, lo,
 The temple opens in dusk glades 40
 Of long-drawn double colonnades:
 Monoliths two-score and eight.
 Rolfe looked about him, pleased in state:
 "But this is goodly! Here we rove
 As down the deep Dodona grove:
 Years, years and years these boles have stood!—
 Late by the spring in idle mood

My will I made (if ye recall),
Providing for the Inn of Trees:
But ah, to set out trunks like these 50
In harbor open unto all
For generations!" So in vein
Rolfe free descanted as through fane
They passed. But noting now the guide
In acquiescence by their side,
He checked himself: "Why prate I here?
This brother—I usurp his sphere."

They came unto a silver star
In pavement set which none do mar
By treading. Here at pause remained 60
The monk; till, seeing Rolfe refrained,
And all, from words, he said: "The place,
Signori, where that shining grace
Which led the Magi, stood; below,
The Manger is." They comment none;
Not voicing everything they know,
In cirque about that silver star
They quietly gaze thereupon.
But, turning now, one glanced afar 70
Along the columned aisles, and thought
Of Baldwin whom the mailed knights brought,
While Godfrey's requiem did ring,
Hither to Bethlehem, and crowned
His temples helmet-worn, with round
Of gold and velvet—crowned him king—
King of Jerusalem, on floor
Of this same nave august, above
The Manger in its low remove
Where lay, a thousand years before,
The Child of awful worshipping, 80
Destined to prove all slights and scorns,
And a God's coronation—thorns.

Not Derwent's was that revery;
Another thing his heart possessed,

The clashing of the East and West,
 Odd sense of incongruity;
 He felt a secret impulse move
 To start a humorous comment slant
 Upon the monk, and sly reprove.
 But no: I'll curb the Protestant
 And modern in me—at least here
 For time I'll curb it. Perish truth
 If it but act the boor, in sooth,
 Requiring courtesy with jeer;
 For courteous is our guide, with grace
 Of a pure heart.

90

Some little trace,
 May be, of Derwent's passing thought
 The Tuscan from his aspect caught;
 And turned him: "Pardon! but the crypt:
 This way, signori—follow me."
 Down by a rock-hewn stair they slipped,
 Turning by steps which winding be,
 Winning a sparry chamber brave
 Unsearched by that prose critic keen,
 The daylight. Archimago's cave
 Was here? or that more sorcerous scene
 The Persian Sibyl kept within
 For turbaned musings? Bowing o'er,
 Crossing himself, and on the knee,
 Straight did the guide that grot adore;
 Then, rising, and as one set free:
 "The place of the Nativity."

100

110

Dim pendent lamps, in cluster small
 Were Pleiads of the mystic hall;
 Fair lamps of silver, lamps of gold—
 Rich gifts devout of monarchs old,
 Kings catholic. Rare objects beamed
 All round, recalling things but dreamed:
 Solomon's talismans garnered up,
 His sword, his signet-ring and cup.
 In further caverns, part revealed,

120

What silent shapes like statues kneeled;
 What brown monks moved by twinkling shrines
 Like Aztecs down in silver mines.

This, this the Stable mean and poor?
 Noting their looks, to ward surprise,
 The Italian: " 'Tis incrusted o'er
 With marbles, so that now one's eyes
 Meet not the natural wall. This floor——" 130

"But how? within a cave we stand!"
 "Yes, caves of old to use were put
 For cattle, and with gates were shut.
 One meets them still—with arms at hand,
 The keepers nigh. Sure it need be
 That if in Gihon ye have been,
 Or hereabouts, yourselves have seen
 The grots in question."

They agree;
 And silent in their hearts confess 140
 The strangeness, but the truth no less.

Anew the guide: "Ere now we get
 Further herein, indulge me yet;"
 But paused awhile: "Though o'er this cave,
 Where Christ" (and crossed himself) "had birth,
 Constantine's mother reared the Nave
 Whose Greek mosaics fade in bloom,
 No older church in Christendom;
 And generations, with the girth
 Of domes and walls, have still enlarged 150
 And built about; yet convents, shrines,
 Cloisters and towers, take not for signs,
 Entreat ye, of meek faith submerged
 Under proud masses. Be it urged
 As all began from these small bounds,
 So, by all avenues and gates,
 All here returns, hereto redounds:
 In this one Cave all terminates:
 In honor of the Manger sole

Saints, kings, knights, prelates reared the whole."

160

He warmed. Ah, fervor bought too dear:

The fingers clutching rope and cross;

Life too intense; the cheek austere

Deepening in hollow, waste and loss.

They marked him; and at heart some knew

Inklings they loved not to pursue.

But Rolfe recalled in fleeting gleam

The first Franciscan, richly born—

The youthful one who, night and morn,

In Umbria ranged the hills in dream,

170

And first devised the girdling cord

In type that rebel senses so

Should led be—led like beast abroad

By halter. Tuscan! in the glow

And white light of thy faith's illumings,

In vigils, fervent prayers and trances,

Agonies and self-consumings—

Renewest thou the young St. Francis?

So inly Rolfe; when, in low tone

Considerate Derwent whispered near:

180

"'Tis doubtless the poor boy's first year

In Bethlehem; time will abate

This novice-ardor; yes, sedate

He'll grow, adapt him to the sphere."

Close to the *Sanctum* now they drew,

A semicircular recess;

And there, in marble floor, they view

A silver sun which (friars profess)

Is set in plummet-line exact

Beneath the star in pavement-tract

190

Above; and raying from this sun

Shoot jasper-spikes, which so point out

Argent inscription roundabout

In Latin text; which thus may run:

THE VIRGIN HERE BROUGHT FORTH THE SON.

The Tuscan bowed him; then with air

Friendly he turned; but something there
 In Derwent's look—no matter what—
 An open levity 'twas not—
 Disturbed him; and in accents clear, 200
 As challenged in his faith sincere:
 "I trust tradition! Here He lay
 Who shed on Mary's breasts the ray:
Salvator Mundi!"

Turning now,
 He noted, and he bade them see
 Where, with a timid piety
 A band of rustics bent them low
 In worship mute: "Shepherds these are,
 And come from pastoral hills not far 210
 Whereon they keep the night-watch wild:
 These, like their sires, adore the CHILD,
 And in same spot. But, mixed with these,
 Mark ye yon poor swart images
 In other garb? But late they fled
 From over Jordan hither; yes,
 Escaping so the heinousness
 Of one with price upon his head.
 But look, and yet seem not to peer,
 Lest pain ye give: an eye, an ear, 220
 A hand, is mutilate or gone:
 The mangler marked them for his own;
 But Christ redeems them." Derwent here
 His eyes withdrew, but Ungar not,
 While visibly the red blood shot
 Into his thin-skinned scar, and sent,
 As seemed, a pulse of argument
 Confirming so some angry sense
 Of evil, and malevolence
 In man toward man. 230

Now, lower down
 The cave, the Manger they descry,
 With marble lined; and, o'er it thrown,
 A lustrous saint-cloth meets the eye.

And suits of saint-cloths here they have
 Wherewith to deck the Manger brave:
 Gifts of the Latin princes, these—
 Fair Christmas gifts, these draperies.
 A damask one of gold and white
 Rich flowered with pinks embroidered bright, 240
 Was for the present week in turn
 The adornment of the sacred Urn.
 Impressive was it here to note
 Those herdsmen in the shaggy coat:
 Impressive, yet partook of dream;
 It touched the pilgrims, as might seem;
 Which pleased the monk; but in disguise
 Modest he dropped his damsel-eyes.

Thought Derwent then: Demure in sooth!
 'Tis like a maid in lily of youth 250
 Who grieves not in her core of glee,
 By spells of grave virginity
 To cozen men to foolish looks;
 While she—who reads such hearts' hid nooks?—
 What now? "Signori, here, believe,
 Where night and day, while ages run,
 Faith in these lamps burns on and on,
 'Tis good to spend one's Christmas Eve;
 Yea, better rather than in land
 Which may your holly tree command, 260
 And greens profuse which ye inweave."

xiv

SOLDIER AND MONK

Fervid he spake. And Ungar there
 Appeared (if looks allow surmise)
 In latent way to sympathize,
 Yet wonder at the votary's air;
 And frequent too he turned his face

To note the grotto, and compare
These haunted precincts with the guide,
As so to realize the place,
Or fact from fable to divide;
At times his changeful aspect wore
Touch of the look the simple shepherds bore.

10

The Tuscan marked; he pierced him through,
Yet gently, gifted with the clew—
Ascetic insight; and he caught
The lapse within the soldier's thought,
The favorable frame, nor missed
Appealing to it, to enlist
Or influence, or drop a seed
Which might some latter harvest breed.
Gently approaching him, he said:

20

"True sign you bear: your sword's a cross."
Ungar but started, as at loss
To take the meaning, and yet led
To marvel how that mannered word
Did somehow slip into accord
With visitings that scarce might cleave—
Shadows, but shadows fugitive.
He lifted up the steel: the blade
Was straight; the hilt, a bar: "'Tis true;
A cross, it is a cross," he said;
And touched seemed, though 'twas hardly new.

30

Then glowed the other; and, again:
"Ignatius was a soldier too,
And Martin. 'Tis the pure disdain
Of life, or, holding life the real,
Still subject to a brave ideal—
'Tis this that makes the tent a porch
Whereby the warrior wins the church:
The habit of renouncing, yes,
'Tis good, a good preparedness.—
Our founder"—here he raised his eyes
As unto all the sanctities—

40

"Footing it near Rieti town
 Met a young knight on horseback, one
 Named Angelo Tancredi: 'Lo,'
 He said, 'Thy belt thou'lt change for cord,
 Thy spurs for mire, good Angelo,
 And be a true knight of the Lord.'
 And he, the cavalier—" Aside
 A brother of the cowl here drew
 This ardent proselyting guide,
 Detaining him in interview
 About some matter. Ungar stood
 Lost in his thoughts.

50

In neighborhood
 Derwent by Rolfe here chanced to bide;
 And said: "It just occurs to me
 As interesting in its way,
 That these Franciscans steadily
 Have been custodians of the Tomb
 And Manger, ever since the day
 Of rescue under Godfrey's plume
 Long centuries ago." Rolfe said:
 "Ay; and appropriate seems it too
 For the Franciscan retinue
 To keep these places, since their head,
 St. Francis, spite his scouted hood,
 May claim more of similitude
 To Christ, than any man we know.
 Through clouds of myth investing him
 Obscuring, yet attesting him,
 He burns with the seraphic glow
 And perfume of a holy flower.
 Sweetness, simplicity, with power!
 By love's true miracle of charm
 He instituted a reform
 (Not insurrection) which restored
 For time the spirit of his Lord
 On earth. If sad perversion came

60

70

Unto his order—what of that?
 All Christianity shares the same:
 Pure things men need adulterate
 And so adapt them to the kind.”

80

“Oh, oh! But I have grown resigned
 To these vagaries.—And for him,
 Assisi's saint—a good young man,
 No doubt, and beautiful to limn;
 Yes, something soft, Elysian;
 Nay, rather, the transparent hue
 Unearthly of a maiden tranced
 In sleep somnambulic; no true
 Color of health; beauty enhanced
 To enervation. In a word,
 For all his charity divine,
 Love, self-devotion, ardor fine—
 Unmanly seems he!”

90

“Of our Lord
 The same was said by Machiavel,
 Or hinted, rather. Prithee, tell,
 What is it to be *manly*?”

100

“Why,
 To be man-like”—and here the chest
 Bold out he threw—“man at his best!”

“But even at best, one might reply,
 Man is that thing of sad renown
 Which moved a deity to come down
 And save him. Lay not too much stress
 Upon the carnal manliness:
 The Christliness is better—higher;
 And Francis owned it, the first friar.
 Too orthodox is that?”

110

“See, see,”
 Said Derwent, with kind air of one
 Who would a brother's weak spot shun:
 “Mark this most delicate drapery;
 If woven by some royal dame—
 God bless her and her tambour frame!”

XV

SYMPHONIES

Meanwhile with Vine there, Clarel stood
 Aside in friendly neighborhood,
 And felt a flattering pleasure stir
 At words—nor in equivocal tone
 Freakish, or leaving to infer,
 Such as beforetime he had known—
 Breathed now by that exceptional one
 In unconstraint:

“Tis very much

The cold fastidious heart to touch 10
 This way; nor is it mere address
 That so could move one's silver chord.
 How he transfigured Ungar's sword!
 Delusive is this earnestness
 Which holds him in its passion pale—
 Tenant of melancholy's dale
 Of mirage? To interpret him,
 Perhaps it needs a swallow-skin
 Over distant time. Migrate with me
 Across the years, across the sea.— 20
 How like a Poor Clare in her cheer
 (Grave Sister of his order sad)
 Showed nature to that Cordelier
 Who, roving in the Mexic glade,
 Saw in a bud of happy dower
 Whose stalk entwined the tropic tree,
 Emblems of Christ's last agony:
 In anthers, style, and fibers torn,
 The five wounds, nails, and crown of thorn;
 And named it so the passion-flower. 30
 What beauty in that sad conceit!
 Such charm, the title still we meet.
 Our guide, methinks, where'er he turns
 For him this passion-flower burns;

And all the world is elegy.
A green knoll is to you and me
But pastoral, and little more:
To him 'tis even Calvary
Where feeds the Lamb. This passion-flower—
But list!"

40

Hid organ-pipes unclose
A timid rill of slender sound,
Which gains in volume—grows, and flows
Gladsome in amplitude of bound.
Low murmurs creep. From either side
Tenor and treble interpose,
And talk across the expanding tide:
Debate, which in confusion merges—
Din and clamor, discord's height:
Countering surges—pæans—dirges—
Mocks, and laughter light.

50

But rolled in long ground-swell persistent,
A tone, an under-tone assails
And overpowers all near and distant;
Earnest and sternest, it prevails.

Then terror, horror—wind and rain—
Accents of undetermined fear,
And voices as in shipwreck drear:
A sea, a sea of spirits in pain!

The suppliant cries decrease—
The voices in their ferment cease:
One wave rolls over all and whelms to peace.

60

But hark—oh, hark!
Whence, whence this stir, this whirr of wings?
Numbers numberless convening—
Harps and child-like carolings
In happy holiday of meaning:

“To God be glory in the height,
For tidings glad we bring;

Good will to men, and peace on earth
We children-cherubs sing!

70

“To God be glory in the depth,
As in the height be praise;
He who shall break the gates of death
A babe in manger rays.

“Ye people all in every land,
Embrace, embrace, be kin:
Immanuel’s born in Bethlehem,
And gracious years begin!”

It dies; and, half around the heavenly sphere,
Like silvery lances lightly touched aloft—
Like Northern Lights appealing to the ear,
An elfin melody chimes low and soft.
That also dies, that last strange fairy-thrill:
Slowly it dies away, and all is sweetly still.

80

xvi

THE CONVENT ROOF

To branching grottoes next they fare,
Old caves of penitence and prayer.
Where Paula kneeled—her urn is there—
Paula the Widow, Scipio’s heir
But Christ’s adopted. Well her tomb
Adjoins her friend’s, renowned Jerome.

Never the attending Druze resigned
His temperate poise, his moderate mind;
While Belex, in punctilious guard,
Relinquished not the martial ward:
“If by His tomb hot strife may be,
Trust ye His cradle shall be free?
Heed one experienced, sirs.” His sword,

10

Held cavalier by jingling chain,
 Dropping at whiles, would clank amain
 Upon the pave.

“I pray ye now,”

To him said Rolfe in accents low,
 “Have care; for see ye not ye jar
 These devotees? they turn—they cease
 (Hearing your clanging scimeter)
 Their suppliance to the Prince of Peace.”

20

Like miners from the shaft, or tars
 From forth the hold, up from those spars
 And grottoes, by the stony stair
 They climb, emerge, and seek the air
 In open space.

“Save me, what now?”

Cried Derwent, foremost of the group—
 “The holy water!”

30

Hanging low

Outside, was fixed a scalloped stoup
 Or marble shell, to hold the wave
 Of Jordan, for true ones to lave
 The finger, and so make the sign,
 The Cross's sign, ere in they slip
 And bend the knee. In this divine
 Recess, deliberately a lip
 Was lapping slow, with long-drawn pains,
 The liquid globules, last remains
 Of the full stone. Astray, alas,
 Athirst and lazed, it was—the ass;
 The friars, withdrawn for time, having left
 That court untended and bereft.
 “Was ever Saracen so bold!”

40

“Well, things have come to pretty pass—
 The mysteries slobbered by an ass!”

“Mere Nature do we here behold?”

So they. But he, the earnest guide,
 Turning the truant there aside,

50

Said, and in unaffected tone:

"What should it know, this foolish one?"

It is an infidel we see:

Ah, the poor brute's stupidity!"

"I hardly think so," Derwent said;

"For, look, it hangs the conscious head."

The friar no relish had for wit,

No sense, perhaps, too rapt for it,

Pre-occupied. So, having seen

The ass led back, he bade adieu;

But first, and with the kindest mien:

"Signori, would ye have fair view

Of Bethlehem of Judæa, pray

Ascend to roof: ye take yon stair.

And now, heaven have ye in its care—

Me save from sin, and all from error!

Farewell."—But Derwent: "Yet delay:

Fain would we cherish when away:

Thy name, then?" "Brother Salvaterra."

"'Tis a fair name. And, brother, we

Are not insensible, conceive,

To thy most Christian courtesy.—

He goes. Sweet echo does he leave

In *Salvaterra*: may it dwell!

Silver in every syllable!"

"And import too," said Rolfe.

They fare

And win the designated stair,

And climb; and, as they climb, in bell

Of Derwent's repetition, fell:

"Me save from sin, and all from error!"

So prays good brother Salvaterra."

In paved flat roof, how ample there,

They tread a goodly St. Mark's Square

Aloft. An elder brother lorn

They meet, with shrunken cheek, and worn

Like to a slab whereon may weep

60

70

80

The unceasing water-drops. And deep
Within his hollow gown-sleeves old
His viewless hands he did enfold. 90
He never spake, but moved away
With shuffling pace of dragged infirm delay.

“Seaward he gazed,” said Rolfe, “toward home:
An empty longing!”

“Cruel Rome!”

Sighed Derwent; “See, though, good to greet
The vale of eclogue, Boaz’ seat.
Trips Ruth there, yonder?” thitherward
Down pointing where the vineyards meet.
At that dear name in Bethlehem heard, 100
How Clarel starts. Not Agar’s child—

Naomi’s! Then, unreconciled,
And in reaction falling low,
He saw the files Armenian go,
The tapers round the virgin’s bier,
And heard the boys’ light strophe free
Overborne by the men’s antistrophe.

Illusion! yet he knew a fear:
“Fixed that this second night we bide
In Bethlehem?” he asked aside. 110

Yes, so ’twas planned. For moment there
He thought to leave them and repair
Alone forthwith to Salem. Nay,

Doubt had unhinged so, that her sway,
In minor things even, could retard
The will and purpose. And, beyond,
Prevailed the tacit pilgrim-bond—
Of no slight force in his regard;
Besides, a diffidence was sown:

None knew his heart, nor might he own; 120
And, last, feared he to prove the fear?
With outward things he sought to clear
His mind; and turned to list the tone
Of Derwent, who to Rolfe: “Here now
One stands emancipated.”

“How?”

“The air—the air, the liberal air!
Those witcheries of the cave ill fare
Reviewed aloft. Ah, Salvaterra,
So winning in thy dulcet error—
How fervid thou! Nor less thy tone,
So heartfelt in sincere effusion,
Is hardly that more chastened one
We Protestants feel. But the illusion!
Those grottoes: yes, void now they seem
As phantoms which accost in dream—
Accost and fade. Hold you with me?”

130

“Yes, partly: I in part agree.
In Kedron too, thou mayst recall,
The monkish night of festival,
And masque enacted—how it shrank
When, afterward, in nature frank,
Upon the terrace thrown at ease,
Like magi of the old Chaldæa,
Viewing Rigel and Betelguese,
We breathed the balm-wind from Sabæa.
All shows and forms in Kedron had—
Nor hymn nor banner made them glad
To me. And yet—why, who may know!
These things come down from long ago.
While so much else partakes decay,
While states, tongues, manners pass away,
How wonderful the Latin rite
Surviving still like oak austere
Over crops rotated year by year,
Or Cæsar’s tower on London’s site.
But, tell me: stands it true in fact
That robe and ritual—every kind
By Rome employed in ways exact—
However strange to modern mind,
Or even absurd (like cards Chinese
In ceremonial usages),
Not less of faith or need were born—

140

150

160

Survive untampered with, unshorn;
 Date far back to a primal day,
 Obscure and hard to trace indeed—
 The springing of the planted seed
 In the church's first organic sway?
 Still for a type, a type or use,
 Each decoration so profuse 170
 Budding and flowering? Tell me here."

"If but one could! To be sincere,
 Rome's wide campania of old lore
 Ecclesiastic—that waste shore
 I've shunned: an instinct makes one fear
 Malarial places. But I'll tell
 That at the mass this very morn
 I marked the brodered maniple
 Which by the ministrant was worn:
 How like a napkin does it show, 180
 Thought I, a napkin on the arm
 Of servitor. And hence we know
 Its origin. In the first days
 (And who denies their simple charm!)
 When the church's were like household ways,
 Some served the flock in humble state—
 At Eucharist, passed cup or plate.
 The thing of simple use, you see,
 Tricked out—embellished—has become
 Theatric and a form. There's Rome! 190
 Yet what of this, since happily
 Each superflux men now disown."

"Perchance!—'Tis an ambiguous time;
 And periods unforecast come on.
 Recurs to me a Persian rhyme:
 In Pera late an Asian man,
 With stately cap of Astracan,
 I knew in arbored coffee-house
 On bluff above the Bosphorus.
 Strange lore was his, and Saadi's wit: 200
 Over pipe and Mocha long we'd sit

Discussing themes which thrive in shade.
 In pause of talk a way he had
 Of humming a low air of his:
 I asked him once, What trills your bird?
 And he recited it in word,
 To pleasure me, and this it is:

‘Flamen, flamen, put away
 Robe and miter glorious:
 Doubt undeifies the day!
 Look, in vapors odorous
 As the spice-king’s funeral-pyre,
 Dies the Zoroastian fire
 On your altars in decay:
 The rule, the Magian rule is run,
 And Mythra abdicates the sun!’ ”

210

xvii

A TRANSITION

“Fine, very fine,” said Derwent light;
 “But, look, yon rustics there in sight
 Crossing the slope; and are they not
 Those Arabs that we saw in grot?”
 “Why, who they be their garb bespeaks:
 Yes, ’tis those Arab Catholics.”

“Catholic Arabs? Say not that!
 Some words don’t chime together, see.”

“Oh, never mind the euphony:
 We saw them worship, and but late.
 Our Bethlehemites, the guard, they too
 Are Catholics. I talked with one,
 And much from his discourse I drew,
 Which the conventicles would shun:
 These be the children of the sun:
 They like not prosing—turn the lip

10

From Luther's jug—prefer to sip
 From that tall chalice brimmed with wine
 Which Rome hath graved, and made to shine
 For haughty West and barbarous East,
 To win all people to her feast."

20

"So, so! But, glamoured in that school
 Of taking shows and charming rites,
 What ween they of Christ's genuine rule,
 These credulous poor neophytes?
 Alas for such disciples! No,
 At mass before the altar, own,
 The celebrant in mystic gown
 To them is but a Prospero,
 A prince of magic. I deplore
 That zeal in such conversions seeks
 Less Christians than good Catholics:
 And here one might append much more.
 But drop.—Yon vineyards they are fair.
 For hill-side scenery—for curve
 Of beauty in a meek reserve—
 'Tis Bethlehem the bell may bear!"
 Longer he gazed, then turned aside.

30

Clarel was left with Rolfe. In view
 Leaned Ungar, watching there the guide
 Below, who passed on errand new.
 "Your judgment of him let me crave—
 Him there," here lowly Rolfe.

40

"I would
 I were his mate," in earnest mood
 Clarel rejoined; "such faith to have,
 I'd take the rest, even Crib and Cave."

"Ah, you mistake me; *him* I mean,
 Our comrade, Ungar."

"He? at loss

50

I am: at loss, for he's most strange;
 Wild, too, adventurous in range;
 And suffers; so that one might glean

An added import from the word
The Tuscan spake: *You bear a cross,*
Referring to the straight-hilt sword."

"I know. And when the Arnaut ran,
But yesterday, with arms how bright
(Like wheeling Phœbus flashing light),
Superb about this sombrous man—
A soldier too with vouching tinge;
Methought, O War, thy bullion fringe
Never shall gladsome make thy pall.

60

Ungar is Mars in funeral
Of reminiscence—not in pledge
And glory of brave equipage
And manifesto. But some keen
Side-talk I had with him yestreen:
Brave soldier and stout thinker both;
In this regard, and in degree,
An Ethan Allen, by my troth,
Or Herbert lord of Cherbury,
Dusked over. 'Tis an iron glove,
An armed man in the Druid grove."

70

xviii

THE HILL-SIDE

Pertaining unto nations three—
Or, rather, each unto its clan—
Greek, Latin, and Armenian,
About the fane three convents be.
Confederate on the mountain fair,
Blunt buttressed huge with masonry,
They mass an Ehrenbreitstein there.

In these, and in the Empress' fane
Enough they gather to detain
Or occupy till afternoon;
When some of them the ridge went down

10

To view that legendary grot
Whose milky chalkiness of vest
Derived is (so the hinds allot)
From droppings of Madonna's breast:
A fairy tale: yet, grant it, due
To that creative love alone
Wherefrom the faun and cherub grew,
With genii good and Oberon.

Returning, part way up the height, 20
Ungar they met; and Vine in sight.
Here all repose them.

“Look away,”
Cried Derwent, westward pointing; “see,
How glorified yon vapors be!
It is the dying of the day;
A hopeful death-bed: yes, need own
There is a morrow for the sun.”

So, mild they sat in pleased delay.
Vine turned—what seemed a random word 30
Shyly let fall; and they were stirred
Thereby to broach anew the theme—
How wrought the sites of Bethlehem
On Western natures. Here some speech
Was had; and then: “For me,” Rolfe said,
“From Bethlehem here my musings reach
Yes—frankly—to Tahiti's beach.”

“Tahiti?” Derwent; “you have sped!”
“Ay, truant humor. But to me 40
That vine-wreathed urn of Ver, in sea
Of halcyons, where no tides do flow
Or ebb, but waves bide peacefully
At brim, by beach where palm trees grow
That sheltered Omai's olive race—
Tahiti should have been the place
For Christ in advent.”

“Deem ye so?”

Or on the topic's budding bough
But lights your fancy's robin?"

"Nay,"

50

Said Ungar, "err one if he say
The God's design was, part, to broach
Rebuke of man's factitious life;
So, for his first point of approach,
Came thereunto where that was rife,
The land of Pharisees and scorn—
Judæa, with customs hard as horn."
This, chief, to Rolfe and Derwent twain.
But Derwent, if no grudge he knew,
Still felt some twinges of the pain
(Vibrations of the residue)
That morning in the dale incurred;
Wherefore, at present he abstained,
When Ungar spake, from any word
Receptive. Rolfe reply maintained;
And much here followed, though of kind
Scarce welcome to the priest. Resigned
He heard; till, at a hint, the Cave
He named:

60

"If on the first review

70

Its shrines seemed each a gilded grave;
Yet, reconsidered, they renew
The spell of the transmitted story—
The grace, the innocence, the glory:
Shepherds, the Manger, and the CHILD:
What wonder that it has beguiled
So many generations! Ah,
Though much we knew in desert late,
Beneath no kind auspicious star,
Of lifted minds in poised debate—
'Twas of the brain. Consult the heart!
Spouse to the brain—can coax or thwart:
Does *she* renounce the trust divine?
Hide it she may, but scarce resign;
Like to a casket buried deep

80

Which, in a fine and fibrous throng,
The rootlets of the forest keep—
’Tis tangled in her meshes strong.”

“Yes, yes,” cried Rolfe; “that tone delights;
But oh, these legends, relics, sites!
Of yore, you know, Greeks showed the place
Where Argo landed, and the stone
That served to anchor Argo; yes,
And Agamemnon’s scepter, throne;
Mars’ spear; and so on. More to please,
Where the goddess suckled Hercules—
Priests showed that spot, a sacred one.”

90

“Well then, Madonna’s but a dream,
The Manger and the Crib. So deem;
So be it; but undo it! Nay,
Little avails what sages say:
Tell Romeo that Juliet’s eyes
Are chemical; e’en analyze
The iris; show ’tis albumen—
Gluten—fish-jelly mere. What then?
To Romeo it is still love’s sky:
He loves: enough! Though Faith no doubt
Seem insubstantial as a sigh,
Never ween that ’tis a water-spout
Dissolving, dropping into dew
At pistol-shot. Besides, review
That comprehensive Christian scheme:
It catches man at each extreme:
Simple—august; strange as a dream,
Yet practical as plodding life:
Not use and sentiment at strife.”

100

110

They hearken: none aver dissent,
Nor one confirms him; while his look
Unwitting an expression took,
Scarce insincere, yet so it lent
Provocative to Ungar’s heart;
Who, bridling the embittered part,
Thus spake: “This yieldeth no content:

120

Your implication lacketh stay:
 There is a callousness in clay.
 Christ's pastoral parables divine,
 Breathing the sweet breath of sweet kine,
 As wholesome too; how many feel?
 Feel! rather put it—comprehend?
 Not unto all does nature lend
 The gift; at height such love's appeal
 Is hard to know, as in her deep
 Is hate; a prior love must steep
 The spirit; head nor heart have marge
 Commensurate in man at large."

130

"Indulge me," Derwent; "Grant it so
 As you present it; 'tis most strange
 How Christ could work his powerful change:
 The world turned Christian long ago."
 "The world but joined the Creed Divine
 With prosperous days and Constantine;
 The world turned Christian, need confess,
 But the world remained the world, no less:
 The world turned Christian: where's the odds?
 Hearts change not in the change of gods.
 Despite professions, outward shows—
 So far as working practice goes,
 More minds with shrewd Voltaire have part
 Than now own Jesus in the heart."

140

"Not rashly judge," said Derwent grave;
 "Prudence will here decision waive."

150

"No: shift the test. How Buddha pined!
 Pierced with the sense of all we bear,
 Not only ills by fate assigned,
 But misrule of our selfish mind,
 Fain would the tender sage repair.
 Well, Asia owns him. But the *lives*:
 Buddha but in a name survives—
 A name, a rite. Confucius, too:
 Does China take his honest hue?
 Some forms they keep, some forms of his;

160

But well we know them, the Chinese.
 Ah, Moses, thy deterring dart!—
 Etherial visitants of earth,
 Foiled benefactors, proves your worth
 But sundry texts, disowned in mart,
 Light scratched, not graved on man's hard heart?
 'Tis penalty makes sinners start."

xix

A NEW-COMER

"Good echoes, echo it! Ho, chant
 'Tis penalty we sinners want:
 By all means, penalty!"

What man

Thus struck in here so consonant?
 They turn them, and a stranger scan.
 As through the rigging of some port
 Where cheek by jowl the ships resort—
 The sea-beat hulls of briny oak—
 Peereth the May-day's jocund sun;
 So through his inlaced wrinkles broke
 A nature bright, a beaming one.

10

"Hidalgos, pardon! Strolling here
 These fine old villa-sites to see,
 I caught that good word *penalty*,
 And could not otherwise than cheer.
 Pray now, here be—two, four, six, eight—
 Ten legs; I'll add one more, by leave,
 And eke an arm."

In hobbling state

20

He came among them, with one sleeve
 Loose flying, and one wooden limb,
 A leg. All eyes the cripple skim;
 Each rises, and his seat would give:
 But Derwent in advance: "Why, Don—

My good Don Hannibal, I mean;
 Señor Don Hannibal Rohon
 Del Aquaviva—a good e'en!"

"Ha, thou, is't thou?" the other cried,
 And peered and stared not unamazed;
 Then flung his one arm round him wide:
 Then at arm's length: "St. James be praised,
 With all the calendar!"

30

"But, tell:
 What wind wafts here Don Hannibal?
 When last I left thee at "*The Cock*"
 In Fleet Street, thou wert like a rock
 For England—bent on anchoring there."

"Oh, too much agitation; yes,
 Too proletarian it proved.
 I've stumped about since; no redress;
 Norway's too cold; Egypt's all glare;
 And everywhere that I removed
 This cursed *Progress* still would greet.
 Ah where (thought I) in Old World view
 Some blest asylum from the New!
 At last I steamed for Joppa's seat,
 Resolved on Asia for retreat.
 Asia for me, Asia will do.

40

But just where to pitch tent—invest—
 Ah, that's the point; I'm still in quest,
 Don Derwent.—Look, the sun falls low;
 But lower the funds in Mexico
 Whereto he's sinking."

50

"Gentlemen:"
 Said Derwent, turning on them then;
 "I introduce and do commend
 To ye Don Hannibal Rohon;
 He is my estimable friend
 And well beloved. Great fame he's won
 In war. Those limbs—"

60

St. James defend!"
 Here cried Don Hannibal; "stop! stop!

Pulled down is Montezuma's hall!—
 Hidalgos, I am, as ye see,
 Just a poor cripple—that is all;
 A cripple, yet contrive to hop
 Far off from Mexic liberty,
 Thank God! I lost these limbs for that;
 And would that they were mine again, 70
 And all were back to former state—
 I, Mexico, and poor Old Spain.
 And for Don Derwent here, my friend—
 You know his way. And so I end,
 Poor penitent American:
 Oh, 'tis the sorriest thing! In me
 A *reformado* reformed ye see.”

Ungar, a very Indian here
 Too serious far to take a jest,
 Or rather, who no sense possessed 80
 Of humor; he, for aye austere,
 Took much in earnest; and a light
 Of attestation over-bright
 Shot from his eyes, though part suppressed.
 “But penalties, these *penalties*,”
 Here cried the crippled one again;
 “Proceed, hidalgo; name you these
 Same capital good penalties:
 They're needed.”

“Hold, let me explain,” 90
 Cried Derwent: “We, as meek as worms—
 Oh, far from taking any pique
 As if the kind but formed a clique—
 Have late been hearing in round terms
 The sore disparagement of man,
 Don Hannibal.” “You think I'll ban?
 Disparage him with all my heart!
 What villain takes the rascal's part?
 Advance the argument.”

“But stay: 100

'Tis too much odds now; it won't do,
 Such reinforcement come. Nay, nay,
 I of the Old World, all alone
 Maintaining hope and ground for cheer
 'Gainst ye, the offspring of the New?
 Ah, what reverses time can own!"
 So Derwent light. But earnest here,
 Ungar: "*Old World?* if age's test
 Be this—advanced experience,
 Then, in the truer moral sense,
Ours is the Old World. You, at best,
 In dreams of your advanced Reform,
 Adopt the cast skin of our worm."

110

"Hey, hey?" exclaimed Don Hannibal;
 "Not *cast* yet quite; the snake is sick—
 Would wriggle out. 'Tis pitiful!
 But brave times for the empiric.—
 You spake now of Reform. For me,
 Among reformers in true way
 There's one—the imp of Semele;
 Ay, and brave Raleigh too, we'll say.
 Wine and the weed! blest innovations,
 How welcome to the weary nations!
 But what's in this Democracy?
 Eternal hacking! Woe is me,
 She lopped these limbs, Democracy."

120

"Ah, now, Don Hannibal Rohon
 Del Aquaviva!" Derwent cried;
 "I knew it: two upon a side!"

But Ungar, earnest in his plea—
 Intent, nor caring to have done;
 And turning where suggestion led
 At tangent: "Ay, Democracy
 Lops, lops; but where's her planted bed?
 The future, what is that to her
 Who vaunts she's no inheritor?
 'Tis in her mouth, not in her heart.
 The Past she spurns, though 'tis the past

130

From which she gets her saving part—
 That Good which lets her Evil last. 140
 Behold her whom the panders crown,
 Harlot on horseback, riding down
 The very Ephesians who acclaim
 This great Diana of ill fame!
 Arch strumpet of an impious age,
 Upstart from ranker villanage,
 'Tis well she must restriction taste
 Nor lay the world's broad manor waste:
 Asia shall stop her at the least,
 That old inertness of the East. 150
 She's limited; lacking the free
 And genial catholicity
 Which in Christ's pristine scheme unfurled
 Grace to the city and the world."

"By Cotopaxi, a brave vent!"
 (And here he took a pinch of snuff,
 Flapping the spill off with loose cuff)
 "Good excellenza—excellent!
 But, pardon me," in altered tone;
 "I'm sorry, but I must away;" 160
 And, setting crutch, he footing won;
 "We're just arrived in cloister there,
 Our little party; and they stay
 My coming for the convent-fare.
 Adieu: we'll meet anon—we'll meet,
 Don Derwent. Nay, now, never stir;
 Not I would such a group unseat;
 But happy the good rein and spur
 That brought thee where once more we greet.
 Good e'en, Don Derwent—not good-by; 170
 And, cavaliers, the evil eye
 Keep far from ye!" He limped away,
 Rolling a wild ranchero lay:

Stand by, stand by the great stampede!"

"House your cattle and stall your steed:

XX

DERWENT AND UNGAR

"Not thou com'st in the still small voice,"
 Said Derwent, "thou queer Mexican!"
 And followed him with eyes: "This man,"
 And turned here, "he likes not grave talk,
 The settled undiluted tone;
 It does his humorous nature balk.
 'Twas ever too his sly rebuff,
 While yet obstreperous in praise,
 Taking that dusty pinch of snuff.
 An oddity, he has his ways;
 Yet trust not, friends, the half he says:
 Not he would do a weasel harm;
 A secret agent of Reform;
 At least, that is my theory."

10

"The quicksilver is quick to skim,"
 Ungar remarked, with eye on him.

"Yes, nature has her levity,"
 Dropped Derwent.

Nothing might disarm
 The other; he: "Your word *reform*:
 What meaning's to that word assigned?
 From Luther's great initial down,
 Through all the series following on,
 The impetus augments—the blind
 Precipitation: blind, for tell
 Whitherward does the surge impel?
 The end, the aim? 'Tis mystery."

20

"Oh, no. Through all methinks I see
 The object clear: belief revised,
 Men liberated—equalized
 In happiness. No mystery,
 Just none at all; plain sailing."

30

"Well,
 Assume this: is it feasible?

Your methods? These are of the world:
 Now the world cannot save the world;
 And Christ renounces it. His faith,
 Breaking with every mundane path,
 Aims straight at heaven. To founded thrones
 He says: Trust not to earthly stanchions;
 And unto poor and houseless ones—
 My Father's house has many mansions.
 Warning and solace be but this;
 No thought to mend a world amiss.”

40

“Ah now, ah now!” plead Derwent.

“Nay,

Test further; take another way:
 Go ask Aurelius Antonine—
 A Cæsar wise, grave, just, benign,
 Lord of the world—why, in the calm
 Which through his reign the empire graced—
 Why he, that most considerate heart
 Superior, and at vantage placed,
 Contrived no secular reform,
 Though other he knew not, nor balm.”

50

“Alas,” cried Derwent (and, in part,
 As vainly longing for retreat)
 “Though good Aurelius was a man
 Matchless in mind as sole in seat,
 Yet pined he under numbing ban
 Of virtue without Christian heat:
 As much you intimated too,
 Just saying that no balm he knew.
 Howbeit, true reform goes on
 By Nature; doing, never done.
 Mark the advance: creeds drop the hate;
 Events still liberalize the state.”

60

“But tell: do men now more cohere
 In bonds of duty which sustain?
 Cliffs crumble, and the parts regain
 A liberal freedom, it is clear.
 And for conventicles—I fear,

70

Much as a hard heart aged grown
 Abates in rigor, losing tone;
 So sects decrepit, at death's door,
 Dote into peace through loss of power."

"You put it so," said Derwent light:
 "No more developments to cite?"

"Ay, quench the true, the mock sun fails
 Therewith. Much so, Hypocrisy,
 The false thing, wanes just in degree
 That Faith, the true thing, wanes: each pales.

80

There's *one* development; 'tis seen
 In masters whom not low ye rate:
 What lack, in some outgivings late,
 Of the old Christian style toward men—

I do not mean the wicked ones,
 But Pauperism's unhappy sons

In cloud so blackly ominous,
 Grimy in Mammon's English pen—

90

Collaterals of his overplus:
 How worse than them Immanuel fed
 On hill-top—helped and comforted.
 Thou, Poverty, erst free from shame,
 Even sacred through the Savior's claim,
 Professed by saints, by sages prized—

A pariah now, and bastardized!

Reactions from the Christian plan
 Bear others further. Quite they shun

A god to name, or cite a man

100

Save Greek, heroical, a Don:

'Tis Plato's aristocratic tone.

All recognition they forego

Of Evil; supercilious skim

With spurious wing of seraphim

The last abyss. Freemen avow

Belief in right divine of Might,

Yet spurn at kings. This is the light—

Divine the darkness. Mark the way

The Revolution, whose first mode,

110

Ere yet the maniacs overrode,
 Despite the passion of the dream
 Evinc'd no disrespect for God;
 Mark how, in our denuding day,
 E'en with the masses, as would seem,
 It tears the fig-leaf quite away.
 Contrast these incidents: The mob,
 The Paris mob of Eighty-Nine,
 Haggard and bleeding, with a throb
 Burst the long Tuileries. In shrine
 Of chapel there, they saw the Cross
 And Him thereon. Ah, bleeding Man,
 The people's friend, thou bled'st for us
 Who here bleed, too! Ragged they ran—
 They took the crucifix; in van
 They put it, marched with drum and psalm
 And throned it in their Notre Dame.
 But yesterday—how did they then,
 In new uprising of the Red,
 The offspring of those Tuileries men?
 They made a clothes-stand of the Cross
 Before the church; and, on that head
 Which bowed for them, could wanton toss
 The sword-belt, while the gibing sped.
 Transcended rebel angels! Woe
 To us; without a God, 'tis woe!"

120

130

xxi

UNGAR AND ROLFE

"Such earnestness! such wear and tear,
 And man but a thin gossamer!"
 So here the priest aside; then turned,
 And, starting: "List! the vesper-bell?
 Nay, nay—the hour is passed. But, oh,
 He must have supped, Don Hannibal,

Ere now. Come, friends, and shall we go?
 This hot discussion, let it stand
 And cool; to-morrow we'll remand."

"Not yet, I pray," said Rolfe; "a word;"
 And turned toward Ungar; "be adjured,
 And tell us if for earth may be
 In ripening arts, no guarantee
 Of happy sequel."

10

"Arts are tools;
 But tools, they say are to the strong:
 Is Satan weak? weak is the Wrong?
 No blessed augury overrules:
 Your arts advance in faith's decay:
 You are but drilling the new Hun
 Whose growl even now can some dismay;
 Vindictive in his heart of hearts,
 He schools him in your mines and marts—
 A skilled destroyer."

20

"But, need own
 That portent does in no degree
 Westward impend, across the sea."

"Over there? And do ye not forebode?
 Against pretenses void or weak
 The impieties of 'Progress' speak.
 What say *these*, in effect, to God?
 'How profits it? And who art Thou
 That we should serve Thee? Of Thy ways
 No knowledge we desire; *new* ways
 We have found out, and better. Go—
 Depart from us; we do erase
 Thy sinecure: behold, the sun
 Stands still no more in Ajalon:
 Depart from us!—And if He do?
 (And that He may, the Scripture says)
 Is aught betwixt ye and the hells?
 For He, nor in irreverent view,
 'Tis He distills that savor true
 Which keeps good essences from taint;

30

40

Where He is not, corruption dwells,
And man and chaos are without restraint."

"Oh, oh, you do but generalize
In void abstractions."

"Hypothesize:

If be a people which began 50

Without impediment, or let

From any ruling which foreran;

Even striving all things to forget

But this—the excellence of man

Left to himself, his natural bent,

His own devices and intent;

And if, in satire of the heaven,

A world, a new world have been given

For stage whereon to deploy the event;

If such a people be——well, well, 60

One hears the kettle-drums of hell!

Exemplary act awaits its place

In drama of the human race."

"Is such act certain?" Rolfe here ran;

"Not much is certain."

"God is—man.

The human nature, the divine—

Have both been proved by many a sign.

'Tis no astrologer and star.

The world has now so old become, 70

Historic memory goes so far

Backward through long defiles of doom;

Whoso consults it honestly

That mind grows prescient in degree;

For man, like God, abides the same

Always, through all variety

Of woven garments to the frame."

"Yes, God is God, and men are men,

Forever and for aye. What then?

There's Circumstance—there's Time; and these 80

Are charged with store of latencies

Still working in to modify.

For mystic text that you recall,
 Dilate upon, and e'en apply—
 (Although I seek not to decry)
 Theology's scarce practical.
 But leave this: the New World's the theme,
 Here, to oppose your dark extreme.
 (Since an old friend is good at need)
 To an old thought I'll fly. Pray, heed:
 Those waste-weirs which the New World yields
 To inland freshets—the free vents
 Supplied to turbid elements;
 The vast reserves—the untried fields;
 These long shall keep off and delay
 The class-war, rich-and-poor-man fray
 Of history. From that alone
 Can serious trouble spring. Even that
 Itself, this good result may own—
 The first firm founding of the state.”

90

100

Here ending, with a watchful air
 Inquisitive, Rolfe waited him.
 And Ungar:

“True heart do ye bear
 In this discussion? or but trim
 To draw my monomania out,
 For monomania, past doubt,
 Some of ye deem it. Yet I'll on.
 Yours seems a reasonable tone;
 But in the New World things make haste:
 Not only men, the *state* lives fast—
 Fast breeds the pregnant eggs and shells,
 The slumberous combustibles
 Sure to explode. 'Twill come, 'twill come!
 One demagogue can trouble much:
 How of a hundred thousand such?
 And universal suffrage lent
 To back them with brute element
 Overwhelming? What shall bind these seas
 Of rival sharp communities

110

120

Unchristianized? Yea, but 'twill come!"

"What come?"

"Your Thirty Years (of) War."

"Should fortune's favorable star

Avert it?"

"Fortune? nay, 'tis doom."

"Then what comes after? spasms but tend

Ever, at last, to quiet."

"Know,

Whatever happen in the end,

130

Be sure 'twill yield to one and all

New confirmation of the fall

Of Adam. Sequel may ensue,

Indeed, whose germs one now may view:

Myriads playing pygmy parts—

Debased into equality:

In glut of all material arts

A civic barbarism may be:

Man disennobled—brutalized

By popular science—Atheized

140

Into a smatterer——"

"Oh, oh!"

"Yet knowing all self need to know

In self's base little fallacy;

Dead level of rank common-place:

An Anglo-Saxon China, see,

May on your vast plains shame the race

In the Dark Ages of Democracy."

America!

In stilled estate,

150

On him, half-brother and co-mate—

In silence, and with vision dim

Rolfe, Vine, and Clarel gazed on him;

They gazed, nor one of them found heart

To upbraid the crotchet of his smart,

Bethinking them whence sole it came,

Though birthright he renounced in hope,

Their sanguine country's wonted claim.
 Nor dull they were in honest tone
 To some misgivings of their own:
 They felt how far beyond the scope
 Of elder Europe's saddest thought
 Might be the New World's sudden brought
 In youth to share old age's pains—
 To feel the arrest of hope's advance,
 And squandered last inheritance;
 And cry—"To Terminus build fanes!
 Columbus ended earth's romance:
 No New World to mankind remains!"

160

xxii

OF WICKEDNESS THE WORD

Since, for the charity they knew,
 None cared the exile to upbraid
 Or further breast—while yet he threw,
 In silence that oppressive weighed,
 The after-influence of his spell—
 The priest in light disclaimer said
 To Rolfe apart: "The icicle,
 The dagger-icicle draws blood;
 But give it sun!" "You mean his mood
 Is accident—would melt away
 In fortune's favorable ray.
 But if 'tis happiness he lacks,
 Why, let the gods warm all cold backs
 With that good sun. But list!"

10

In vent
 Of thought, abrupt the malcontent:
 "What incantation shall make less
 The ever-upbubbling wickedness!
 Is this fount nature's?"

Under guard

20

Asked Vine: "Is wickedness the word?"
 "The right word? Yes; but scarce the *thing*
 Is there conveyed; for one need know
 Wicked has been the tampering
 With wickedness the word." "Even so?"
 "Ay, ridicule's light sacrilege
 Has taken off the honest edge—
 Quite turned aside—perverted all
 That Saxon term and Scriptural."
 "Restored to the incisive wedge,
 What means it then, this wickedness?"
 Ungar regarded him with look
 Of steady search: "And wilt thou brook?
 Thee leaves it whole?—This wickedness
 (Might it retake true import well)
 Means not default, nor vulgar vice,
 Nor Adam's lapse in Paradise;
 But worse: 'twas this evoked the hell—
 Gave in the conscious soul's recess
 Credence to Calvin. What's implied
 In that deep utterance decried
 Which Christians labially confess—
Be born anew?"

30

40

"Ah, overstate
 Thou dost!" the priest sighed; "but look there!
 No jarring theme may violate
 Yon tender evening sky! How fair
 These olive-orchards: see, the sheep
 Mild drift toward the folds of sleep.
 The blessed Nature! still her glance
 Returns the love she well receives
 From hearts that with the stars advance,
 Each heart that in the goal believes!"

50

Ungar, though nettled, as might be,
 At these bland substitutes in plea
 (By him accounted so) yet sealed
 His lips. In fine, all seemed to yield
 With one consent a truce to talk.

But Clare!, who, since that one hour
 Of unreserve on Saba's tower,
 Less relished Derwent's pleasant walk
 Of myrtles, hardly might remain
 Uninfluenced by Ungar's vein:
 If man in truth be what you say,
 And such the prospects for the clay,
 And outlook of the future—cease!
 What's left us but the senses' sway?
 Sinner, sin out life's petty lease:
 We are not worth the saving. Nay,
 For me, if thou speak true—but ah,
 Yet, yet there gleams one beckoning star—
 So near the horizon, judge I right
 That 'tis of heaven?

60

70

But wanes the light—

The evening *Angelus* is rolled:
 They rise, and seek the convent's fold.

xxiii

DERWENT AND ROLFE

There as they wend, Derwent his arm,
 Demure, and brotherly, and grave,
 Slips into Rolfe's: "A bond we have;
 We lock, we symbolize it, see;
 Yes, you and I: but he, but *he!*"
 And checked himself, as under warm
 Emotion. Rolfe kept still. "Unlike,
 Unlike! Don Hannibal through storm
 Has passed; yet does his sunshine strike.
 But Ungar, clouded man! No balm
 He'll find in that unhappy vein;"
 Pausing, awaiting Rolfe again.
 Rolfe held his peace. "But grant indeed
 His strictures just—how few will heed!

10

The hippopotamus is tough;
 Well bucklered too behind. Enough:
 Man has two sides: keep on the bright."
 "Two sides imply that one's not right;
 So that won't do."—"Wit, wit!"—"Nay, truth."

"Sententious are ye, pithy—sooth!"
 Yet quickened now that Rolfe began
 To find a tongue, he sprightlier ran:
 "As for his Jeremiad spells,
 Shall these the large hope countermand?
 The world's outlived the oracles,
 And the people never will disband!
 Stroll by my hedge-rows in the June,
 The chirruping quite spoils his tune."

"Ay, birds," said Rolfe; nor more would own.

"But, look: to hold the censor-tone,
 One need be qualified: is he?"

30

"He's wise." "Too vehemently wise!
 His factious memories tyrannize
 And wrest the judgment." "In degree,
 Perchance." "But come: shall we accord
 Credentials to that homely sword
 He wears? Would it had more of grace!
 But 'tis in serviceable case."

"Right! war's his business." "*Business*, say you?"

Resenting the unhandsome word;

40

"Unsay it quickly, friend, I pray you!
 Fine business driving men through fires
 To Hades, at the bidding blind
 Of Heaven knows whom! but, now I mind,
 In this case 'tis the Turk that hires
 A Christian for that end."—"May be,"
 Said Rolfe. "And pretty business too
 Is war for one who did instill
 So much concern for *Lincoln Hugh*
 Ground up by Mammon in the mill.
 Or was it rhetoric?" "May be,"
 Said Rolfe. "And let me hint, *may be*

50

You're curt to-day. But, yes, I see:
 Your countryman he is. Well, well,
 That's right—you're right; no more I'll dwell:
 Your countryman; and, yes, at heart
 Rather you sidled toward his part
 Though playing well the foil, pardee!
 Oh, now you stare: no need: a trick
 To deal your dullish mood a prick. 60
 But mind you, though, some things you said
 By Jordan lounging in the shade
 When our discourse so freely ran?
 But whatsoe'er reserves be yours
 Touching your native clime and clan,
 And whatsoe'er *his* thought abjures;
 Still, when he's criticised by one
 Not of the tribe, not of the zone—
 Chivalric still, though doggedly,
 You stand up for a countryman: 70
 I like your magnanimity;"
 And silent pressed the enfolded arm
 As he would so transmit a charm
 Along the nerve, which might insure,
 However cynic challenge ran,
 Faith genial in at least one man
 Fraternal in love's overture.

xxiv

TWILIGHT

"Over the river
 In gloaming, ah, still do ye plain?
 Dove—dove in the mangroves,
 How dear is thy pain!

"Sorrow—but fondled;
 Reproaches that never upbraid

Spite the passion, the yearning
Of love unrepaid.

“Teach me, oh! teach me
Thy cadence, that Inez may thrill
With the bliss of the sadness,
And love have his will!” 10

Through twilight of mild evening pale,
As now returning slow they fare—
In dubious keeping with the dale
And legends, floating came that air
From one invisible in shade,
Singing and lightly sauntering on
Toward the cloisters. Pause they made;
But he a lateral way had won: 20
Viewless he passed, as might a wave
Rippling, which doth a frigate lave
At anchor in the midnight road.

Clarel a fleeting thought bestowed:
Unkenned! to thee what thoughts belong—
Announced by such a tropic song.

XXV

THE INVITATION

Returned to harbor, Derwent sought
His Mexic friend; and him he found
At home in by-place of a court
Of private kind—some tools around,
And planks and joiner's stuff, and more,
With little things, and odds and ends,
Conveniences which ease commends
Unto some plain old bachelor.
And here, indeed, one such a stay

At whiles did make; a placid friar,
 A sexton gratis in his way,
 When some poor brother did require
 The last fraternal offices.

10

 This funeral monk, now much at ease,
 Uncowled, upon a work-bench sat—
 Lit by a greenish earthen lamp
 (With cross-bones baked thereon for stamp)
 Behind him placed upon a mat—
 Engaged in gossip, old men's chat,
 With the limb-lopped Eld of Mexico;
 Who, better to sustain him so
 On his one leg, had niched him all
 In one of some strange coffins there,
 Alean and open by the wall
 Like sentry-boxes.—

20

 "Take a chair,
 Don Derwent; no, I mean—yes, take
 A—coffin; come, be sociable."

 "Don Hannibal, Don Hannibal,
 What see I? Well, for pity's sake!"

30

 "Eh? This is brother Placido,
 And we are talking of old times,
 For, learn thou, that in Mexico
 First knew he matins and the chimes.
 But, come, get in; there's nothing else;
 'Tis easy; here one lazy dwells
 Almost as in a barber's chair;
 See now, I lean my head."

 "Ah, yes;

But I—don't—feel the weariness:
 Thanks, thanks; no, I the bench prefer.—
 Good brother Placido, I'm glad
 You find a countryman." And so
 For little time discourse he made;
 But presently—the monk away
 Being called—proposed that they should go,
 He and Don Hannibal the gray,

40

And in refectory sit down
 That talk might more convenient run.
 The others through the courts diverge,
 Till all to cots conducted fare
 Where reveries in slumber merge,
 While lulling steals from many a cell
 A bee-like buzz of bed-side prayer—
 Night in the hive monastical.

50

And now—not wantonly designed
 Like lays in grove of Daphne sung,
 But helping to fulfill the piece
 Which in these cantos finds release,
 Appealing to the museful mind—
 A chord, the satyr's chord is strung.

60

xxvi

THE PRODIGAL

In adolescence thrilled by hope
 Which fain would verify the gleam
 And find if destiny concur,
 How dwells upon life's horoscope
 Youth, always an astrologer,
 Forecasting happiness the dream!

Slumber interred them; but not all,
 For so it chanced that Clarel's cell
 Was shared by one who did repel
 The poppy. 'Twas a prodigal,
 Yet pilgrim too in casual way,
 And seen within the grotts that day,
 But only seen, no more than that.
 In years he might be Clarel's mate.
 Not talkative, he half reclined
 In revery of dreamful kind;
 Or might the fable, the romance

10

Be tempered by experience?
 For ruling under spell serene,
 A light precocity is seen. 20
 That mobile face, voluptuous air
 No Northern origin declare,
 But Southern—where the nations bright,
 The costumed nations, circled be
 In garland round a tideless sea
 Eternal in its fresh delight.
 Nor less he owned the common day;
 His avocation naught, in sooth—
 A toy of Mammon; but the ray
 And fair aureola of youth 30
 Deific makes the prostiest clay.
 From revery now by Clarel won
 He brief his story entered on:
 A native of the banks of Rhone
 He traveled for a Lyons house
 Which dealt in bales luxurious;
 Detained by chance at Jaffa gray,
 Rather than let ripe hours decay,
 He'd run o'er, in a freak of fun,
 Green Sharon to Jerusalem, 40
 And thence, not far, to Bethlehem.

Thy silvery voice, irreverent one!
 'Twas musical; and Clarel said:
 "Greatly I err, or thou art he
 Who singing along the hill-side sped
 At fall of night."

"And heard you me?
 'Twas sentimental, to be sure:
 A little Spanish overture,
 A Tombez air, which months ago 50
 A young Peruvian let flow.
 Locked friends we were; he's gone home now."

To Clarel 'twas a novel style
 And novel nature; and awhile
 Mutely he dwelt upon him here.

Earnest to know how the most drear
 Solemnity of Judah's glade
 Affect might such a mind, he said
 Something to purpose; but he shied.
 One essay more; whereat he cried:
 "Amigo! favored lads there are,
 Born under such a lucky star,
 They weigh not things too curious, see,
 Albeit conforming to their time
 And usages thereof, and clime:
 Well, mine's that happy family."

60

The student faltered—felt annoy:
 Absorbed in problems ill-defined,
 Am *I* too curious in my mind;
 And, baffled in the vain employ,
 Foregoing many an easy joy?
 That thought he hurried from; and so
 Unmindful in perturbed estate
 Of that light intimation late,
 He said: "On hills of dead Judæa
 Wherever one may faring go,
 He dreams—Fit place to set the bier
 Of Jacob, brought from Egypt's mead:
 Here's Atad's threshing-floor."

70

"Indeed?"

80

Scarce audible was that in tone;
 Nor Clarel heard it, but went on:
 "'Tis Jephthah's daughter holds the height;
 She, she's the muse here.—But, I pray,
 Confess to Judah's mournful sway."
 He held his peace. "You grant the blight?"
 "No Boulevards." "Do other lands
 Show equal ravage you've beheld?"
 "Oh, yes," and eyed his emerald
 In ring. "But here a God commands,
 A judgment dooms: you that gainsay?"
 Up looked he quick, then turned away,
 And with a shrug that gave mute sign

90

That here the theme he would decline.
 But Clarel urged. As in despair
 The other turned—invoked the air:

“Was it in such talk, Don Rovenna,
 We dealt in Seville, I and you?
 No! chat of love-wile and duenna
 And *saya-manto* in Peru.
 Ah, good Limeno, dear *amigo*,
 What times were ours, the holidays flew;
 Life, life a revel and clear *allegro*;
 But home thou’rt gone; pity, but true!”

100

At burst so lyrical, yet given
 Not all without some mock in heaven,
 Once more did Clarel puzzled sit;
 But rallying in spite of it,
 Continued: “Surely now, ’tis clear
 That in the aspect of Judæa—”

110

“My friend, it is just naught to me!
 Why, why so pertinacious be?
 Refrain!” Here, turning light away,
 As quitting so the theme: “How gay
 Damascus! orchard of a town:
 Not yet she’s heard the tidings though.”
 “Tidings?”

“Tidings of long ago:
 Isaiah’s dark burden, malison:
 Of course, to be perpetual fate:
 Bat, serpent, screech-owl, and all that.
 But truth is, grace and pleasure there,
 In Abana and Pharpar’s streams
 (O shady haunts! O sherbet-air!)
 So twine the place in odorous dreams,
 How may she think to mope and moan,
 The news not yet being got to town
 That she’s a ruin! Oh, ’tis pity,

120

For she, she is earth's senior city!—
 Pray, who was he, that man of state
 Whose footman at Elisha's gate
 Loud rapped? The name has slipped. Howe'er,
 That Damascene maintained it well:
 'We've better streams than Israel,
 Yea, fairer waters.' "Weetless here
 Clarel betrayed half cleric tone:
 "Naaman, you mean. Poor leper one,
 'Twas Jordan healed him."

"As you please."

And hereupon the Lyonese—
 (Capricious, or inferring late
 That he had yielded up his state
 To priggish inroad) gave mute sign
 'Twere well to end.

"But Palestine,"

Insisted Clarel, "do you not
 Concede some strangeness to her lot?"

"*Amigo*, how you persecute!

You all but tempt one to refute
 These stale megrims. You of the West,
 What devil has your hearts possessed,
 You can't enjoy?—Ah, dear Rovenna,
 With talk of donna and duenna,
You came too from that hemisphere,
 But freighted with quite other cheer:
 No pedant, no!" Then, changing free,
 Laughed with a light audacity:

"Well, me for one, dame Judah here
 Don't much depress: she's not austere—
 Nature has lodged her in good zone—
 The true wine-zone of Noah: the Cape
 Yields no such bounty of the grape.
 Hence took King Herod festal tone;
 Else why the tavern-cluster gilt
 Hang out before that fane he built,

130

140

150

160

The second temple?" Catching thus
 A buoyant frolic impetus,
 He bowled along: "Herewith agrees
 The ducat of the Maccabees,
 Graved with the vine. Methinks I see
 The spies from Eshcol, full of glee
 Trip back to camp with clusters swung
 From jolting pole on shoulders hung:
 'Cheer up, 'twill do; it needs befit;
 Lo ye, behold the fruit of it!'
 And, tell me, does not Solomon's harp
 (Oh, that it should have taken warp
 In end!) confirm the festa? Hear:
 'Thy white neck is like ivory;
 I feed among thy lilies, dear:
 Stay me with flagons, comfort me
 With apples; thee would I enclose!
 Thy twin breasts are as two young roes.' "

170

180

Clarel protested, yet as one
 Part lamed in candor; and took tone
 In formal wise: "Nay, pardon me,
 But you misdeem it: Solomon's Song
 Is allegoric—needs must be."

"Proof, proof, pray, if 'tis not too long."
 "Why, St. Bernard——"

190

"Who? *Sir* Bernard?
 Never that knight for me left card!"

"No, *St.* Bernard, 'twas he of old
 The Song's hid import first unrolled—
 Confirmed in every after age:
 The chapter-headings on the page
 Of modern Bibles (in that Song)
 Attest his rendering, and prolong:
 A mystic burden."

"Eh? so too
 The Bonzes Hafiz' rhyme construe
 Which lauds the grape of Shiraz. See,

200

They cant that in his frolic fire
 Some bed-rid fakir would aspire
 In foggy symbols. Me, oh me!—
 What stuff of Levite and Divine!
 Come, look at straight things more in line,
 Blue eyes or black, which like you best?
 Your Bella Donna, how's she dressed?"

"Twas very plain this sprightly youth 210
 Little suspected the grave truth
 That he, with whom he thus made free,
 A student was, a student late
 Of reverend theology:
 Nor Clarel was displeased thereat.

The other now: "There is no tress
 Can thrall one like a Jewess's.
 A Hebrew husband, Hebrew-wed,
 Is wondrous faithful, it is said;
 Which needs be true; for, I suppose, 220
 As bees are loyal to the rose,
 So men to beauty. Of his girls,
 On which did the brown Indian king,
 Ahasuerus, shower his pearls?
 Why, Esther: Judah wore the ring.
 And Nero, captain of the world,
 His arm about a Jewess curled—
 Bright spouse, Poppæa. And with good will
 Some Christian monarchs share the thrill,
 In palace kneeling low before 230
 Crowned Judah, like those nobbs of yore.
 These Hebrew witches! well-a-day,
 Of Jeremiah what reck they?"

Clarel looked down: was he depressed?
 The prodigal resumed: "Earth's best,
 Earth's loveliest portrait, daintiest,
 Reveals Judæan grace and form:
 Urbino's ducal mistress fair—
 Ay, Titian's Venus, golden-warm.

Her lineage languishes in air
 Mysterious as the unfathomed sea:
 That grave, deep Hebrew coquetry!
 Thereby Bathsheba David won;
 In bath a purposed bait!—Have done!—
 Blushing? The cuticle's but thin!
 Blushing? yet you my mind would win.
 Priests make a goblin of the Jew:
 Shares he not flesh with me—with you?"

240

What wind was this? And yet it swayed
 Even Clarel's cypress. He delayed
 All comment, gazing at him there.
 Then first he marked the clustering hair
 Which on the bright and shapely brow
 At middle part grew slantly low:
 Rich, tumbled, chestnut hood of curls,
 Like to a Polynesian girl's,
 Who, inland eloping with her lover,
 The deacon-magistrates recover—
 With sermon and black bread reprove
 Who fed on berries and on love.

250

260

So young (thought Clarel) yet so knowing;
 With much of dubious at the heart,
 Yet winsome in the outward showing;
 With whom, with what, hast thou thy part?
 In flaw upon the student's dream
 A wafture of suspicion stirred:
 He spake: "The Hebrew, it would seem,
 You study much; you have averred
 More than most Gentiles well may glean
 In voyaging mere from scene to scene
 Of shifting traffic." Irksomeness
 Here vexed the other's light address;
 But, ease assuming, gay he said:
 "Oh, in my wanderings, why, I've met,
 Among all kinds, Hebrews well-read,
 And some nor dull nor bigot-bred;
 Yes, I pick up, nor all forget."

270

So saying, and as to be rid
 Of further prosing, he undid
 His vesture, turned him, smoothed his cot:
 "Late, late; needs sleep, though sleep's a sot."

280

"A word," cried Clarel: "bear with me:
 Just nothing strange at all you see
 Touching the Hebrews and their lot?"

Recumbent here: "Why, yes, they share
 That oddity the Gypsies heir:
 About *them* why not make ado?
 The Parsees are an odd tribe too;
 Dispersed, no country, and yet hold
 By immemorial rites, we're told.

290

Amigo, do not scourge me on;
 Put up, put up your monkish thong!
 Pray, pardon now; by peep of sun
 Take horse I must. Good night, with song:

'Lights of Shushan, if your urn
 Mellow shed the opal ray,
 To delude one—damsels, turn,
 Wherefore tarry? why betray?
 Drop your garlands and away!
 Leave me, phantoms that but feign;
 Sting me not with inklings vain!

300

'But, if magic none prevail,
 Mocking in untrue romance;
 Let your Paradise exhale
 Odors; and enlink the dance;
 And, ye rosy feet, advance
 Till ye meet morn's ruddy Hours
 Unabashed in Shushan's bowers!' "

No more: they slept. A spell came down;
 And Clarel dreamed, and seemed to stand
 Betwixt a Shushan and a sand;
 The Lyonese was lord of one,

310

The desert did the Tuscan own,
 The pale pure monk. A zephyr fanned;
 It vanished, and he felt the strain
 Of clasping arms which would detain
 His heart from each ascetic range.
 He woke; 'twas day; he was alone,
 The Lyonese being up and gone:
 Vital he knew organic change,
 Or felt, at least, that change was working—
 A subtle innovator lurking.

320

He rose, arrayed himself, and won
 The roof to take the dawn's fresh air,
 And heard a ditty, and looked down.
 Who singing rode so debonair?
 His cell-mate, flexible young blade,
 Mounted in rear of cavalcade
 Just from the gate, in rhythmic way
 Switching a light malacca gay:

330

“Rules, who rules?
 Fools the wise, makes wise the fools—
 Every ruling overrules?
 Who the dame that keeps the house,
 Provides the diet, and oh, so quiet,
 Brings all to pass, the slyest mouse?
 Tell, tell it me:
 Signora Nature, who but she!”

xxvii

BY PARAPET

“Well may ye gaze! What's good to see
 Better than Adam's humanity
 When genial lodged! Such spell is given,
 It lured the staid grandees of heaven,
 Though biased in their souls divine
 Much to one side—the feminine.—
 He is the pleasantest small fellow!”

It was the early-rising priest,
 Who up there in the morning mellow
 Had followed Clarel: "Not the least 10
 Of pleasures here which I have known
 Is meeting with that laxer one.
 We talked below; but all the while
 My thoughts were wandering away,
 Though never once mine eyes did stray,
 He did so pleasingly beguile
 To keep them fixed upon his form:
 Such harmony pervades his warm
 Soft outline.—Why now, what a scare
 Of incredulity you speak 20
 From eyes! But it was some such fair
 Young sinner in the time antique
 Suggested to the happy Greek
 His form of Bacchus—the sweet shape!
 Young Bacchus, mind ye, not the old:
 The Egyptian ere he crushed the grape.—
 But—how? and home-sick are you? Come,
 What's in your thoughts, pray? Wherefore mum?"
 So Derwent; though but ill he sped,
 Clarel declining to be led 30
 Or cheered. Nor less in covert way
 That talk might have an after-sway
 Beyond the revery which ran
 Half-heeded now or dim: This man—
 May Christian true such temper wish?
 His happiness seems paganish.

xxviii

DAVID'S WELL

The Lyonese had joined a train
 Whereof the man of scars was one

Whose office led him further on
And barring longer stay. Farewell
He overnight had said, ere cell
He sought for slumber. Brief the word;
No hand he grasped; yet was he stirred,
Despite his will, in heart at core:
'Twas countrymen he here forsook:
He felt it; and his aspect wore
In the last parting, that strange look
Of one enlisted for sad fight
Upon some desperate dark shore,
Who bids adieu to the civilian,
Returning to his club-house bright,
In city cheerful with the million.

10

But Nature never heedeth this:
To Nature nothing is amiss.

It was a morning full of vent
And bustle. Other pilgrims went.
Later, accoutered in array
Don Hannibal and party sate
In saddle at the convent gate,
For Hebron bound.—“Ah, well-a-day!
I'm bolstered up here, tucked away:
My spare spar lashed behind, ye see;
This crutch for scepter. Come to me,
Embrace me, my dear friend,” and leant;
“I'm off for Mamre; under oak
Of Abraham I'll pitch my tent,
Perchance, far from the battle's smoke.
Good friars and friends, behold me here
A poor one-legged pioneer;
I go, I march, I am the man
In fore-front of the limping van
Of refluent emigration. So,
Farewell, Don Derwent; Placido,
Farewell; and God bless all and keep!—
Start, dragoman; come, take your sheep

20

30

To Hebron."

40

One among the rest
Attending the departure there
Was Clarel. Unto him, oppressed—
In travail of transition rare,
Scarce timely in its unconstraint
Was the droll Mexican's quirkish air
And humorous turn of hintings quaint.

The group dispersed.

Pleased by the hill

And vale, the minster, grot and vine,
Hardly the pilgrims found the will
To go and such fair scene decline.
But not less Bethlehem, avow,
Negative grew to him whose heart,
Swayed by love's nearer magnet now,
Would fain without delay depart;
Yet comradeship did still require
That some few hours need yet expire.

50

Restive, he sallied out alone,
And, ere long, place secluded won,
And there a well. The spot he eyed;
For fountains in that land, being rare,
Attention fix. "And, yes," he sighed,
Weighing the thing; "though everywhere
This vicinage quite altered be,
The well of Jesse's son I see;
For this in parched Adullam's lair
How sore he yearned: *ah me, ah me,*
That one would now upon me wait
With that sweet water by the gate!—
He stood: But who will bring to *me*
That living water which who drinks
He thirsteth not again! Let be:
A thirst that long may anguish thee,
Too long ungratified will die.
But whither now, my heart? wouldst fly
Each thing that keepeth not the pace

60

70

Of common uninquiring life?
 What! fall back on clay commonplace?
 Yearnest for peace so? sick of strife? 80
 Yet how content thee with routine
 Worldly? how mix with tempers keen
 And narrow like the knife? how live
 At all, if once a fugitive
 From thy own nobler part, though pain
 Be portion inwrought with the grain?"

But here, in fair accosting word,
 A stranger's happy hail he heard
 Descending from a vineyard nigh.
 He turned: a pilgrim pleased his eye 90
 (A Muscovite, late seen by shrine)
 Good to behold—fresh as a pine—
 Elastic, tall; complexion clear
 As dawn in frosty atmosphere
 Rose-tinged.

They greet. At once, to reach
 Accord, the Russian said, "Sit here:
 You sojourn with the Latin set,
 I with the Greeks; but well we're met:
 All's much the same: many waves, one beach. 100
 I'm mateless now; one, and but one
 I've taken to: and he's late gone.
 You may have crossed him, for indeed
 He tarried with your Latin breed
 While here: a juicy little fellow—
 A Seckel pear, so small and mellow."
 "We shared a cell last night." "Ye did?
 And, doubtless, into chat ye slid:
 The theme, now; I am curious there."
 "Judæa—the Jews." With heightened air 110
 The Russ rejoined: "And tell me, pray:
 Who broached the topic? he?" "No, I;
 And chary he in grudged reply
 At first, but afterward gave way."

"Indeed?" the Russ, with meaning smile;
"But (further) did he aught revile?"
"The Jews, he said, were misconceived;
Much too he dropped which quite bereaved
The Scripture of its Runic spell.
But *Runic* said I? That's not well!
I alter, sure."

120

Not marking here
Clarel in his self-taxing cheer;
But full of his own thoughts in clew,
"Right, I was right!" the other cried:
"Evade he cannot, no, nor hide.
Learn, he who whiled the hour for you,
His race supplied the theme: a Jew!"

Clarel leaped up; "And can it be?
Some vague suspicion peered in me;
I sought to test it—test: and he—
Nay now, I mind me of a stir
Of color quick; and might it touch?"
And paused; then, as in slight demur:
"His cast of Hebrew is not much."

130

"Enough to badge him."

"Very well:

But why should he the badge repel?"

"Our Russian sheep still hate the mark;

They try to rub it off, nor cease
On hedge or briar to leave the fleece

140

In tell-tale tags. Well, much so he,

Averse to Aaron's cipher dark

And mystical. Society

Is not quite catholic, you know,

Retains some prejudices yet—

Likes not the singular; and so

He'd melt in, nor be separate—

Exclusive. And I see no blame.

Nor rare thing is it in French Jew,

150

Cast among strangers—traveling too—

To cut old grandsire Abraham

As out of mode. I talked, ere you
 With this our friend. Let me avow
 My late surmise is surety now."

They strolled, and parted. And amain
 Confirmed the student felt the reign
 Of reveries vague, which yet could mar,
 Crossed by a surging element—
 Surging while aiming at content:
 So combs the billow ere it breaks upon the bar.

160

xxix

THE NIGHT RIDE

It was the day preceding Lent,
Shrove Tuesday named in English old
 (Forefathers' English), and content,
 Some yet would tarry, to behold
 The initiatory nocturn rite.

'Twas the small hour, as once again,
 And final now, in mounted plight
 They curve about the Bethlehem urn
 Or vine-clad hollow of the swain,
 And Clarel felt in every vein—
 At last, Jerusalem! 'Twas thence
 They started—thither they return,
 Rounding the waste circumference.

10

Now Belex in his revery light
 Rolls up and down those guineas bright
 Whose minted recompense shall chink
 In pouch of sash when travel's brink
 Of end is won. Djalea in face
 Wears an abstraction, lit by grace
 Which governed hopes of rapture lend:
 On coins *his* musings likewise bend—
 The starry sequins woven fair
 Into black tresses. But an air

20

Considerate and prudent reigns;
 For his the love not vainly sure:
 'Tis passion deep of man mature
 For one who half a child remains:
 Yes, underneath a look sedate,
 What throbs are known!

But desolate

30

Upon the pilgrims strangely fall
 Eclipses heavier far than come
 To hinds, which, after carnival,
 Return to toil and querulous home.
 Revert did they? in mind recall
 Their pilgrimage, yes, sum it all?
 Could Siddim haunt them? Saba's bay?
 Did the deep nature in them say—
 Two, two are missing—laid away
 In deserts twin? They let it be,
 Nor spake; the candor of the heart
 Shrank from suspected counterpart.

40

But one there was (and Clarel he)
 Who, in his aspect free from cloud,
 Here caught a gleam from source unspied,
 As cliff may take on mountain-side,
 When there one small brown cirque ye see,
 Lit up in mole, how mellowly,
 Day going down in somber shroud—
 October-pall.

50

But tell the vein

Of new emotion, inly held,
 That so the long contention quelled—
 Languor, and indecision, pain.
 Was it abrupt resolve? a strain
 Wiser than wisdom's self might teach?
 Yea, now his hand would boldly reach
 And pluck the nodding fruit to him,
 Fruit of the tree of life. If doubt
 Spin spider-like her tissue out,
 And make a snare in reason dim—

60

Why hang a fly in flimsy web?
 One thing was clear, one thing in sooth:
 Stays not the prime of June or youth:
 At flood that tide makes haste to ebb.
 Recurred one mute appeal of Ruth
 (Now first aright construed, he thought),
 She seemed to fear for him, and say:
 "Ah, tread not, sweet, my father's way,
 In whom this evil spirit wrought
 And dragged us hither where we die!"
 Yes, now would he forsake that road—
 Alertly now and eager hie
 To dame and daughter, where they trod
 The Dolorosa—quick depart
 With them and seek a happier sky.
 Warblings he heard of hope in heart,
 Responded to by duty's hymn;
 He, late but weak, felt now each limb
 In strength how buoyant. But, in truth,
 Was part caprice, sally of youth?
 What pulse was this with burning beat?
 Whence, whence the passion that could give
 Feathers to thought, yea, Mercury's feet?
 The Lyonese, to sense so dear,
 Nor less from faith a fugitive—
 Had he infected Clarel here?

70

80

But came relapse: What end may prove?
 Ah, almoner to Saba's dove,
 Ah, bodeful text of hermit-rhyme!
 But what! distrust the trustful eyes?
 Are the sphered breasts full of mysteries
 Which not the maiden's self may know?
 May love's nice balance, finely slight,
 Take tremor from fulfilled delight?
 Can nature such a doom dispense
 As, after ardor's tender glow,
 To make the rapture more than pall
 With evil secrets in the sense,

90

And guile whose bud is innocence—
Sweet blossom of the flower of gall?
Nay, nay: Ah! God, keep far from me
Cursed Manes and the Manichee!
At large here life proclaims the law:
Unto embraces myriads draw
Through sacred impulse. Take thy wife;
Venture, and prove the soul of life,
And let fate drive.—So he the while,
In shadow from the ledges thrown,
As down the Bethlehem hill they file—
Abreast upon the plain anon
Advancing.

100

110

Far, in upland spot
A light is seen in Rama paling;
But Clarel sped, and heeded not,
At least recalled not Rachel wailing.

Aside they win a fountain clear,
The Cistern of the Kings—so named
Because (as vouched) the Magi here
Watered their camels, and reclaimed
The Ray, brief hid. Ere this they passed
Clarel looked in and there saw glassed
Down in the wave, one mellow star;
Then, glancing up, beheld afar
Enisled serene, the orb itself:—
Apt auspice here for journeying elf.

120

And now those skirting slopes they tread
Which devious bar the sunken bed
Of Hinnom. Thence uplifted shone
In hauntedness the deicide town
Faint silvered. Gates, of course, were barred;
But at the further eastern one,
St. Stephen's—there the turbaned guard
(To Belex known) at whispered word
Would ope. Thither, the nearer way,

130

By Jeremy's grot—they shun that ground,
 For there an Ottoman camp's array
 Deters. Through Hinnom now they push
 Their course round Zion by the glen
 Toward Rogel—whither shadowy rush
 And where, at last, in cloud convene
 (Ere, one, they sweep to gloomier hush)
 Those two black chasms which enfold
 Jehovah's height. Flanking the well,
 Ophel they turn, and gain the dell
 Of Shaveh. Here the city old,
 Fast locked in torpor, fixed in blight,
 No hum sent forth, revealed no light:
 Though, facing it, cliff-hung Siloam—
 Sepulchral hamlet—showed in tomb
 A twinkling lamp. The valley slept—
 Obscure, in monitory dream
 Oppressive, roofed with awful skies
 Whose stars like silver nail-heads gleam
 Which stud some lid over lifeless eyes.

140

150

XXX

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

Delay!—Shall flute from forth the Gate
 Issue, to warble welcome here—
 Upon this safe returning wait
 In gratulation? And, for cheer,
 When inn they gain, there shall they see
 The door-post wreathed?
 Howe'er it be,
 Through Clarel a revulsion ran,
 Such as may seize debarking man
 First hearing on Coquimbo's ground
 That subterranean sullen sound
 Which dull foreruns the shock. His heart,
 In augury fair arrested here,

10

Upbraided him: Fool! and didst part
From Ruth? Strangely a novel fear
Obtruded—petty, and yet worse
And more from reason too averse,
Than that recurrent haunting bier
Molesting him erewhile. And yet
It was but irritation, fret— 20
Misgiving that the lines he writ
Upon the eve before the start
For Siddim, failed, or were unfit—
Came short of the occasion's tone:
To leave her, leave her in grief's smart:
To leave her—her, the stricken one:
Now first to feel full force of it!
Away! to be but there, but there!
Vain goadings: yet of love true part.
But then the pledge with letter sent, 30
Though but a trifle, still might bear
A token in dumb argument
Expressive more than words.

With knee

Straining against the saddle-brace,
He urges on; till, near the place
Of Hebrew graves, a light they see
Moving, and figures dimly trace:
Some furtive strange society.
Yet nearer as they ride, the light 40
Shuts down. "Abide!" enjoined the Druze;
"Waylayers these are none, but Jews,
Or I mistake, who here by night
Have stolen to do grave-digger's work.
During late outbreak in the town
The bigot in the baser Turk
Was so inflamed, some Hebrews dread
Assault, even here among their dead.
Abide a space; let me ride on."

Up pushed he, spake, allayed the fright 50
Of them who had shut down the light

At sound of comers.

Close they draw—

Advancing, lit by fan-shaped rays
 Shot from a small dark-lantern's jaw
 Presented pistol-like. They saw
 Mattocks and men, in outline dim
 On either ominous side of him
 From whom went forth that point of blaze.
 Resting from labor, each one stays
 His implement on grave-stones old.
 New-dug, between these, they behold
 Two narrow pits: and (nor remote)
 Twin figures on the ground they note
 Folded in cloaks.

60

“And who rest there?”

Rolfe sidelong asked.

“Our friends; have care!”

Replied the one that held in view
 The lantern, slanting it ashift,
 Plainer disclosing them, and, too,
 A broidered scarf, love's first chance gift,
 The student's (which how well he knew!)
 Binding one mantle's slender span.

70

With piercing cry, as one distraught,
 Down from his horse leaped Clarel—ran,
 And hold of that cloak instant caught,
 And bared the face. Then (like a man
 Shot through the heart, but who retains
 His posture) rigid he remains—
 The mantle's border in his hand,
 His glazed eyes unremoved. The band
 Of Jews—the pilgrims—all look on
 Shocked or amazed.

80

But speech he won:

“No—yes: enchanted here!—her name?”

“Ruth, Nathan's daughter,” said a Jew
 Who kenned him now—the youth that came
 Oft to the close; “but, thou—forbear;

The dawn's at hand and haste is due:

90

See, by her side, 'tis Agar there."

"Ruth? Agar?—*art* thou God?—But ye—

All swims, and I but blackness see.—

How happed it? speak!"

"The fever—grief:

'Twere hard to tell; was no relief."

"And ye—your tribe—'twas *ye* denied

Me access to this virgin's side

In bitter trial: take my curse!—

O blind, blind, barren universe!

100

Now am I like a bough torn down,

And I must wither, cloud or sun!—

Had I been near, this had not been.

Do spirits look down upon this scene?—

The message? some last word was left?"

"For thee? no, none; the life was reft

Sudden from Ruth; and Agar died

Babbling of gulls and ocean wide—

Out of her mind."

"And here's the furl

110

Of Nathan's faith: then perish faith—

'Tis perjured!—Take me, take me, Death!

Where Ruth is gone, me thither whirl,

Where'er it be!"

"Ye do outgo

Mad Korah. Boy, this is the Dale

Of Doom, God's last assizes; so,

Curb thee; even if sharp grief assail,

Respect these precincts lest thou know

An ill."

120

"Give way, quit thou our dead!"

Menaced another, striding out;

"Art thou of us? turn thee about;

"Spurn—I'll endure; all spirit's fled

When one fears nothing.—Bear with me,

Yet bear!—Conviction is not gone

Though faith's gone: that which shall not be

It ought to be!"

But here came on,
With heavy footing, hollow heard,
Hebrews, which bare rude slabs, to place
Athwart the bodies when interred,
That earth should weigh not on the face;
For coffin was there none; and all
Was make-shift in this funeral.

130

Uncouthly here a Jew began
To re-adjust Ruth's cloak. Amain
Did Clarel push him; and, in hiss:
"Not thou—for me!—Alone, alone
In such bride-chamber to lie down!
Nay, leave one hand out—like to this—
That so the bridegroom may not miss
To kiss it first, when soon he comes.—
But 'tis not *shel*!" and hid his face.

140

They laid them in the under-glooms—
Each pale one in her portioned place.
The gravel, from the bank raked down,
Dull sounded on those slabs of stone,
Grave answering grave—dull and more dull,
Each mass growing more, till either pit was full.

150

As up from Kedron dumb they drew,
Then first the shivering Clarel knew
Night's damp. The Martyr's port is won—
Stephen's; harsh grates the bolt withdrawn;
And, over Olivet, comes on
Ash Wednesday in the gray of dawn.

xxxī

DIRGE

Stay, Death. Not mine the Christus-wand
Wherewith to charge thee and command:

I plead. Most gently hold the hand
 Of her thou ledest far away;
 Fear thou to let her naked feet
 Tread ashes—but let mosses sweet
 Her footing tempt, where'er ye stray.
 Shun Orcus; win the moonlit land
 Belulled—the silent meadows lone,
 Where never any leaf is blown 10
 From lily-stem in Azrael's hand.
 There, till her love rejoin her lowly
 (Pensive, a shade, but all her own)
 On honey feed her, wild and holy;
 Or trance her with thy choicest charm.
 And if, ere yet the lover's free,
 Some added dusk thy rule decree—
 That shadow only let it be
 Thrown in the moon-glade by the palm.

xxxii

PASSION WEEK

Day passed; and passed a second one,
 A third—fourth—fifth; and bound he sate
 In film of sorrow without moan—
 Abandoned, in the stony strait
 Of mutineer thrust on wild shore,
 Hearing, beyond the roller's froth,
 The last dip of the parting oar.
 Alone, for all had left him so;
 Though Rolfe, Vine, Derwent—each was loath,
 How loath to leave him, or to go 10
 Be first. From Vine he caught new sense
 Developed through fate's pertinence.
 Friendly they tarried—blameless went:
 Life, avaricious, still demands

Her own, and more; the world is rent
With partings.

But, since all are gone,
Why lingers he, the stricken one?
Why linger where no hope can be?
Ask grief, love ask—fidelity
In dog that by the corse abides
Of shepherd fallen—abides, abides
Though autumn into winter glides,
Till on the mountain all is chill
And snow-bound, and the twain lie still.

20

How oft through Lent the feet were led
Of this chastised and fasting one
To neutral silence of the dead
In Kedron's gulf. One morn he sate
Down poring toward it from the gate
Sealed and named Golden. There a tomb,
Erected in time's recent day,
In block along the threshold lay
Impassable. From Omar's bloom
Came birds which lit, nor dreamed of harm,
On neighboring stones. His visage calm
Seemed not the one which late showed play
Of passion's throe; but here divine
No peace; ignition in the mine
Announced is by the rush, the roar:
These end; yet may the coal burn on—
Still slumberous burn beneath the floor
Of pastures where the sheep lie down.

30

40

Ere long a cheerful choral strain
He hears; 'tis an Armenian train
Embowered in palms they bear, which (green,
And shifting oft) reveal the mien
Of flamens tall and singers young
In festal robes: a rainbow throng,
Like dolphins off Madeira seen
Which quick the ship and shout dismay.

50

With the blest anthem, censers sway,
Whose opal vapor, spiral borne,
Blends with the heavens' own azure Morn
Of Palms; for 'twas Palm Sunday bright,
Though thereof he, oblivious quite,
Knew nothing, nor that here they came
In memory of the green acclaim
Triumphal, and hosanna-roll
Which hailed Him on the ass's foal.

60

But unto Clarel that bright view
Into a dusk reminder grew:
He saw the tapers—saw again
The censers, singers, and the wreath
And litter of the bride of death
Pass through the Broken Fountain's lane;
In treble shrill and bass how deep
The men and boys he heard again
The undetermined contest keep
About the bier—the bier Armenian.
Yet dull, in torpor dim, he knew
The futile omen in review.

70

Yet three more days, and leadenly
From over Mary's port and arch,
On Holy Thursday, he the march
Of friars beheld, with litany
Filing beneath his feet, and bent
With crosses craped to sacrament
Down in the glenned Gethsemane.
Yes, Passion Week; the altars cower—
Each shrine a dead dismantled bower.

80

But when Good Friday dirged her gloom
Ere brake the morning, and each light
Round Calvary faded and the TOMB,
What exhalations met his sight:—
Illusion of grief's wakeful doom:
The dead walked. There, amid the train,

Wan Nehemiah he saw again—
 With charnel beard; and Celio passed
 As in a dampened mirror glassed;
 Gleamed Mortmain, pallid as wolf-bone
 Which bleaches where no man hath gone;
 And Nathan in his murdered guise—
 Sullen, and Hades in his eyes;
 Poor Agar, with such wandering mien
 As in her last blank hour was seen.
 And each and all kept lonely state,
 Yea, man and wife passed separate.
 But Ruth—ah, how estranged in face!
 He knew her by no earthly grace:
 Nor might he reach to her in place.
 And languid vapors from them go
 Like thaw-fogs curled from dankish snow.

90

100

Where, where now He who helpeth us,
 The Comforter?—Tell, Erebus!

xxxiii

EASTER

BUT ON THE THIRD DAY CHRIST AROSE;
 And, in the town He knew, the rite
 Commemorative eager goes
 Before the hour. Upon the night
 Between the week's last day and first,
 No more the Stabat is dispersed
 Or Tenebræ. And when the day,
 The Easter, falls in calendar
 The same to Latin and the array
 Of all schismatics from afar—
 Armenians, Greeks from many a shore—
 Syrians, Copts—profusely pour
 The hymns: 'tis like the choric gush

10

Of torrents Alpine when they rush
To swell the anthem of the spring.

That year was now. Throughout the fane,
Floor, and arcades in double ring
About the gala of the TOMB,
Blazing with lights, behung with bloom—
What child-like thousands roll the strain,
The hallelujah after pain,
Which in all tongues of Christendom
Still through the ages has rehearsed
That Best, the outcome of the Worst.

20

Nor blame them who by lavish rite
Thus greet the pale victorious Son,
Since Nature times the same delight,
And rises with the Emerging One;
Her passion-week, her winter mood
She slips, with crape from off the Rood.

30

In soft rich shadow under dome,
With gems and robes repletely fine,
The priests like birds Brazilian shine:
And moving tapers charm the sight,
Enkindling the curled incense-fume:
A dancing ray, Auroral light.

Burn on the hours, and meet the day.
The morn invites; the suburbs call
The concourse to come forth—this way!
Out from the gate by Stephen's wall,
They issue, dot the hills, and stray
In bands, like sheep among the rocks;
And the Good Shepherd in the heaven,
To whom the charge of these is given,
The Christ, ah! counts He there His flocks?

40

But they, at each suburban shrine,
Grateful adore that Friend benign,
Though chapel now and cross divine
Too frequent show neglected; nay,
For charities of early rains

50

Rim them about with vernal stains,
 Forerunners of maturer May,
 When those red flowers, which so can please
 (*Christ's-Blood-Drops* named—*anemones*),
 Spot Ephraim and the mountain-way.

But heart bereft is unrepaid
 Though Thammuz' spring in Thammuz' glade
 Invite; then how in Joel's glen?
 What if dyed shawl and bodice gay
 Make bright the black dell? what if they
 In distance clear diminished be
 To seeming cherries dropped on pall
 Borne graveward under laden tree?
 The cheer, so human, might not call
 The maiden up; *Christ is arisen*:
 But Ruth, may Ruth so burst the prison?

60

The rite supreme being ended now,
 Their confluence here the nations part:
 Homeward the tides of pilgrims flow,
 By contrast making the walled town
 Like a depopulated mart;
 More like some kirk on week-day lone,
 On whose void benches broodeth still
 The brown light from November hill.

70

But though the freshet quite be gone—
 Sluggish, life's wonted stream flows on.

xxxiv

VIA CRUCIS

Some leading thoroughfares of man
 In wood-path, track, or trail began;
 Though threading heart of proudest town,
 They follow in controlling grade

A hint or dictate, nature's own,
By man, as by the brute, obeyed.

Within Jerusalem a lane,
Narrow, nor less an artery main
(Though little knoweth it of din),
In part suggests such origin. 10
The restoration or repair,
Successive through long ages there,
Of city upon city tumbled,
Might scarce divert that thoroughfare,
Whose hill abideth yet unhumbled
Above the valley-side it meets.
Pronounce its name, this natural street's:
The *Via Crucis*—even the way
Tradition claims to be the one
Trode on that Friday far away 20
By Him our pure exemplar shown.

'Tis Whitsun-tide. From paths without,
Through Stephen's gate—by many a vein
Convergent brought within this lane,
Ere sun-down shut the loiterer out—
As 'twere a frieze, behold the train!
Bowed water-carriers; Jews with staves,
Infirm gray monks; over-loaded slaves;
Turk soldiers—young, with home-sick eyes;
A Bey, bereaved through luxuries; 30
Strangers and exiles; Moslem dames
Long-veiled in monumental white,
Dumb from the mounds which memory claims;
A half-starved vagrant Edomite;
Sore-footed Arab girls, which toil
Depressed under heap of garden-spoil;
The patient ass with panniered urn;
Sour camels humped by heaven and man,
Whose languid necks through habit turn
For ease—for ease they hardly gain. 40

In varied forms of fate they wend—
 Or man or animal, 'tis one:
 Cross-bearers all, alike they tend
 And follow, slowly follow on.

But, lagging after, who is he
 Called early every hope to test,
 And now, at close of rarer quest,
 Finds so much more the heavier tree?
 From slopes whence even Echo's gone,
 Wending, he murmurs in low tone:
 "They wire the world—far under sea
 They talk; but never comes to me
 A message from beneath the stone."

50

Dusked Olivet he leaves behind,
 And, taking now a slender wynd,
 Vanishes in the obscurer town.

XXXV

EPILOGUE

If Luther's day expand to Darwin's year,
 Shall that exclude the hope—foreclose the fear?

Unmoved by all the claims our times avow,
 The ancient Sphinx still keeps the porch of shade;
 And comes Despair, whom not her calm may cow,
 And coldly on that adamantine brow
 Scrawls undeterred his bitter pasquinade.
 But Faith (who from the scrawl indignant turns)
 With blood warm oozing from her wounded trust,
 Inscribes even on her shards of broken urns
 The sign o' the cross—*the spirit above the dust!*

10

Yea, ape and angel, strife and old debate—
 The harps of heaven and dreary gongs of hell;

Science the feud can only aggravate—
No umpire she betwixt the chimes and knell:
The running battle of the star and clod
Shall run forever—if there be no God.

Degrees we know, unknown in days before;
The light is greater, hence the shadow more;
And tantalized and apprehensive Man 20
Appealing—Wherefore ripen us to pain?
Seems there the spokesman of dumb Nature's train.

But through such strange illusions have they passed
Who in life's pilgrimage have baffled striven—
Even death may prove unreal at the last,
And stoics be astounded into heaven.

Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned—
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow—
That like a swimmer rising from the deep— 30
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory.

APPENDICES

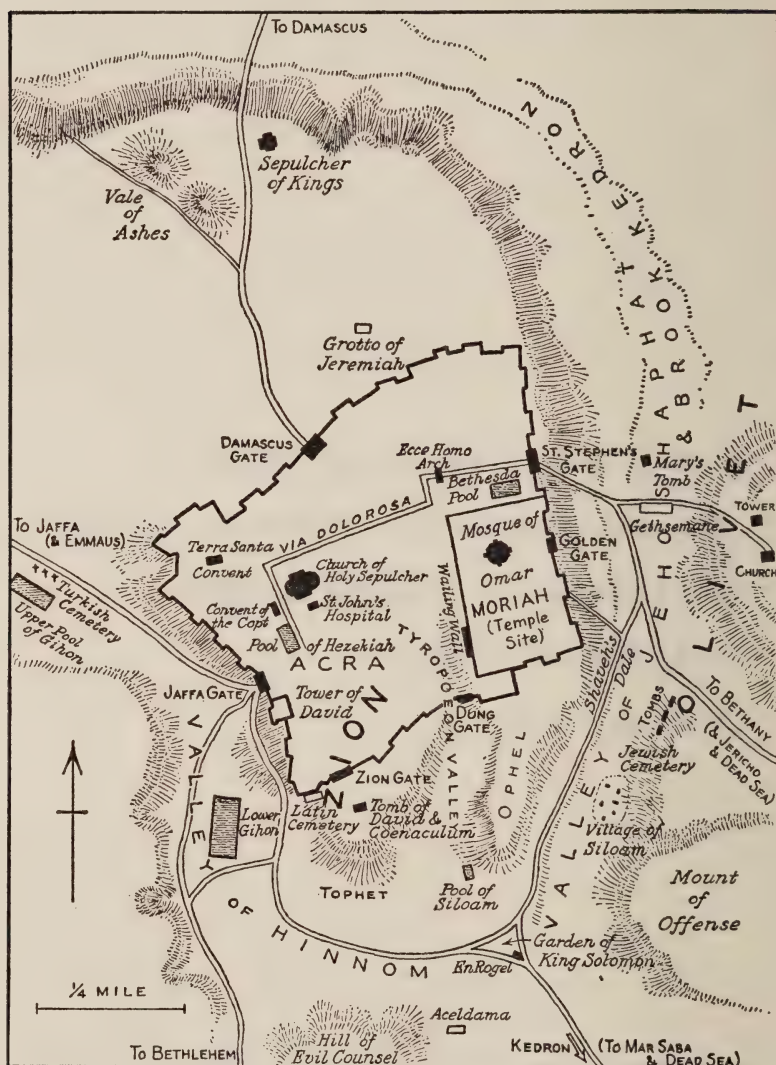
MAP OF JERUSALEM AND ENVIRONS

MAP AND CHRONOLOGY OF THE PILGRIMAGE

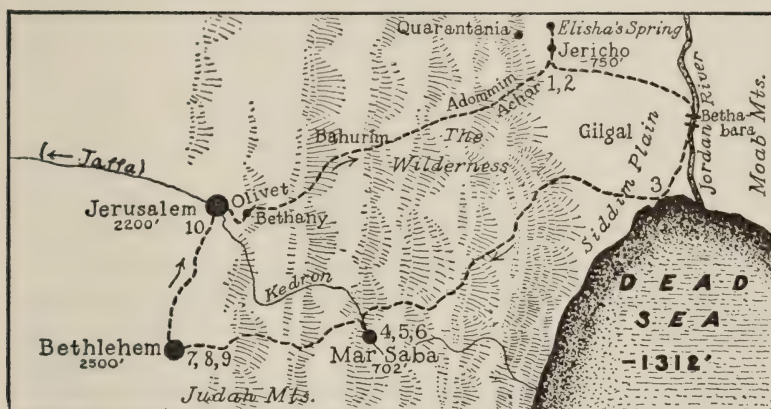
THE CHARACTERS: A CRITICAL INDEX

EXPLANATORY NOTES

TEXTUAL NOTES



(A) JERUSALEM AND ENVIRONS



(B) ROUTE OF THE PILGRIMS

Chronology of the Pilgrimage

- 1, 2. The pilgrims leave Jerusalem on the morning of Candlemas and spend the 1st night at the Crusaders' Tower near Jericho. The 2nd day is given to explorations and talk.
3. On the 3rd morning the pilgrims head for the Jordan and spend that night by the Dead Sea.
- 4, 5, 6. They travel up the Judah mountains and reach Mar Saba at evening; the night is given to revels and evaluations. The 5th day is a holy day at the monastery with ceremonials that reach into the night. They watch the dawning of the 6th day from Saba's tower and then turn to individual explorations of the monastery.
- 7, 8, 9. At dawn of the 7th day the pilgrims leave Mar Saba, traveling to Bethlehem and spending the night at the Latin monastery by the Church of the Nativity. They watch the 8th day break and are still in Bethlehem at twilight. The 9th day dawns in Bethlehem also, and they remain to watch the rites of the monks. Late at night they take saddle for Jerusalem.
10. The pilgrims reach the city gates at the dawn of Ash Wednesday.

THE CHARACTERS:

A CRITICAL INDEX

The Index provides critical analyses of 32 characters of the poem, listed alphabetically. Of these, 10 may be considered major characters and are marked with an asterisk (*). Each analysis provides in general:

IDENTIFICATION: first and last appearance, by cantos, followed by simple data on race, creed, background, occupation, etc.

INTERPRETATION: primary symbols, ideological roles, meanings.

STATUS: for most major figures an evaluation of the character's relative standing in the moral-psychological hierarchy of the poem, by the terms of the narrator and selected major characters.

SOURCE: when known, possible origins in Melville's experience or reading.

Further commentary on the major characters will be found in the Introduction (especially Sects. iv, vi, and viii). Short-title references may be identified in the table preceding the Explanatory Notes.

ABDON. I.ii-xliv.

Host at the inn in Jerusalem where Clarel stays. He is a "Black Jew," presumably of the lost tribes dwelling in Cochin. From India he went to Amsterdam as a trader and now has come to Jerusalem to die and be buried with his fathers in Jehoshaphat.

His symbols are those of the Judaic faith: mezuzah, phylactery, fringed robe, scroll, and talith. As well as representing ANCIENT ORTHODOXY, Abdon stands for EXPERIENCE THROUGH AGE. He is stoically resigned to disillusionment but is not cynical or given to self-pity.

Prototypes for Abdon may have been either the keeper of the English "hotel" at Jaffa, M. Blattner, a German Jew (*Journal*, pp. 129, 132), for Melville transfers some details of this hotel to Clarel's room in Jerusalem; or the keeper of the Mediterranean Hotel in Jerusalem where Clarel is staying, "a German converted Jew, by

name, Hauser" (*Journal*, p. 125). But Abdon's history clearly came from Warburton, II, 125, where we read: "The place where the ten tribes have lain concealed for 2,500 years is still a mere matter of conjecture. Now we hear of them along the shores of the Caspian Sea; then among the American Indians; now among the warriors of Cochin, and the fierce tribes of Afghanistan." A footnote to "Cochin" explains: "There are two races of Jews settled along the coast of Malabar: the *black*, and the *white*, as they are called. The former is the oldest, and is supposed to have wandered thus far East long before the destruction of Jerusalem. . . ." Cochin is a seaport town in the Malabar district, southwest coast of India.

AGAR. I.xvii-xlii. IV.xxx.

The mother of Ruth. An American Jewess who unwillingly left the new world to come to Jerusalem with her Gentile-Zionist husband (Nathan) and 2 children. After the murder of Nathan she dies of grief, as does Ruth.

A madonna-like representation of DOMESTIC WOMAN, she is gifted in sentiment and virtue. Lacking powers of reason, she remains subordinate to her husband. Agar is best understood in terms of Victorian ideals of womanhood, Milton's Eve, and possibly some traits of Elizabeth Shaw Melville.

The name Agar is a New Testament variation of Hagar, mother of Ishmael (Gal.iv.22-25), "in bondage with her children."

*AGATH. III.xii-IV.xiii.

An old Greek timoneer (pilot) whom the pilgrims meet at Mar Saba and who accompanies them as far as Bethlehem. He is the third figure in the monomaniac sequence (Celio-Mortmain-Agath-Ungar).

Visiting Mar Saba, where Greek sailors were always welcome, Agath was assaulted in the Glen by Ammonite robbers, stripped and beaten; he has been convalescing since. The incident is typical for this "pickled old sea-Solomon" (III.xxv.155)—bearded, wrinkled, weather-beaten, half deaf, and "school'd by the inhuman sea" (IV.xiii.7). He is exclusively A MAN OF DISASTERS, and it is fitting he ride Nehemiah's ass. His "story" begins with a long-ago misadventure (III.xii) on his unblest ship, *The Peace of God*: fleeing the Egyptian plague with a cargo of salvaged cannons, he struck a gale, the compass spun, corposants danced on the yard-arms, three gulls pursued, the crew mutinied, the ship went on the rocks; only Agath survived, with the too-late knowledge that a Moor whom he had smuggled

aboard to save him from the plague had stowed a chest-full of swords beneath the cabin compass and so turned the compass. In Agath's simple mythology, the Moor was "A black lieutenant of Lucifer." Again (III.xxvii), a great devil-bird once attacked him at the mast-head, stealing his cap (cf. Mortmain and Ahab) and tapping his brain, driving him into the sea where a shark followed him. Thus it is no wonder that he shrieks out at the mere sight of a scorpion (IV.iv), for this Job-like old man has been much tried and tested. The "ensign" on his arm (IV.ii), "A crucifixion in tattoo," is sign that he too is a "bleeding man upon the tree." The Holy City, sighted from the mountains by Mar Saba, leads him to cry out as if from the mast-head: "Wreck, ho! the wreck—Jerusalem" (IV.i.176), and his analogy for Palestine is a long account of a bleak volcanic island, where the only life that survives is the giant, languorous tortoise, encased against all danger. Agath is A STUDY IN SURVIVAL.

Agath wins from the narrator the deepest compassion; though he is inarticulate and broken, and past hope of comprehending life, he somehow withstands it with an animal-like patience (IV.iii.105). His story of the island leads Clarel to decide that man will never *solve* the world; in saying this Clarel realizes suddenly that he is taking Rolfe's point of view (*ibid.*). Vine watches Agath closely, likes him, finds him "authentic," respects his "dumb reverence / And resignation" (IV.ii.191). His crucial role in the monomaniac cycle is suggested in the Introduction (Sect. viii).

Agath is in a major fictional line of Melville's writing. He relates especially to the world of "The Encantadas" and an important character sequence that includes Jarl (*Mardi*), the Dansker (*Billy Budd*), and Daniel Orme (in the late sketch "Daniel Orme"). Agath's tattoo and his mystically "pitted" face (III.xii.32) are both links: Jarl also has a blue and vermillion tattoo of the crucifixion on his arm; the Dansker's face has been "peppered" with cartridge burns; and the almost purely symbolic Orme both has his face "peppered" and has a "cross of the Passion" tattooed on his chest. All are weird, oracular old sea-dogs.

ARNAUT, The. III.xi–IV.ii.

A huge Albanian warrior temporarily resident at Mar Saba, evidently as a military escort for pilgrims. He is descended from ancient nobility, and has fought for the Czar and the Sultan. He is a Mohammedan.

He wears the brilliant national military costume of the Albanians—

red, white, and blue; his symbols are weapons, a medal, and a scar. His enormous body and deep bass voice emphasize his role as a NOBLE BARBARIAN, a "ripe masterpiece of man," vain, but leonine. Rolfe is intuitively drawn to him as a kind of VALHALLA HERO, but later stresses Christliness over "carnal manliness" (IV.xiv.100). The Arnaut stands in low relation to the moral warrior, Ungar.

Melville probably saw Arnauts in the East, as many of these rough, wild, picturesque Albanians were in the service of the Turks. However, he took from Warburton details for his dress (see note III.xi.61).

ASS, The. I.xliv–IV.xvi.

Nehemiah's mount until his death; afterwards ridden by Agath.

The ass is a symbol of PATIENCE, HUMILITY, AND RESIGNATION. In its patience and humility it is an extension of Nehemiah's own temperament, and in its resignation to the blows of fate, of Agath's. For pointed comparison with "each lofty steed" see III.x.61. In its animal realism the ass becomes also A CARICATURE OF NATURALISTIC PHILOSOPHY: it twitches the Jordan palm from its ears (II.xxvii.172), or matter-of-factly drinks the holy water at Mar Saba—"The mysteries slobbered by an ass!" (IV.xvi.47).

Melville's keen interest in the Cairo donkeys—"Tipe of honesty, &c."—provides the amusing prototype in the *Journal*, p. 120; but the serious animal of the poem bespeaks the chastened mood of his own later years.

BANKER, The. II.i–xiii.

One of the original members of the pilgrimage who turns back with his future son-in-law, Glaucon, when he reaches the Wilderness. Of Greek-English background, he has come from his great estate in Thessalonica to make a business deal in Beirut; while awaiting the conclusion of transactions he has joined the pilgrimage to kill time.

The Banker is a bitter caricature of MAMMONISM, betrayed by his Parisian garb, Angora rug, expensive cigarettes, and obesity. A second element is his almost pathological FEAR OF DEATH. It is from terror of the Dead Sea that he turns back.

The mammonism theme is an old one with Melville, perhaps in part because of his father's axiom that "money is the only solid substratum on which man can safely build in this world" (Thorpe, p. xi). Allan Melville was an importer of French luxuries; he died in great mental distress shortly after the collapse of his business. Melville's

own visit to the Abbott's wealthy country estate in Thessalonica, *Journal* p. 72, gave him the Banker's background, and perhaps more.

BELEX. II.i-IV.xxix.

Leader of the 6 Arab Bethlehemites who are the guards of the pilgrimage. He is an Osmanli (European Turk), and so of course a Mohammedan. Formerly one of the Spahi (Turkish cavalry) who served under the Sultan, he escaped Mahmoud's treacherous slaughter of the troops and became one of the cynical toll-takers at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem.

Belex is a tough old WARRIOR, always ready to fight. A strict FATALIST, he accepts calmly his past misfortunes and present degradation. A good minor character, he suffers in comparison with Djalea, who is equally fearless but has a nobler serenity.

CELIBATE, The. III.xxx-xxxi.

This Greek monk is a celibate almoner living in Mar Saba, where he is seen by Clarel and stirs a temporary ascetic ideal to live in "the pure desert of the will."

He represents A SUPERIOR TYPE OF INNOCENCE. His symbols are his robe of blue (like the sky), the Saba doves which he feeds daily, and a vellum book containing hymns of heavenly love. The narrator places him, AS ONE OF HEAVEN'S ELECT, above Plato.

The mood and setting of this figure are Pre-Raphaelite in tone.

*CELIO. I.xi-xx.

A handsome Italian youth with a humped back, ward of the Franciscan monks in Jerusalem's Terra Santa monastery. Clarel meets him twice. Celio is the first figure of the monomaniac sequence (Celio-Mortmain-Agath-Ungar).

The well-born Celio, embittered by his deformity and in revolt against the Roman Church, came to Palestine in the hope of extracting some new talisman from Judah's ancient secret. But here he is only the more ravished by doubt. One of the better dramatic sequences of the poem is his eloquent defiance of Christ at the Arch of Ecce Homo along Via Crucis, his flight out the Gate of St. Stephen, his night hours alone in the tomb of St. James after he finds the city gate locked against him, and his rebellious challenge to the Terra Santa monks whom he follows that night to Lazarus' Tomb in Bethany (I.xiii-xiv). Soon after, he withdraws from the monastery and dies deep within the city. Clarel's 2 encounters with Celio, by the cave of the demoniacs and

at dawn by the Martyr's Gate, are brief and wordless, but establish an intuitive sympathy which is filled out when he later reads Celio's journal and there finds "a second self" (I.xix). Thus Celio stands throughout the poem as a model for THE COST OF REBELLION: the killing pain and loneliness of dissent. His theme at the Arch, that if Christianity is not true then Christ's death merely "enlarged the margin for despair," is the same theme confronting Clarel at the end, after which he too enters the Martyr's Gate and follows the "cross-bearers" into the city (IV.xxxii-xxxiv).

In spite of his twisted body and spirit, Celio ranks high in the poem. The narrator openly compares him to Savonarola and Leopardi, martyrs of faith and doubt (I.xiv), so that his name of "Heaven," though not without its irony, is first of all an accolade.

CHRISTODULUS. III.xxiii.

The Abbot of Mar Saba.

A type of UNQUESTIONING BELIEVER, blind Christodulus ("Servant of Christ") sits sightless behind a screen in the midst of the relics and bones of his ancient faith.

*CLAREL. I.i-IV.xxxiv.

The central character of the poem, discussed at length in the Introduction (Sect. iv). See also note to IV.xxv.56.

CYPRIOTE, The. III.iv-v.

A handsome youth who passes the pilgrims as they ascend toward Mar Saba from the Dead Sea. Having taken flagons of wine to Saba for his lady, he is on his way down to Jordan, to dip her shroud in holy water.

A gay singer of light love songs, the Cypriote is the essence of UNTROUBLED YOUTH, epitomized in his scarlet cap (cf. Mortmain's black skull-cap). Like Glaucon, the Lyonese, and the Lesbian he is in dramatic contrast with the wearily thoughtful pilgrims who have just known death. Cap and shroud point the opposition.

Melville's knowledge of the Greek ritual of the shrouds came from Stanley, pp. 308-310.

CYRIL. III.xxiv-xxvii.

Once a soldier, now a "mad" monk living alone in a grotto at Mar Saba.

Dressed in a shroud, Cyril emerges from his cave to demand from

all passers-by the countersign: "DEATH." He moves Clarel deeply, annoys the Lesbian, stirs pity in Derwent. One of the more violent manifestations of MONOMANIA in the poem.

Melville doubtless took the name from an actual monk, Cyril of Jerusalem, who lived at Mar Saba in the early centuries, noted in Murray, I, 205.

*DERWENT. II.i-IV.xxxii.

A priest of the Anglican Church whose English inheritance is lightened by a strain of Creole temperament. He is 1 of only 4 among the original 9 pilgrims who complete the pilgrimage (with Clarel, Rolfe, and Vine).

Mature in years and gracious in personal relations, Derwent is a friendly good-fellow and traveling companion who does his unsuccessful best to make the pilgrimage a holiday. Among all the major characters he alone speaks for a MELIORIST VIEW OF MAN AND SOCIETY, and a BENIGN VIEW OF GOD AND NATURE. Essentially an institutional type, Derwent is committed to a relaxed Broad-Church view of experience that postulates man's goodness and social progress. His persistent optimism is rooted in good health, natural sociability, and a comfortable sense of status. A cleric, he is yet the most secular of the major pilgrims. Not unaware of man's sometimes-disastrous history, he prefers a generous version of events, past or present. Thus he brings a determinedly cheerful mood to the pilgrimage, riding easily and with light rein, trying to minimize debate, and warding off the ominous landscape with light reading (cf. Nehemiah's Book). A religious aesthete, he prefers gracefulness to grace. The pilgrims' uncompromising sense of theological crisis makes Derwent uncomfortable, and he does his best to provide a professional gloss that will keep him from being entangled. Derwent is an APOSTLE OF MODERNITY; his temperamental buoyancy and addiction to whatever is new and progressive thus throw him into ironic contrast with his disillusioned New-World companions. Convinced of "the truth's munificence" Derwent sees the recent findings of higher criticism, comparative religion, and physical science as in some general way lending support to his religion of the heart. The age has its difficulties, to be sure, but good works, a liberal view, and compromise as necessary, guarantee a hopeful future. In nature as in religion and society Derwent is partial to the pleasant. A ritualistic watcher of sunrises, sunsets, and rainbows, he is a gentle apostle of PASTORAL NATURE in the midst of a blasted landscape. It is highly probable (as Sundermann, p. 199, suggests)

that he is named after Wordsworth's "fairest of all rivers," the Derwent (*Prelude*, I.275).

The narrator's view of Derwent at times wavers between enjoyment of him as a good fellow (though open to Chaucerian caricature as a worldly priest) and severe indictment of his facile optimism. Rolfe enjoys intellectual debate with Derwent, but the burden of attack lies with the monomaniacs, to whom he is a charlatan as they, to him, are madmen. Through an opposition of temperaments that emerges before the journey is fairly under way (II.iii), Derwent and Mortmain antagonize one another increasingly (III.vi). After Mortmain's death Ungar takes up the running battle so vehemently that Derwent is all but demolished (IV.xx); in the showdown of allegiances that follows, Rolfe stands by Ungar against Derwent (IV.xxi-xxiii). The crucial evaluation of Derwent, however, comes from Clarel. As the two stand on Saba's tower watching the sun rise, the desperate student bares his theological difficulties (III.xxi). Derwent's refusal, or inability, to deal with doubt, his slick glossing over of difficulties, and his warning to beware of the influences of Rolfe and Vine ("giving to yourself the goad") make Clarel turn savagely on him; Derwent's acknowledgment to Clarel—"Alas, too deep you dive"—puts him low in the hierarchy of the poem.

If Melville encountered someone like Derwent in the Holy Land, he left no record of it. Derwent is possibly related to his friends the Duyckincks, or to one or more of the many clerics he knew or heard at home and abroad. In any case Derwent is part of a series of Melville characters who practise their law, medicine, or theology so professionally as to endanger their response to experience (cf. the lawyer in "Bartleby," Surgeon Cuticle in *White-Jacket*, and the Rev. Falsgrave in *Pierre*).

DJALEA. II.i-IV.xxix.

Guide and head guard of the pilgrimage. The son of an Emir, he is in exile. Djalea is a Druze of Lebanon, that curious Eastern religion which so fascinated the Western mind of the 19th century because of its secret rituals and beliefs.

Djalea stands very high in the poem's hierarchy of value. His garb as a Druze initiate—vertically striped cloak and especially white turban and white sash—symbolize his HIGH SOCIAL AND SPIRITUAL RANK. Although he carries arms, ready instantly for war or peace, he rides his magnificent mare (Zar) without spurs: his CONTROL is more than physical. Even the wild Bedouin robbers fear and respect

him. Djalea keeps apart and maintains almost perpetual silence. The long pipe he smokes at the end of each day's journey expresses his SECRET OF SERENITY—before God, man, and himself. Asked once by Rolfe what belief sustains him, the Druze replies: "No God there is but God" (III.xv.117), for which Rolfe names him "Lord Djalea." He has POISE and MODERATION, though he is passionately in love. When young Clarel attempts to penetrate one of Djalea's serene glances, the narrator comments: "That was the last thing learned of all" (III.xxiv.24). He may be taken as one of the ideals which Melville set himself in his middle years.

Melville's conception of Djalea probably began with Cunningham's dragoman, "the Druze, Abdallah," in Jerusalem (*Journal*, p. 127), who may well have led the pilgrimage to the Dead Sea. Most travelers commented briefly on the sect (e.g., Warburton, II, 293ff; Murray, I, xli). He may also have read Browning's play, "The Return of the Druses" (published in 1843 as No. IV of *Bells and Pomegranates*). The Druzes were an 11th century off-shoot of Mohammedanism who respected the Koran and the Bible but had their own scriptures. The initiated group to which Djalea belongs (III.xv.78) were a privileged 15% called *Akils*; they were characterized by extreme devotion, strict moral code, and infinite capacity for secrecy. Of several doctrines the central one was the incomprehensible, indefinable, and passionless nature of one God, whose only sure attribute was existence. No converts were allowed.

DOMINICAN, The. II.xxv-xxvi.

A French Catholic priest who overtakes the pilgrims by the Jordan while they are singing *Ave Maris Stella*, describes his own faith, and departs leaving them to discuss Catholicism.

The Dominican, who wears the white robe of his order, has sat in the French legislature. As a Catholic and a democrat, he suggests both THE PERMANENCE AND THE ADAPTABILITY OF THE CHURCH. The pilgrims grant the great human appeal of Catholicism, especially the concept of Abba, Father. Rolfe suggests its coming historical role as an answer to the chaos of rampant democracy and materialism, and plays with the idea that in the modern world Rome is the truly "protestant" church.

The priest is doubtless a fiction; his significance is best understood in terms of Newman's *Apologia*, Arnold's later essays, and the spiritual history of such diverse Americans as Orestes Brownson and Henry Adams.

DON HANNIBAL. IV.xix-xxviii.

An old friend of Derwent's whom the pilgrims meet in Bethlehem, a Mexican with the amusing name of Señor Don Hannibal Rohon Del Aquaviva (we learn the full name of no other character of the poem).

Don Hannibal (military overtone) fought for Mexican liberty, losing an arm and a leg in battle; but now, loudly sceptical of democracy and its uses, he is in flight from the proletarian movement and "cursed *Progress*" (IV.xix.44). "A *reformado* reformed" (IV.xix.77), he is convinced that man is a rascal whose only salvation lies in PENALTIES. Jovial and hearty (punned on in Aquaviva: ardent spirits), Don Hannibal nevertheless has ideological links with Mortmain through his POLITICAL DISILLUSIONMENT. He is an interesting experiment by Melville in attempting a JOLLY MONOMANIAC.

Don Hannibal's lost limbs give him some physical identity with Ahab, but his spiritual allegiance is more with that curious series of cripples in *The Confidence-Man*: the negro cripple, the first guise of the confidence man; the misanthropist, a bitter custom's officer; and the cripple of the Tombs, who is at first taken for a hero of the Mexican War.

DRUZE, The. See DJALEA.

ELDER, The. II.i-x.

A Scotch Presbyterian, one of the original pilgrims, who turns back after his harsh moods make him unwelcome.

The Elder is a dour, argumentative, fire-eating Scotch literalist, representative of SECTARIAN INTOLERANCE. In Rome he had beligerently kept his hat on when the Host went by, and now he is in the Holy Land carrying horse-pistols and wearing a ring of black-thorn (the tree which bears the bitter sloe). At the same time the Elder represents THE MODERN CRITICAL SPIRIT in that he has come to "disenchant" the Holy Land with the field glasses, surveyor's tape, and pruning knife which he carries. This second element is developed more successfully in Margoth, a thorough materialist, after the Elder leaves.

Sundermann, p. 52, suggests Jack in Swift's *A Tale of a Tub* as prototype. More directly the Elder is a grim attack on Melville's own Scotch ancestry and the strict Presbyterianism on his father's side. For a relevant contemporary description of the archaeological "invader" of the Holy Land see the surveyor in Lyman Abbot's "The Recovery of Jerusalem," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XLIII (1871), 195-206.

GLAUCON. II.i-xiii.

Rides with the Greek Banker, whose son-in-law he is shortly to become, and returns with him when the pilgrims reach the Wilderness. He is of a wealthy family of Smyrna.

The Smyrniote symbolizes IRRESPONSIBLE AND HAPPY YOUTH, atheistic in attitude if not in belief. His deliberately rakish maner is emphasized by his light songs and his flippant remarks about the Holy Land.

Glaucou could have only an ironical relation to Socrates' friend in *The Republic*, where Melville probably first saw the name.

[Habbibi] III.xxvii.

A Greek monk, long since dead, who once inhabited a bare grotto in Mar Saba. His cell is visited by Derwent and the Lesbian.

The inscriptions on the cell walls indicate that he was a MONOMANIAC, obsessed by the terrors of life, the preying of man on man, and of man on himself.

Several of the inscriptions suggest the influence of Dante.

LESBIAN, The. III.x-IV.i.

From Mytelene on Lesbos, a purveyor of supplies to Mar Saba, where he mingles with the pilgrims during their stay.

Middle-aged but carefree and happy-go-lucky, the "Isleman's" philosophy is one of "holding to *now*, swearing by *here*" (III.xiii.40). His fleecy beard and pink cheeks characterize him as a mellow, "gracioso man." A "not-of-Sharon rose," he is aware of sorrow but finds joy and revelry more than adequate compensation. His MIDDLE-AGED EPICUREANISM and physical friendliness are moderately attractive to Rolfe. He stands midway between the young pleasure-seekers (the Cypriote, Glaucou, the Lyonese) and the meliorist Derwent.

Two passages in the *Journal*, pp. 105, 110, suggest his background: a rich description of Mytelene, and a comment on the Greek as a natural dandy.

LYONESE, The. IV.xxiv-xxviii.

A gay young French Jew traveling for a Lyons house as a salesman of French luxuries. Having been detained at Jaffa, he has run over to Bethlehem to see its traditionally pretty girls. He occupies a room with Clarel for one night.

Outwardly the Lyonese represents CARELESS YOUTH, marked by his gay love songs, and WEALTH, indicated by his emerald ring and

malacca cane. But the point of this character is that he is a **PRODIGAL** who not only ignores his Jewish heritage (like the apostate Margoth) but hides it. Thus he is a temptation to Clarel to deny his own spiritual conflicts, an opposite force to the fiercely ascetic pull of Salvaterra during the Bethlehem stay. The Lyonese also represents **SENSUALITY**: he is introduced by the narrator with a "satyr's chord" (IV.xxv.61) and stirs Derwent to a rhapsody on "the sweet shape" of this beguiling young Bacchus (IV.xxvii). Clarel is deeply disturbed by his feminine beauty, which the narrator likens to "a Polynesian girl's" (IV.xxvi.256).

MYTELENE, The. See the **LESBIAN**.

***MARGOTH**. I.xxiv. II.xix-III.i.

A Jewish geologist whom Clarel sees briefly in Jerusalem and whom the pilgrims meet, and then discuss, near Quarantania.

Margoth is a savage caricature of **SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM** in the 19th century. Short, round-shouldered, and powerfully built, Margoth's person is not unlike the brutal hammer always in his hand. For him all is mere geology; there are no mysteries beyond the reach of the physical senses. He speaks also for the driving **COMMERCIALISM** of the age, recommending a telegraph on Olivet and a railroad station at Gethsemane. He is an announced antagonist not only to "theologic myth" but to the whole realm of values that concern the major pilgrims. Seen first by the Dung Gate in Jerusalem, he reappears descending from the Mount of Temptation with limestone specimens. He spits out the Jordan water which Nehemiah finds sweet, refuses to carry a palm leaf but picks a Sodom apple, delights in refuting Biblical prophecy, scrawls notice on a rock that Science has slanted the Slanting Cross, sees the Dead Sea as merely a geological fact. The narrator's impatience with him is once expressed by 3 carefully timed brays from the ass. Rolfe bears the burden of the attack on his materialist position, but at parting wryly wishes him well. Though considerable point is made of his being a Jew, the narrator states outright that no general criticism of Jews is implied (II.xx.16); the criticism leveled here is that he is an **APOSTATE** (cf. the Lyonese, a "prodigal," or the contrast with Abdon). Margoth's name sums up in a pun his destructive impulses, by the poem's terms.

The character seems a pure fiction based on Melville's long-standing quarrel with dogmatic materialism, positivism, and atheism. Historically Margoth exemplifies the crucial role of geology in the pre-Darwinian assault on supernaturalism, and culminates a long series of such references in Melville's writings.

*MORTMAIN. II.i-III.xxxii.

The dominant dark figure of Parts II and III. A Swede who has served as a revolutionary leader in Paris, Mortmain is now a self-exiled wanderer over "the gray places of the earth." Arriving in Palestine in time to join the pilgrimage, he makes a ritual descent to the Dead Sea, submits to its spell, and dies of psychic exhaustion at Mar Saba. Mortmain is the second figure of the monomaniac sequence (Celio-Mortmain-Agath-Ungar).

From his first appearance Mortmain is committed by name ("Death Hand") and symbol (his black skull-cap) to SELF-ANNIHILATION. The roots of his personal malaise, running subtle and deep, have flowered into political, philosophical, and religious despair. His youthful commitment to revolutionary goals in '48 had brought precocious success and the dream of achieving an ideal social Good. But "Experience with her sharper touch / Stung Mortmain" (II.iv): he found his cohorts false, his own theories impractical, the use of force an evil means, and victories so tainted as to need new revolt. By such harsh social insights he has been driven back to a Hobbesian view of human nature: "Man's vicious: snaffle him with kings" (II.iii.189). Aware of brutal wrongs and a whole catalogue of refined sins and moral inversions that the law can never reach (II.xxxvi), Mortmain has uncovered AN IMPOSSIBLY EVIL WORLD in which the good have but a patch and the rest is divided between malice and ignorance (II.iv). In flight from "the cut-throat town," he is taking "the wild plunge" back into the deserts from which man sprung (II.xv-xvi). Hence his night vigil at Quarantania, his hymn to the Slanted Cross (II.xxxi), the drinking of the Dead Sea water (II.xxxiv), his apostrophe to Sodom and the star called Wormwood (II.xxxvi), and the loss of his cap to a gier-eagle (III.xxv), among other dramatic events. Mortmain had been born out of wedlock to a mother who hated him and a father who gave him money but no love. Yet it is not these primary deprivations, nor the thwarting of his social dreams, the narrator tells us, that has seized him, but something "deeper—deep as nature's mine" (II.iv.132ff: see note to line 143). The marks of it are fierce outbursts, hissing, burning eyes, nightmares during which he gnaws his hand. Consumed by psychic fury, driven to INTOLERABLE INTROVERSION, Mortmain has no strength left to hold back his own will to self-destruction. Mortmain bewails the loss of faith; though he sees little hope of immortality, at the end he turns to the Palm of Mar Saba and invokes the Holy Spirit (III.xxviii), perhaps "in assent" (III.xxx.133). His most persistent theological perception

has been that Christ's life confirms THE TRAGIC ROLE OF GOODNESS in an evil world.

Mortmain's intense recognition of evil in no way, the narrator makes clear, imputes an evil in him (II.xxxvi.118). Only Derwent fails to sense Mortmain's heroic elements, readily wishing to dispose of him as "mad" or "queer" (the last phrase recalling Stubb's favorite word of dismissal, in *Moby-Dick*, for whatever is beyond his grasp). Rolfe and Vine, major sensibilities, are fascinated by Mortmain, and Rolfe especially takes his part. Clarel, faced with such opposite models as Mortmain and Derwent, comes to distrust Derwent's "easy skim" far more than "Mortmain's thrust / Into the cloud" (III.xxi.49-72). At the end the narrator gives him a hero's death, with an eagle feather at his lips. Melville's own psychic involvement with Mortmain is suggested in the Introduction (Sect. viii).

It would be silly indeed to try to explain Mortmain by citing sources. He belongs with the Satanic-Heroic figures of Melville's writing that reach from Jackson (*Redburn*) through Ahab to Claggart, though his guiltlessness is unique; he is especially related to Bartleby. He has a prophetic tone which relates him to Elijah (II.xxxiv.20; III.xi.231; III.xxxii.15) and to John the Baptist (II.xxxiv.39), and his bastardy and exile make him another of Melville's Ishmael figures, though not so named directly. Mortmain is also an Empedocles figure, and Melville's reading of Arnold's "Empedocles on Etna" during the composition of *Clarel* must be taken into account (see "Arnold's Poetry"). Mortmain is also comparable to Lamartine, the idealistic French revolutionary of 1848, whom Rolfe once recalls as having had "his fine social dream" smashed by grim Fate (II.xvi.50); if we think of Mortmain as a kind of *Swedish* Lamartine then Melville's meeting, on board ship in 1849, with a *Swede* who one evening got into a "curious discussion" with a Frenchman about Lamartine gives us perhaps the earliest specific of character construction (*European Journal*, p. 14). The word *mortmain* is also a law term, indicating perpetual ownership, as by ecclesiastics or corporations; Melville perhaps heard it first from his lawyer-brother Allan.

NATHAN. I.xvi-xlii.

An American Gentile Zionist farmer, the father of Ruth, murdered by Arabs beyond the walls of Jerusalem.

Nathan is primarily a case history in AMERICAN DOUBT AND BELIEF (see I.xvii, the longest canto of the poem), and only secondarily a

representative of ZIONISM. Nathan was born on the plains of Illinois, descended from old Puritan stock. He passed from his inherited belief in Christian orthodoxy to precocious doubt; found savage nature (his uncle had been buried by the Willey slide in New Hampshire) a confirmation of his disillusionment; was led on further by reading the deists (Paine); reached complete rejection of all orthodoxy; fell into pantheism; was repelled by local sectarianism; and so at last, with his marriage to an American Jewess, Agar, came to the Hebrew faith. As a solution to all his doubts he plunged passionately into Zionism, taking his family back to Jerusalem to reclaim the soil and re-establish Zion's ancient glory. Nathan's "solution" is erratic to the narrator, but his honest efforts to grapple with doubt evoke 3 of the most "Melvillean" lines of the poem (I.xvii.194-196).

Nathan's tortuous history is an epitome of American experience, but the Zionist phase Melville drew from the numerous zealots he met or heard of in the Near East. The *Journal*, p. 143 (see Horsford's note 9) cites: "Warder Crisson of Philadelphia—An American turned Jew—divorced from former wife—married a Jewess &c—Sad." The account of Deacon Dickson of Massachusetts, *Journal*, pp. 158-161, shows Melville's mixed curiosity and pity; Dickson was wounded, and his son-in-law killed, in an Arab uprising of 1858 (*Journal*, p. 158n). For a discussion of the early Zionist movement by a contemporary see Rev. James Aitken Wylie, *The Modern Judaea* (Glasgow, 1841), pp. 533-545. Melville thought the 19th century Zionist movement "preposterous" and "half melancholy, half farcical" (*Journal*, p. 159).

*NEHEMIAH. I.vii-II.xxxix.

The aged American millennialist who befriends Clarel in Jerusalem, introduces him to Ruth, joins the pilgrimage at Clarel's expense, and drowns in the Dead Sea.

Nehemiah is the only major pilgrim committed to that NARROW SECTARIAN ORTHODOXY of which Clarel has recently been dispossessed. AN EVANGELICAL and MILLENARIAN, his prime symbol is the open Bible he always carries and which is buried with him, and the tracts on the Second Coming and the New Jerusalem which he dispenses at random. A series of incidents portray his imperviousness to doubt: clearing away stones in the rock-strewn wilderness, drinking the muddy waters of the Jordan and pronouncing them sweet as sugar, chanting the Twenty-Third Psalm as the pilgrims ride through vile Dead-Sea fogs, falling gently asleep beneath an ominous crag, and finally sleep-walking to his death in the Dead Sea in pursuit of a

vision of the New Jerusalem. In his charity, good will, cheer, and meekness (symbolized by the Ass he rides) he is an epitome of cardinal NEW TESTAMENT VIRTUES. His child-like innocence and erratic ways mark him a SANTON or Holy Man to the Mohammedans.

The narrator at first seems tempted to develop Nehemiah toward monomania, stressing his individualism, his hidden woe (I.xxii), and his recognition of himself as "the chief of sinners" (II.xxiv.85). Rolfe's early analogy between Nehemiah and the heroic, ill-fated mariner (I.xxxvii), however, is replaced by Clarel's later account of a story Nehemiah told him of a harmless, witless solitary and carpenter (III.ii). In the interim the poem has unfolded the more powerful characters of Rolfe, Vine, and Mortmain, in deference to whom Nehemiah's potentialities have dwindled. In the end Clarel, who began the pilgrimage riding beside Nehemiah, joins the narrator in seeing him as a sweet and good old man, given over to illusion, a figure of pathos rather than tragedy. His world of visions is a fairyland. His history evokes mainly compassion, his death is that of a friend but not a mentor.

The general historical background for Nehemiah is the millennial movement which culminated in America in the 1840's, discussed with perspective in Ralph Gabriel's *The Course of American Democratic Thought* (New York, 1940), pp. 34-37. An example of those who went to the Holy Land "so as to be on the spot" for the Second Coming was the American Consul-General of Syria and Palestine whom Thackeray reported in *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo* (Kensington Edition, New York, 1904), pp. 406, 421, 435. Melville mentions in his *Journal*, pp. 142-143, his actual prototype for Nehemiah, seen in Jerusalem: "The old Connecticut man wandering about with tracts &c—knew not the language—hoplessness of it—his lonely bachelor rooms—he maintained that the expression 'Oh Jerusalem!' was an argument proving that Jerusalem was a byword &c." From another American traveler, William C. Prime in his *Tent Life in the Holy Land* (New York, 1857), p. 317, we learn that Melville's "old Connecticut man" was a Mr. Roberts: "An old gentleman, Mr. Roberts, an American, who has taken up his residence in Jerusalem. . . . He is a New Englander . . . distributing the Bible, in the languages of the countries he visits, of which he knows nothing himself. It may seem a sort of monomania. Perhaps it is. But I commend him to all travelers as a good, noble old man, who is content to die at Jerusalem in this work to which he has sacrificed himself. . . ." And finally, the Mr. Dickson who may have contributed to Nathan's

Zionism is perhaps relevant here: "Mr Wood saw Mr Dickson going about Jerusalem with open Bible, looking for the opening asunder of Mount Olivet and the preparing of the highway for the Jews &c" (*Journal*, p. 161; cf. *Clarel*, I.xi. 90); Dickson was "a thorough Yankee, about 60, with long Oriental beard, blue Yankee coat, & Shaker waist-coat" (*Journal*, p. 158; cf. the coat Nehemiah had brought from home, "ashen in shade, by rustics wrought," I.viii.62ff). The Biblical Nehemiah, rebuilder of the walls of Jerusalem, is perhaps an ironic prototype.

*ROLFE. I.xxxi-IV.xxxii.

A roving American adventurer whom Clarel and Nehemiah meet on the slopes of Olivet soon after encountering Vine. The central figure among Clarel's companions on the pilgrimage.

Rolfe is an experienced world-traveler, mariner, and intellectual who quickly assumes leadership among the pilgrims. The best-rounded temperament of the group, he represents an ideal UNION OF HEAD AND HEART. His ranging mind, general literacy, and speculative gifts are balanced by a personal warmth that ranges from jocularly to compassion. Rolfe is an ardent DEFENDER OF HUMANISTIC AND RELIGIOUS VALUES. As a social critic and moral philosopher he is as unafraid of attacking convention as he is anxious to establish fundamental values. His religious views are tolerant and non-sectarian, but he feels deeply the acute spiritual and institutional crisis of his time. More than any other pilgrim he brings to bear on the events and problems of the pilgrimage A KNOWLEDGE OF THE PAST, an intense but not uncritical respect for the ancient world. Exponent of the two great heritages of Western civilization, the Hellenic and Hebraic worlds of value, he is especially fascinated by analogies and distinctions between them. Rolfe is SEEKER AND SCEPTIC COMBINED; willing enough to consider new experience, earnest in pursuit of understanding, he has a jaundiced eye for all claims that any one person, creed, or society has final answers. He leans towards the monomaniacs (Mortmain, Agath, and Ungar) and away from the varied assurances of a Nehemiah, a Margoth, or a Derwent. In the long run Rolfe is sure only that God exists, that good and evil are tightly braided together, that the world is undecipherable and will remain so, and that the tragic view is the only tenable one. Believing that people are as they are made, and do what they have to do, his final standard for judging men is not creed but serious "self-hood" (II.xxii.107).

Rolfe is admired and respected equally by pilgrims and guides. His

versatile probings alternately bewilder and extend Clarel; in the last analysis it is Rolfe who is his prime mentor and goad. Rolfe's "wizard chord / And forks of esoteric fire" (II.xxxii.105), his Adam-like naturalness and candor (III.xvi.180), and his display of "a mind / Poised at self-center and mature" (IV.iii.126)—such traits finally bring Clarel to acknowledge Rolfe as "my lord" (IV.iii.130). The narrator goes boldly beyond this: in a cryptic interlude (I.xxxii) he gives gnostic hints that Rolfe is like the Indian hero-god, Rama, who without knowing it was one of the incarnations of Vishnu. For Rolfe's autobiographical implications see the Introduction (Sect. viii).

RUTH. I.xvi-xxxix; IV.xxx; and *passim*.

Clarel's sweetheart, the daughter of Nathan and Agar, whom he meets in Jerusalem through Nehemiah. After the murder of Nathan the house is closed to Clarel; while he is on pilgrimage, Ruth dies of grief.

Less a person than a symbol of VESTAL LOVE, Ruth wears a snowy robe, keeps her tresses veiled. To Clarel she is all innocence and beauty, a dream of Eden before the fall, and an illusory hope of release from the complex passion.

Ruth is best understood in terms of Yillah (*Mardi*) and Lucy (*Pierre*), both of whom she resembles. She provides another instance of Melville's inability to write about heterosexual love, except allegorically.

SALVATERRA. IV.xiii-xvi.

Franciscan guide at the Latin Church of the Star in Bethlehem, who came from the Arno Valley in Tuscany to be near Christ's birthplace.

The coarse gown, hood, and rope-and-cross about the waist are the symbols of his order. They also express the INTENSE FERVOR of his devotion, which has so wasted his body that the narrator suggests it has been "bought too dear" (IV.xiii.161). He is given to proselytizing, as his name suggests, and his ardent asceticism (less serene than that of the Celibate) creates such tension in Clarel that in a dream Salvaterra and the Lyonese appear in opposition (IV.xxvi.310).

Perhaps he is a projection of the Latin monk, *Journal*, p. 139, whom Melville merely mentions as guide at the Church.

SMYRNIOTE, The. See GLAUCON.

SPAHI, The. See BELEX.

SYRIAN MONK, The. II.xviii–xix.

An anonymous young anchorite whom the pilgrims meet on a slope near Quarantania, where he is undergoing a 40-day re-enactment of Christ's temptation.

His ASCETICISM is symbolised by his thin and wasted body, his ragged robe pinned with a thorn, and the hair girdle tightly drawn about his hollow waist. The VIOLENCE OF SPIRITUAL CONFLICT is indicated by his squeezing a stone until blood oozed from his nails, during his lonely vision of Christ and the Devil on the Mount. The dramatic opposition of the Syrian reascending Quarantania to endure his temptation, while Margoth comes down with specimens of Jura limestone, is not lost on Clarel (II.xix.95).

For Melville's *Journal* comments on Quarantania, the germ of this fictional character, see note to II.xiv.58.

TIMONEER, The. See AGATH.

*UNGAR. IV.i–xxviii.

The dominant dark figure of Part IV. An ex-officer of the Southern Confederacy, self-exiled after defeat, this part-Indian American has come to the Near East to perform miscellaneous military services for the Egyptians and Turks, and so turns up at Mar Saba. He rides with the pilgrims to Bethlehem, then leaves. Ungar is the final phase of the monomaniac sequence (Celio-Mortmain-Agath-Ungar).

The sign of this VETERAN OF PAIN AND DEFEAT is a livid sabre-scar on his neck and a blue powder-burn (which links him to Agath) on his temple. Memories of fratricidal strife, of unhoused chimneys among ruins, of the rottenness of Reconstruction, still make him smart and bring blood to his thin-skinned scar. Ungar is also a merciless critic of democratic America, lamenting its spiritual collapse, its capitulation to speed and demagoguery, materialism and ignorance. Thus democracy, "Arch-strumpet of an impious age" and "Harlot on horseback," will glut and barbarize the people until a new Thirty Years War brings the Dark Ages of Democracy (IV.xix–xxi). Ungar's Mortmain-like conviction of the fact of the fall of man (IV.xxii) has in him a new dimension: THE FALL OF THE NEW WORLD itself, the debasement of the last Eden. Descended partly from an Anglo-Catholic family of early Maryland, Ungar is no longer committed to any one church or creed (IV.x.182–187), holding simply to God's sure existence, man's evil, and the need for religion. He is unable to sustain his flickering vision of Christ's efficacy, feeling the tragedy (scarce hope) of

Christ's death (IV.x.35-49). His sensibility is profoundly religious, however, as the ascetic monk Salvaterra points out: "True sign you bear: your sword's a cross" (IV.xiv.21), and the narrator has him ride a "cloistral beast" (IV.i.73). The other part of Ungar's heritage and temperament is Indian. His ancestor's marriage to an Indian girl accounts for his "forest name," his lithe body, copper-hued skin, high cheek bones, long black hair, and "forest eyes." This wild strain in Ungar gives special quality to him as a symbol of *STOIC ENDURANCE IN DEFEAT*. A professional soldier and moral warrior, he takes his leave of the pilgrims with the look of a man "enlisted for sad fight / Upon some desperate dark shore" (IV.xxviii.12).

Ungar ranks very high. Rolfe clearly sees the contrast between his somber, veteran strength and the martial splendor of the giant Arnaut (IV.xvii.57-74). Derwent of course is in constant opposition to Ungar, as he had been to Mortmain. Clarel finds Ungar difficult—so "strange" and "wild" in his suffering that he can not yet cope with his meaning (IV.xvii.50-53). But the narrator has utmost respect for his "slouched reserve of strength" and the world of muted reveries that lurk in his brown eyes (IV.i.83, 95). For his autobiographical implications, see Introduction (Sect. viii).

Ungar, a significant projection from the contemporary American scene, is very close to Melville's own sensibility. "A wandering Ishmael from the West" (IV.x.189), he is Melville's last important portrait of his central fictional type.

*VINE. I.xxviii-IV.xxxii.

A middle-aged American of high but anonymous talents whom Clarel and Nehemiah meet at the Sepulcher of Kings in Jerusalem. He becomes a major figure of the pilgrimage.

Vine is a powerful but ambiguous influence in the poem. His past history is curiously denied the reader (I.xxix.3-4). Perhaps more than anything else he symbolizes *THE POWER AND MYSTERY OF GENIUS*. For a special aura surrounds this man of undefined "gifts unique" (I.xxix.6) from the moment of his discovery meditating on the friezes of the Sepulcher of Kings (I.xxviii) until the end of the journey when Clarel parts from him with an undefined "new sense" of his meaning (IV.xxxii.11). His aesthetic sensibility—he is apparently some kind of painter or writer—is rich and devious. A devotee of the beautiful, but with a keen moral sense, he is little given to intellectual argument or abstract discussion. Vine's self-isolation is surpassed only by the Druze's; it flowers into a personal grace that marks him a natural (not

social) aristocrat. Absorbed with the past and watchfully brooding over the other pilgrims, Vine is from the first "The Recluse" (I.xxix), and to the end remains "a fountain sealed" (II.xvii.22). The shadowy temper of the man is lightened from time to time by rays of caprice, but he is not genuinely communicative and his motives remain hidden. Vine is a model of THE INWARDNESS OF THE MORAL-AESTHETIC WORLD.

Rolfe is the only other pilgrim of comparable stature by the poem's terms, and Clarel sees at once that they are "peers" (I.xxxi.42). Yet the Rolfe-Vine relationship is most intricate, and Clarel's attempt to possess Vine ends in rebuff (II.xxvii) and an astonishing discovery of hidden weakness in him (III.vii). The complexities of Vine's character, and their possible relation to the Melville-Hawthorne friendship, are suggested in the Introduction (Sect. viii).

The Biblical connotations roused by Vine's name are rich. One main line is the idea of self-sufficiency suggested in the Old Testament: "But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid . . ." (Micah iv.4, also I Kings iv.25); the second is the more mystical concept of salvation in the New Testament: "I am the true vine . . ." (John xv.1 and *passim*).

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Melville was a learned amateur with an extraordinary memory. The major intention here, therefore, has been to elucidate meanings, especially Biblical citations and Classical allusions which few today know exactly. Representative demonstrations of Melville's use of sources have been provided. Cross references to other Melville writings and biographical data, except for full citation of all source passages in the *Journal*, have been almost entirely resisted in order to let the poem speak for itself.

Short Title List

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|-----------------------------|--|
| Bartlett, <i>Forty Days</i> | William Henry Bartlett, <i>Forty Days in the Desert</i> . New York, n.d. |
| Bartlett, <i>Walks</i> | William Henry Bartlett, <i>Walks About the City and Environs of Jerusalem</i> . London, n.d. |
| Bezanson | Walter E. Bezanson, "Herman Melville's <i>Clarel</i> ." Yale, 1943. Unpub. dissertation. |
| Bezanson, "Arnold's Poetry" | Walter E. Bezanson, "Melville's Reading of Arnold's Poetry," <i>PMLA</i> , LXIX (1954), 365-391. |
| Chateaubriand | F. A. de Chateaubriand, <i>Travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt, and Barbary, During the Years 1806 and 1807</i> . Trans. F. Shobert. New York, 1814. |
| Curzon | Robert Curzon, <i>Visits to Monasteries in the Levant</i> . New York, 1849. |

- European Journal* *Journal of a Visit to London and the Continent By Herman Melville, 1849-1850.* Ed. Eleanor Melville Metcalf. Cambridge, Mass., 1948.
- Gibbon Edward Gibbon. *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Boston, 1850. 6 vols.
- (HCL-M) Harvard College Library—Melville Collection.
- Index The Characters: A Critical Index (in the present volume, pp. 529-549).
- Journal* *Journal of a Visit to Europe and the Levant, October 11, 1856—May 6, 1857, By Herman Melville.* Ed. Howard C. Horsford. Princeton, N. J., 1955.
- Kitto *The Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature.* Ed. John Kitto. New York, 1855. 2 vols.
- Log Jay Leyda, *The Melville Log: A Documentary Life of Herman Melville, 1819-1891.* New York, 1951. 2 vols.
- Murray *A Handbook for Travellers in Syria and Palestine.* London: John Murray, 1858. 2 vols.
- Sealts (No.—) Merton M. Sealts, Jr., *Melville's Reading, A Check-List of Books Owned and Borrowed.* Offprinted from *Harvard Library Bulletin*, 1948-1950.
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- Sundermann K. H. Sundermann, *Herman Melvilles Gedankengut, Eine kritische Untersuchung seiner weltanschaulichen Grundideen*. Berlin, 1937.
- Thomson William McClure Thomson, *The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations Drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land*. New York, 1859. 2 vols.
- Thorp Herman Melville, *Representative Selections*. Ed. Willard Thorp. New York, 1938.
- Warburton Eliot Warburton, *Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land; or, The Crescent and the Cross*. Philadelphia, 1859.
- Wells Henry W. Wells, *The American Way of Poetry*. New York, 1943.
- Wright *Early Travels in Palestine*. Ed. Thomas Wright. London, 1848.

PART I

I.i.0. *THE HOSTEL*: The opening scene is a room in the Mediterranean Hotel, in Jerusalem, where Melville stayed from 6 January to 18 January, except for a 3-day excursion to the Dead Sea. *Journal*, pp. 125, 127.

I.i.10. *Vigil of Epiphany*: 6 January, a church festival celebrating the coming of the Magi to visit the baby Jesus at Bethlehem. Since the pilgrims leave Jerusalem on Candlemas, 2 February (I.xliv.2), Part I covers a time span of 4 weeks minus 1 day. Melville's use of holy days as a back drop for Clarel's problem and passion, here and especially at the end of the poem (IV.xxix-xxxiv), gives dramatic irony to the narrative.

I.i.24. *Siloh's oracle*: The Pool of Siloam (Map A), the site of Jesus' miracle of the healing of the blind man, John ix.1-7. Milton's invocation at the opening of *Paradise Lost* comes to mind: "Siloa's Brook that flow'd / Fast by the Oracle of God" (I.11).

I.i.28. *Off Jaffa*: The normal port of entry for tourists and pil-

grims going to Jerusalem. Ships had to anchor a mile from shore in the open roadstead, while small boats beat through dangerous surf and rocks to land passengers. Jerusalem, about 40 miles to the south-east, could be reached only by horseback across the coastal Plain of *Sharon* (line 38). From the little town of *Ramleh* (line 41), 9 miles inland, there was a view of the *Ephraim* Mountains (line 46), stretching north of Jerusalem. Melville's *Journal*, pp. 124-125, reports the same route.

I.i.39. *her titled Rose*: The famous "rose of Sharon" named in the Song of Sol. ii.1. Controversy as to its species and color was common, and is reflected here and in the *Journal*, p. 128: "A delightful ride across Plain of Sharon to Jaffa. Quantities of red poppies. (Rose of Sharon?)."

I.i.58. *Louis*: Chateaubriand, pp. 464-465, tells what Louis IX and his crusaders encountered at Carthage in 1270: "the Moors raised the burning sand by means of machines, and scattering it before the southern breeze, they exposed the Christians by this fiery shower to the effects of the *Kamsin*, or terrible wind of the desert."

I.i.64. *Salem to be no Samarcand*: The theme is that of many *Journal* passages, especially p. 154: "[No country will more quickly dissipate romantic expectations than Palestine—particularly Jerusalem. To some the disappointment is heart sickening. &c." *Salem*, the ancient name for Jerusalem (Gen. xiv.18), is used frequently in the poem. *Samarkand*, an ancient city of Central Asia, conquered by Alexander and once Tamerlane's capital, here symbolizes Romance.

I.i.87. *my countryman*: The remarks of "my countryman" are such as Melville himself might have made to a young traveler, and serve as early warning against confusing the mature Melville with young Clarel.

I.i.108. *Vesta*: Roman virginal divinity, Goddess of the Hearth, the symbol of home.

I.i.125-126. *He sought*: In his proof copy of *Clarel* (HCL-M) Melville put a check beside these two lines; his intention is not clear.

I.i.134-166. *the view*: Exactly this view (Map A) from a roof terrace above the *Pool of Hezekiah* (line 147), looking east toward *Olivet* (line 139), may be seen in Thomson, II, 522. *Acra* (line 135) was the northwest section, the Christian Quarter, of Jerusalem. The *Coptic Convent* (line 161) was just north of the inn, toward the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Melville's *Journal*, pp. 125-126, reports: "Hotel overlooks on one side Pool of Hezekiah (balconies) is near the Coptic Convent. . . . From platform in front of my chamber,

command view of battered dome of Church of Sepulchre & Mount Olivet." Elsewhere he noted that the minarets of Constantinople "gleam like lighthouses" (line 162: *Journal*, p. 116).

I.i.167. *the Kaatskills*: The Catskill Mountains of east central New York.

I.ii.3. *a slim vial*: A tube containing the Mezuzah, a parchment with passages from the Law (Deut.vi.4-9; xi.13-30) inscribed on it. The parchment was rolled so that the word *Shaddai* (Almighty) showed through a hole in the vial. Melville's *Journal*, p. 132, describes his room in the English Hotel at Jaffa: "In the right lintel of the door is a vial masoned in, & <visible>, containing some text of Jewish scripture—a charm." Horsford's note to this passage explains line 5: the innkeeper told a contemporary traveler he had put vials "on the lintel of every door; but Frenchmen, who did not read the Bible, sometimes mocked at it, and this led to angry discussion, so that from many of the doors it was now removed."

I.ii.7. *the Black Jew*: See ABDON (Index) for Melville's source and the idea that he came from *Cochin* (line 32).

I.ii.39. *Esdras saith*: In the Apocrypha (II Esdras 40-45).

I.ii.46. *scholars various notions*: The mystery of the Lost Tribes fascinated the 19th century. Of the original 12 tribes of Israel (Gen. xlix), which included *Judah* and *Benjamin* (line 49), 10 "disappeared from history during and after the Babylonian captivity," according to Kitto, II, 893, and occasioned "so many volumes that it would be difficult to condense the contradictory opinions advanced in them. . . ."

I.ii.51. *Amazon*: The fresh waters of the river carry 200 miles into the sea, so great is its volume.

I.ii.70. *Under Moriah*: Many Jews returned to be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, beneath the shoulder of Moriah, which was the site of the ancient Temple (Map A).

I.ii.88. *an amulet*: Presumably the phylactery; strips of parchment inscribed with 4 Biblical passages were folded into a small leather box and attached by leather straps to the forehead and left arm, in accordance with the Law (Deut. vi.8). Kitto, II, 532, says "they were also regarded as amulets." The leathern *scroll* here and in line 17 may be the parchment.

I.ii.102. *JUDÆA*: The poem by this title which follows first asks for gifts from *Sychem* (Schechem: line 111), one of the most fertile and beautiful towns of Palestine, 34 miles north of Jerusalem. Then it

names Mt. *Tabor* (line 112), further north, whose slopes are verdant with oaks, bushes, and pistachio trees. Finally it cites *Sharon* (see note to I.i.39). But these three beautiful sites are in Samaria and Galilee, not Judaea. Their grapes, garlands, and roses contrast with the dusty *palms* (line 122) of the second stanza and set the theme of desolate Judaea, site of *Clarel*.

I.ii.103. *paper lining of the tray*: Writing to his brother Tom, 25 May 1862, Melville told of having sold off a batch of "doggerel . . . at ten cents the pound" to a trunk-maker: "So, when you buy a new trunk again, just peep at the lining & perhaps you may be rewarded by some glorious stanza staring you in the face & claiming admiration" (*Log*, II, 652).

I.ii.135. *Katahdin*: A mountain in central Maine; its complete lack of supernatural associations, as contrasted with the hallowed slopes of Olivet, sounds again the "naturalistic knell" of the opening page.

I.iii.0. *THE SEPULCHER*: The Church and Melville's frequent visits there are described in the Introduction (Sect. i), and in the *Journal*, pp. 141, 147-150. Melville read and marked up Stanley's account of the Church, pp. 451-466; the canto reflects Stanley's points that, true or false, the *site* is of great historical interest (line 114), and notes the merchant-like activities on holy *days* (line 125-132), the specific comparison of the open dome with the *Pantheon* (line 170), and other bits on Godfrey and Baldwin, Golgotha, the chapels, etc. The site was widely discussed and pictured in all Holy Land literature.

I.iii.1. *In Crete*: Mt. Ida in Crete was sacred above all other places to Zeus (Roman *Jove-Jupiter*); there he was born in a secret cave and there, some claimed, was his tomb.

I.iii.41. *The Druid priest Melchizedek*: King of Salem and "the priest of the most high God," Melchizedek brought bread and wine to the valley of *Shaveh* (line 39) and blessed Abram for driving out the enemy after the Battle of the *Kings* (Gen. xiv). This "earliest authentic record of Canaanite history" as Stanley, pp. 282-283, calls it, is used by Melville as a "primeval" scene of Druidic rites to set the tone for contemporary rituals. Here and elsewhere in the poem Melville places Shaveh in the Kedron ravine (Valley of Jehoshaphat) alongside Jerusalem; Stanley argues that it was actually east of the Jordan, but in Melville's copy of Stanley that page is unopened (pp. 246-247).

I.iii.108. *à Becket's slayers*: Tradition has it that the knights who slew the Bishop of Canterbury were required to serve 14 years under the Templars of the Holy Land, in penance; also that they were

buried in the porch outside the church of the Templars (now the mosque El Aksa, on *Moriah*: line 111).

I.iii.123. *pedlars versed in wonted tricks*: In his *Journal*, p. 150, Melville had described the courtyard before the Church of the Holy Sepulcher as "A considerable area, flagged with venerable stones, upon which are seated a multitude of hawkers & pedlers of rosaries, crucifixes, toys of olive wood and Dead Sea stone, & <various> other amulets & charms."

I.iii.152. *like Ludovico*: The villain in Richard Sheil's *Evadne: or, The Statue*, first played in Covent Garden in 1818 with Macready as Ludovico, and playing in the Bowery in 1847. The setting for Act V: "A vast Hall in COLONNA'S Palace, filled with statues. The moon streams in through the Gothic windows, and appears to fall upon the statues. A Chamber door at back." Ludovico has arranged the murder of the King of Naples, and believes him dead, when suddenly he comes forward from behind the statues:

Lud: What do I behold? Is not my sense
Mocked with this horrid vision,
That hath started up
To make an idiot of me? is it not
The vapor of the senses that has framed
The only spectacle that ever yet
Appalled Ludovico?

The play is in *The New York Drama. Volume IV*. (New York: Wheat & Cornett, 1878), pp. 353-370.

I.iii.168. *Golgotha*: Hebrew for *Skull*, and the site of the crucifixion (Matt. xxvii.33). The *Journal*, pp. 126, 148, notes that the dome of the Church was "battered," "damaged," and "ruinous"; the parallel with the *Pantheon* (line 170) at Rome is of course ideological as well as archaeological.

I.iii.177. *Godfrey and Baldwin*: Bartlett, *Walks*, p. 177, notes that near "the rock of Calvary" in the Church "are the tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon, leader of the Crusaders, the first Latin King of Jerusalem, and his brother Baldwin. . . ." Godfrey was the hero of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, an allegorical epic of the siege and capture of Jerusalem in the first crusade.

I.iii.181. *fancy . . . / Imagination*: The pointed distinction here is Coleridge's, in the *Biographia Literaria*. Note how Rolfe is linked to imagination through the word *earnest*; see Introduction (Sect. viii).

I.iii.186. *the three pale Marys' frame*: Mary the mother of Jesus Mary Magdalene, and "the other Mary" (Matt. xxvii. 61); all 3 were at the crucifixion. The *she* of the next line is apparently Imagination.

I.iii.200. *The floral Easter holiday*: Compare with "Easter" (IV.xxxiii).

I.iv.5. *wherefore did they doff the plume*: In Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* occurs the stanza (Canto III.vii) describing the Crusaders at the moment of sighting Jerusalem:

Each, at his Chief's example, lays aside
His scarf and feathered casque, with every gay
And glittering ornament of knightly pride,
And barefoot treads the consecrated way.
Their thoughts, too, suited to their changed array,
Warm tears devout their eyes in showers diffuse,—
Tears, that the haughtiest temper might allay. . . .

The stanza is quoted in Bartlett, *Walks*, p. 120. Note the relation of the third line to Melville's line 33, and of the last 2 lines to Melville's lines 17-19.

I.iv.7. *to quote Voltaire*: As Gibbon did in the passage describing first the "promiscuous massacre" which the Crusaders engaged in for 3 days after capturing Jerusalem; then—"Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy, kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence, the monument of their redemption. This union of the fiercest and most tender passions has been variously considered by two philosophers—by the one as easy and natural, by the other as absurd and incredible." Quoted by Bartlett in *Walks*, pp. 124-125. Footnotes in Gibbon, V, 594, indicate that it was Hume who accepted, Voltaire who was appalled by, the sudden shift from slaughter to piety. Melville read Gibbon (Sealts, No. 223b).

I.iv.14. *the Calabrian steep*: Melville visited the Calabrian mountains of southern Italy, *Journal*, pp. 174-175.

I.iv.23. *more concern than Tancred knew*: In another part of the same passage (previous note), Gibbon notes: "Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion. . . ." Tancred, a Norman leader of the first crusade, is one of the heroic figures of Tasso's epic.

I.v.4. *in sculptured stone*: "Much elaborate sculpture once graced what is now visable of the original facade; but Time has nibbled it

away, till it now looks like so much spoiled pastry at which the mice have been at work." So Melville described the facade of the Church in his *Journal*, p. 150. A large engraving of the facade is in Bartlett, *Walks*, p. 168. Neither the *Journal* nor the engraving record that the sculpturing over the doors was of the triumphal entry, though Murray, I, 160, substantiates it. On the *golden and triumphal* gate of line 8 see note to I.x.75.

I.v.9. *Palm Morn*: compare with Clarel's experience, "Passion Week" (IV.xxxii).

I.v.18. *Nisan's festal month*: The first month of the Hebrew civil year and the time of the annual Feast of the Passover, celebrating the deliverance of the Jews from Egyptian bondage. Jesus was 12 when his parents took him to Jerusalem for the Passover (Luke ii.41–50).

I.v.35. *starry watchers*: Luke xxiv.4.

I.v.61. *The Scala Santa*: When he was in Rome, Melville recorded in his *Journal*, p. 201: "To St. John Lateran . . . Scala Santa—(5 stairs) pilgrims going up—penitents." These holy stairs of the cathedral church were reputed to be the ones that Christ ascended going into the Judgment Hall (Pilate's house); they had been brought from the Via Dolorosa in Jerusalem by Constantine.

I.v.72. *Scripture, here recalled*: John xix.41; xx.15.

I.v.113. *St. Paul*: Acts xxvii tells of Paul's encountering storms and shipwreck on the way to Rome.

I.v.119. *Tyre*: Melville did not visit Tyre, but he marked up Stanley's eloquent account of the desolation of Tyre and Sidon, pp. 264–268.

I.v.133–186. *In gliding turn of dreams*: Clarel's dream-vision presents 4 pilgrimage groups: Greek Christians coming to the Holy Sepulcher, Levantine Moslems headed for Mecca, Indian peasants on the way to Brahman temples, and Chinese pilgrims crossing the Himalayas to Buddhist shrines. The theme that emerges—*The inter-sympathy of creeds* (line 209)—is in harmony with early popularizations of comparative religion in the 1870's in America. James Freeman Clarke, the famous Boston Unitarian minister from whom Melville's wife received communion on her wedding day (*Log*, I, 255), had written articles on the subject in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1868); in 1871 he published *Ten Great Religions: An Essay in Comparative Theology*, in which he attempted "to do equal justice to all the religious tendencies of mankind" (p. 3).—The idea of the Mecca pilgrimage may have grown from roughly similar lines (1–21) in Arnold's "Resignation," which Melville read with great admiration in 1862 (Bezanson,

"Arnold's Poetry," pp. 375-376). Details, however, are clearly borrowed from Bartlett's *Forty Days*, pp. 152-162. Compare lines 135-143 with: "A burst of tom-toms, a rude sort of Arab drum, and a denser crowd, now indicated the approach of the central and most important part of the procession, viz., the Mahmal, or camel selected to carry, under a costly canopy, the copy of the Koran sent to Mecca" (p. 156); and further with: "The Mahmal, (seen in the centre of our view,) borne on the back of a fine camel, selected for the purpose, and exempted for the rest of its life from ordinary labour, consists of a square wooden frame, terminating in a pyramidal form, covered with dark brocade, and highly ornamented with gilt fringes and tassels. Mr. Lane states that in every cover he has seen, was worked a view of the Temple of Mecca, and over it the Sultan's cypher . . ." (pp. 157-158). Clarel's vision of *Curveting troops* (line 148) as well as of poor families on donkeys (lines 155-156) both derive from Bartlett, pp. 154-155. Compare lines 157-179 with Bartlett's description of "their ignorance of the way and blind reliance on the providence of Allah. . . . They inquired for Akaba, . . . supposing it always just at hand; and were astounded when we told them they had nearly three days' journey to accomplish" (*ibid.*); with Bartlett's speculations on the dangers ahead of the pilgrims—"the Bedouins of the Great Desert [Melville's 'desert of the Word'], the fearful Simoom [a hot, dry, violent wind laden with dust]"; and with Bartlett's imagining a "broken-down straggler, whom the departing host has heartlessly left behind to perish, to dig with his expiring strength his own shallow grave in the sand, and await the passing of the angel of death" (pp. 161-162). Finally, Bartlett contains a large steel engraving, "The Mecca Caravan."

I.v.134. *Damascus' gate*: The 2 famous pilgrimages to Mecca, birthplace of Mohammed, were from Damascus, the capital city of Syria, and Cairo, in Egypt. In the next stanza the scene apparently shifts to a Cairo pilgrimage.

I.v.151. *Feiran's palms*: An oasis high up on the Sinaitic tableland. Stanley, p. 73, writes: "The palm-groves of Feirân I saw only by the clear starlight; yet it was still possible to see how great must be the beauty of the luxuriant palms and feathery tamarisks. . . ."

I.v.178. *the desert of the Word*: Identified in the Bible only as "that great and terrible wilderness" of the Israelite wanderings (Deut. i.19; viii.15), this northern wasteland of the Peninsula of Sinai was known in the 19th century by the Arabic name of *El* (or *Et*) *Tih*.

Melville checked the section in Stanley (pp. 7-8) on "The Plateau on the Tih"; the last sentence reads: "Its one interest now is the passage of the Mecca pilgrimage." He also underlined the phrase "plateau of the Tih" (p. 93).

I.v.193. *Compostel or brown Loret*: Apparently, figurative allusions to 2 famous European pilgrimage spots: Compostella (Santiago de), Spain, reputed burial-place of the apostle James, and Loreto, Italy, principal shrine for devotion to the Virgin Mary.

I.v.204. *Mongolian Fo*: Gautama, the founder of Buddhism.

I.vi.0. *TRIBES AND SECTS*: Though Clarel felt a sympathy among the various religions, he now finds "feud" within Christianity. Stanley, p. 456, points out the "Diversity of sects" at the Holy Sepulcher, and Murray, I, 83, says they "appear to agree in little else but a cordial hatred of each other." The *Georgians* (line 8) lost their wealthy Jerusalem holdings as their national power declined and had now dwindled to a handful. The *Maronites* (line 8), a heretical sect of the 7th century, had 82 wealthy convents in Lebanon and a small outpost in Jerusalem. The *Armenians* (line 9), separated from the churches of the East and West in the 5th century, were a wealthy church throughout the Turkish empire; their convent on Mt. Zion was the richest in the city. The *Greeks* (line 9) were native Arabs, members of the "Holy Orthodox Church of the East," and the largest Christian church in Palestine; they held 8 convents and 5 nunneries within the city; 4 beyond the city included Mar Saba and the Convent of the Nativity at Bethlehem. The *Latins* (line 10) were Arabic-speaking seceders from the Greek Church. The *Abyssinians* (line 12) had minor joint holdings with the Copts (Egyptians). The Holy Sepulcher had become a Babel of tongues and competing rituals.

I.vi.10. *The Latin organ*: An exact duplicate of this organ provided accompaniment for John Banvard's Holy Land panorama, shown before Queen Victoria and then, in 1853, at the Georama, 596 Broadway, New York. *Description of Banvard's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land* . . . , n.p., 1853.

I.vi.28. *To Lot's Wave by black Kedron*: Rising a mile northeast of Jerusalem, the Brook Kedron (Biblical Kidron, and Cedron) which Stanley, p. 171, calls "The Black Valley," defiled into the wilderness past Mar Saba and drained into the Dead Sea (where Lot lived until Sodom was destroyed).

I.vi.29. *by Mount Seir, through Edom*: The ravaged wilderness south of the Dead Sea. The force of the malediction lies in Ezekiel's long and dire prophecy against Seir and Idumea (Edom), concluding:

"thou shalt be desolate, O mount Seir, and all Idumea, even all of it: and they shall know that I am the Lord" (Ezek. xxxv).

I.vii.1. *a silence reigns*: Reporting on the "INTERIOR OF JERUSALEM," the *Journal*, p. 150, notes: "Silence & solitude of it." The theme of silence dominates lines 1-25, and among other examples we have the "Wild solitudes" of I.xvi.26.

I.vii.20. *truth's forecasting canticles*: The Revelation of St. John the Divine, in the chapter envisioning the fall of Babylon: "And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee; and no craftsman, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee; and the sound of a mill-stone shall be heard no more at all in thee; And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee . . ." (Rev. xviii.22-23).

I.vii.27. *Jaffa Gate*: The main western gate of the city. Half a mile out the Jaffa Road, Clarel passes the Turkish Cemetery (Map A).

I.vii.40. *Luke's narration*: The account of Christ's appearance after his death and burial to 2 disciples on the way to Emmaus, a town midway between Jerusalem and Jaffa (Luke xxiv.13-35).

I.vii.69. *Paul's evidence*: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. xi.1).

I.viii.5. *Narragansett's marge*: Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island.

I.viii.22. *pointed by St. John*: His vision of the heavenly Jerusalem (Rev. xxi.10-27). Melville is in error on one detail: though beryl was one of the 12 precious stones in the city's foundations, the 12 gates were pearls. This same apocalyptic vision of the New Jerusalem later drowns Nehemiah (II.xxxviii).

I.viii.27. *Zion restore*: *Journal*, p. 158: "Be it said, that all these movements combining Agriculture & Religion in reference to Palestine, are based upon the impression . . . that the time for the prophetic return of the Jews to Judea is at hand, and therefore the way must be prepared for them by Christians, both in setting them right in their faith & their farming—in other words, preparing the soil literally & figuratively."

I.viii.35. *he of Tarsus roved*: Paul, in his 3 missionary journeys, visited many Mediterranean countries.

I.viii.38. *Smyrna's mart*: Smyrna was a seaport city of Asia Minor where Melville had twice stopped, *Journal*, pp. 106-109, 168. *Joppa's* [Jaffa's] *stair* refers to the rocky ledge extending from the

city's edge into the sea; Melville had rowed out to explore it, *Journal*, p. 133.

I.viii.43. *fire-flakes of the Pentecost*: Acts ii.1–13: on the day of Pentecost (the 50th day after the Feast of the Passover) the 11 apostles were sitting together when “there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. . . .”

I.viii.48. *Time and times and half a time*: A representative invocation of various millennial groups, stemming from Daniel's visionary prophecies, as in Dan. vii. 25: “and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time.” Deacon Dickson said to Melville outside Jaffa, *Journal*, p. 159: “The fact is the fullness of Time has come.”

I.viii.54. *Ravens*: Elijah was fed by ravens (I Kings xvii.4–6).

I.viii.71. *A Santon held him*: Melville records a more violent and ironic *Santon* in his *Journal*, pp. 169–170: “Trying to be serious about St. John when from where I stood figure of Santon a Arab holy man came between me & island [Patmos?]
—almost naked—ludicrous chaced away graivty—solemn idiocy—lunatic—opium-eater—dreamer—yet treated with profoundest respect & reverence—allowed to enter anywhere.—Wretched imbecile! bare & beggarly Santon, miserable stumbling-block in way of the prophecies, since saint though though [thou] art thou art so far from inheriting the earth that thou dost not inherit a shirt to thy nakedness!”

I.ix.13–14. *Beulah dear / And New Jerusalem*: Evangelical symbols for heaven, derived from Isa. lxii.4 and Rev. xxi.2.

I.x.0. *RAMBLES*: Melville in his *Journal*, p. 127, reports several days of “roaming over the hills,” and “roaming about city.”

I.x.3–15. *serial wrecks on wrecks*: This persistent theme of the poem (repeated, e.g., in I.xvi.35–39) has its first statement in the *Journal*, p. 152: “[There are *strata* of cities buried under the present surface of Jerusalem. Forty feet deep lie fragments of columns &c.” The *Hospitalers* (line 7) were the famous Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; their *cloisters* were built near the Holy Sepulcher. According to Murray, I, 170: “But, alas! how fallen and degraded! It is now the cesspool of a neighbouring tannery, and apparently the public dunghill of the whole quarter.” The remaining sequence of ruins were all on Mount Moriah, site of Solomon's Temple. *Fatamite palaces* (line 9: Fatima was the favorite daughter of Mohammed) probably refers to the mosque on Moriah built by Omar when he took Jerusalem in 636 A.D. Earlier, *Herod* (line 10) had rebuilt the Temple ca. 20 B.C. Earlier still, Judas *Maccabaeus* (line 11) had rebuilt it in 165

B.C. And earlier still was Solomon's original Temple, begun four years after David's death (*ca.* 1012 B.C.) on the threshing floor of *Ornan the Jebusite* (line 14) where *David* (line 13) had planned it (II Chron. iii.1). Part of Melville's source for such material could have been Kitto, II, 834-842.

I.x.16. *Glenroy's tiers of beaches*: Glen Roy is a valley in Scotland along the sides of which run a series of roads or terraces, once thought to show successive water levels of ancient lakes.

I.x.20. *on Moriah*: Magnificent gardens and walks surrounded the Mosque of Omar and the Dome of the Rock on the great stone platform of Moriah where the Temple had once stood. They were first opened to Franks in 1856, but at a price of I £. Melville seems not to have visited them, but they were visible, of course, from roof tops and Mount Olivet.

I.x.29. *The chapel of our Dame of Grief*: Notre Dame des Douleurs, a small exterior chapel of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, marking the spot where the Virgin Mary stood during the crucifixion. *Baldwin* (line 28), the brother of Godfrey, was the early Crusader King of Jerusalem.

I.x.30. *Ophel's winding base*: The sloping shoulder of the south-east corner of the city, outside the walls; between Ophel and En Rogel lay the so-called *Garden of King Solomon* (line 33: Map A).

I.x.38. *Adonijah, Adonijah*: By the stone of Zohemoth, near En Rogel, Adonijah feasted in celebration of his expected succession to King David; hearing trumpets, he learned from a messenger that Solomon had just been anointed king at Gihon (I Kings i).

I.x.57. *This field: Aceldama* (line 66), the famous "field of blood" described in the New Testament (Matt. xxvii. 3-10; Acts i.16-20), so called because it was purchased with the 30 pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed Christ. A place "to bury strangers in," Aceldama was the site of a massive charnel house of masonry backed against a rock; from inside one looked down into a great pit where for centuries the bodies of the alienated had been thrown. The *Journal*, p. 146, soundly records: "And smote by the morning, I saw the reddish soil of Aceldama, confessing its inexpressible guilt by deeper dyes" (Map A).

I.x.72. *Christ's resort*: Luke xxi. 37.

I.x.75-96. *the Golden Gate*: Pictures of the famous sealed Golden Gate may be seen in Bartlett, *Walks*, pp. 158, 159. Melville's *Journal*, pp. 144-145, is the source here: "[The Beautiful, or Golden, Gate—two arches, highly ornamental sculpture, undoubtedly old, Herod's

Time—the Gate from which Christ would go to Bethany & Olivet—and also that in which he made his entry (with palms) into the city. Turks walled it up because of tradition that through this Gate the city would be taken.—One of the most interesting things in Jerusalem—seems expressive of the finality of Christianity, as if this was the last religion of the world,—no other, possible.” For the triumphal entry, see Matt. xxi.1-11.

I.xi.0. *LOWER GIHON*: One of 2 ancient reservoirs frequently referred to in the Old Testament as Gihon; here Solomon was anointed (I Kings i.32-40). Both the Upper Pool and the Lower Pool (of Gihon) are in the Valley of Hinnom, west of the city (Map A). Bartlett, *Walks*, p. 56, has an engraving of Lower Gihon.

I.xi.19-38. *three demoniacs*: The incident is built on Christ's miracle of casting out devils from the naked man who lived in the tombs of the Gadarenes (Luke viii.26-36). “What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God most high?” the man cried out in a loud voice before he was healed. Melville had made the cryptic entry in his *Journal*, p. 140: “*Wandering among the tombs—till I begin to think myself one of the possessed with devils.*” That Celio, the *stranger* (line 12), should be found among demoniacs is an augury of his own inner bedevilment.

I.xi.67. *By David's Tower*: They are just outside the Jaffa Gate, overlooking Hinnom (Map A). Melville's *Journal*, pp. 145-146, sets the scene: “For daily I could not but be struck with the clusters of the townspeople reposing along the arches near the Jaffa Gate where it looks down into the vale of Gihon, and the groups always haunting the neighboring fountains, vales & hills . . . I looked along the hill side of Gihon over against me, and watched the precipitation of the solemn shadows of the city towers flung far down to the haunted bottom of the hid pool of Gihon. . . .” A woodcut of the Tower of David is in Thomson, II, 475.

I.xi.84. *this glen / Of Moloch*: Topheth, in the Valley of Hinnom, where the Jews had sacrificed children by fire to Moloch, the god of the Ammonites (II Kings xxiii.10), lies before them.

I.xi.90. *Return he will over Olivet*: The common belief of Zionist millenarians, based on the prediction that the supposed place of the Ascension should also be the site of the Second Coming (Acts i.10-12). The *Journal*, p. 161, reports that Deacon Dickson, one of the prototypes for Nehemiah, was seen “going about Jerusalem with open Bible, looking for the opening asunder of Mount Olivet and the preparing of the highway for the Jews &c.”

I.xii.4. *Terra Santa's wall*: Latin convents in the Holy Land were regularly designated Terra Santa and were staffed by Franciscans. The *warden* (line 7), an Italian appointed for 3 years by the Pope, resided at the Convent of St. Salvador in the northwest section of the city (Map A).

I.xii.44. *Absalom's locks but Æsop's hump*: Absalom's perfect beauty and magnificent hair are described in II Sam. xiv.25-26. In one of the villas outside Rome (Melville said in his lecture on "Statuary in Rome") is found "a bust of Æsop, the dwarfed and deformed, whose countenance is irradiated by a lambent gleam of irony like that we see in Goldsmith's."

I.xii.72. *St. Peter's balcony*: When in Rome, Melville recorded many impressions of St. Peter's (*Journal*, pp. 190-215).

I.xii.124. *Santa Croce's base*: The *Journal*, pp. 217-218, records Melville's visit to the great church in Florence. *Trajan's hall* (line 127) is presumably the great Forum Trajanum in Rome.

I.xii.129. *Titus' Arch*: A marble relief on the Arch of Titus in Rome depicted a procession of Roman soldiers carrying the 7-branched candlestick, the table of shewbread, and silver trumpets, plunder from the Emperor Titus' capture of Jerusalem, 70 A.D. Bartlett, *Walks*, p. 49, has a small cut of this.

I.xiii.0. *THE ARCH*: The *Ecce Homo* Arch (line 24) was one of many stations along the Via Dolorosa (or *Via Crucis*, line 20, as Melville calls it). This narrow lane, the supposed route to the crucifixion, zigzagged from the governor's house near the Gate of St. Stephen across town to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher; the Arch spans the way near the northwest Temple corner (Map A). "*Behold the Man!*" [*Ecce homo*] Pilate cried (line 36), presenting Jesus to the mobs. Melville caught the ironic collision of values here in his *Journal*, pp. 150-151: "Leads from St. Stephens Gate up towards Calvary. Silence & solitude of it. The arch—the stone he leaned against—the stone of Lazarus &c. City like a quarry—all stone.—Vaulted ways—buttresses (flying) Arch (ECCE HOMO). Some one has built a little batchelor's abode on top. *Talk of the guides* 'Here is the stone Christ leaned against, & here is the English Hotel.' Yonder is the arch where Christ was shown to the people, & just by that open window is sold the best coffee in Jerusalem. &c&c&c." There is a woodcut of the Arch in George Williams, *The Holy City* (London, 1849), II, 526.

I.xiii.47. *My God, my God, forsakest me*: "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lāmā sabachthani?"

that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii.46).

I.xiii.74. *How long*: "And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch. Then came the Jews round about him, and said unto him, How long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly" (John x.23-24).

I.xiii.95. *the Medusa shield*: The aegis which Athena carried for Zeus or wore as a breastplate blazed brightly, was fringed with gold, and displayed in the center the Gorgon's snaky head, the sight of which turned men to stone.

I.xiii.103. *He turned*: Celio's movements in this and the next canto are symbolic. Going west along Via Dolorosa he comes to the scene of the Wandering Jew (line 112), whose story is later dramatized by the monks of Mar Saba (III.xix); shaken by its relevance he reverses his steps and goes back through the Arch and out the eastern Gate of St. Stephen (line 121). Melville was well aware of the Gate's connotation of martyrdom, as in his *Journal*, pp. 146-147: "[And in the afternoon, I would stand out by St Stephen's Gate, nigh the pool likewise named after him, occupying the spot where he was stoned . . ." (Acts vii.58). That is, if Celio is now cursed, like the Wandering Jew, he also merits *the martyr's leaf* (I.xiv.5). His night alone in *Jehoshaphat* (line 122) is thus both an excommunication from the City (the locking of the gates at sundown, a routine matter, is not to be so understood here), and a testing of his nerve and purpose.

I.xiv.1. *Savonarola's zeal*: Girolamo Savonarola (1452-1498), the fearless Dominican of Florence, was hanged and burned on order of Pope Alexander VI, whose infallibility he denied.

I.xiv.3. *Leopardi, stoned by Grief*: Count Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837), Italian lyric poet and pessimist. In the copy of Valery's *Travels in Italy* (Sealts, No. 533) which Melville, aged 37, purchased in Florence, he checked Leopardi's name and double-checked and underlined on p. 354: "died at Naples of the *cholera*, on the 28th of June 1837, *aged forty years*." Marking up Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea* (Sealts, No. 448) over 30 years later, Melville marked Schopenhauer's comment that Leopardi's "theme is everywhere the mockery and wretchedness of this existence . . ." (III, 401). *St. Stephen* (line 4) was a man "full of faith and power" (Acts vi-vii).

I.xiv.22. *three tombs*: As Melville wrote in his *Journal*, p. 144: "Side by side here tombs of Absolom, Zachariah & St James. Cut out of live rock in Petra style. St: James a stone verandah overlooking the gorge—pillars." The *Petra* image (line 25) is understandable in terms

of a later canto (II.xxx). The *tradition* (line 31), as told by Murray, I, 146–147, was that St. James hid here after the crucifixion and took a vow not to eat or drink until he should see Christ arisen. The setting for Celio's night exile is thus highly calculated.

I.xiv.42–127. *From the high gate*: The journey of the Terra Santa monks is as follows (Map A): out the gate of St. Stephen, down the path into Kedron Ravine, a brief pause beside the Tomb and Chapel of the Virgin, another brief stop by the adjacent Garden of Gethsemane, and then on up the Bethany Road over Olivet to Bethany. The traditional tomb of *Lazarus* (line 91) was a deep, narrow vault, partly excavated in rock, with stairs leading to a small chamber (where Celio apparently stays) and more stairs leading down to the inner vault. Here, according to John xi.1–46, Christ raised Lazarus from the dead and presented him to his weeping sisters, Mary and Martha. As the monks chant the famous phrase from Paul's letter to the Corinthians—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (I Cor. xv.55)—Celio retorts dramatically and flees.

I.xv.1. *Lo, shoot the spikes*: Celio is talking as he watches the sun break (line 6) over Olivet, on whose summit stands the small-domed Church of the Ascension (see note to I.xxxv.4). His theme, which contrasts so with Nehemiah's (I.xi.81–94), comes from the *Journal*, pp. 141–142: "[The mind can not but be sadly & suggestively affected with the indifference of Nature & Man to all that makes the spot sacred to the Christian. Weeds grow upon Mount Zion; side by side in impartially equality appear the shadows of church & mosque, and on Olivet every morning the sun indifferently ascends over the Chapel of the Ascension."

I.xv.23. *the muezzin's cry*: "[Wearily climbing the Via Dolorosa one noon," Melville wrote in the *Journal*, p. 151, "I heard the muezzin calling to prayers from the minaret of Omer." Here Clarel hears the morning call of the same muezzin, rolling down the Valley of Jehoshaphat past the Pool of *Siloam* (line 30) and the fountain of *En Rogel* (line 29), and rounding the Hill of *Zion* (line 32: Map A). Bartlett's engraving (*Walks*, p. 94) of this scene shows the walls, the deep gulf, and the minaret.

I.xv.30. *Silou*: See note to I.i.24.

I.xv.37. *the Crescent rides the Cross*: The phrase was made a by-word of the century by Warburton's immensely popular book, subtitled *The Crescent and the Cross*.

I.xv.59. *the Ezan*: Variant of *azan*, the Mohammedan call to prayer.

I.xv.64. *a jealous God*: The second Commandment warns: "for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God" (Exod. xx.5).

I.xvi.2. *from Moriah . . . / Slips Kedron*: An unfounded myth, probably an offshoot from Ezekiel's vision of the holy waters flowing from the Temple down Kedron and on through the wilderness to the Dead Sea (Ezek. xlvii.1-12). Beneath the *temple* (line 6), however, were mammoth subterranean vaults and passageways, believed to have been cisterns serving the Temple area in ancient times. Jerusalem had often been attacked through its underground warrens (line 20).

I.xvi.24. *the glades of cactus trees*: The *Journal*, p. 152, reports: "[Inside *the walls* are many vacant spaces, overgrown with the horrible cactus."

I.xvi.28-29. *the hand-mills*: Two small grind-stones turned by women to grind corn make "the sound of the grinding," as they did in the time of the Preacher (Eccl. xii.4).

I.xvi.34. *Dark quarries where few care to pry*: The image is archaeologically sound as well as psychologically telling. As the *Journal*, p. 154, notes: "[Part of Jerusalem built on quarries—entrance from North wall." Cuttings from these quarries near the Damascus Gate went into buildings since demolished.

I.xvi.80. *The Hebrew quarter*: Jerusalem was roughly divided into quarters: the Christian at the northwest, the Mohammedan at the northeast, the Armenian at the southwest, and the Jewish at the southeast between Zion and Moriah, but not including the Temple area.

I.xvi.81-117. *Wailing Day*: Murray, I, 121, warns that trying to find the Place of Wailing without a guide would be useless. The secluded area was a small paved quadrangle facing a section of the southwest wall of the old Temple foundations. The lower five courses of stone were massive beveled blocks—an *Ararat* (line 89), as it were, in size and significance (the 17,000 foot mountain on which Noah's ark came to rest). Here every Friday for centuries Jews from all over the world had come to bewail the Dispersion, to remember the great days of *Judah's prime* (line 114), and to wait "until Shiloh [line 117: the Messiah] come" (Gen. xlix.10). Bartlett's *Walks*, p. 140, has a full-page engraving of the scene.

I.xvi.104. *Levite trains*: The Levites were charged with minor sacerdotal offices, including the guarding of the Temple. They were not priests, however, like the sons of Aaron, and so did *not* wear the

ephod with bells and pomegranates along its hem (Exod. xxviii.31-35).

I.xvi.121. *the Black Jew*: Abdon (I.ii).

I.xvi.123. *stern Shaddei*: Jehovah, the Almighty God.

I.xvi.132. *Man's . . . latest strain*: Nathan, an American.

I.xvi.133. *Behind the master Moslem's back*: The Mohammedans controlled the entire Temple site (Moriah), allowing the Jews only this piece of back wall for performing ancient rituals such as reading *Moses' laws* (line 134).

I.xvi.185. *features finely Hagarene*: Like Hagar, the Egyptian concubine of Abraham and the mother of Ishmael. Ruth's mother is Agar, the New Testament name for Hagar (Gal. iv.22-25).

I.xvii.0. *NATHAN*: Wells, p. 86: "This section of only ten pages constitutes a really remarkable epitome of no small part of America's social and intellectual history."

I.xvii.10. *emigrants which inland bore*: For the imagery of the plains that follows, see the account of Melville's journey to Illinois in 1840, in John W. Nichol, "Melville and the Midwest," *PMLA*, LXVI (1951), 613-625.

I.xvii.18. *Esdraleon*: The major open area of central and northern Palestine. Melville did not visit Esdraelon [*sic*], but he read Chap. 9 in Stanley, "Plain of Esdraelon" (with map).

I.xvii.39. *Saco's mountain wilds*: Both the Saco River and the *Ammonoosuc* (line 84) rise in the *White Mountains* (line 83) of New Hampshire, scene of the *Willey Slide* (line 89).

I.xvii.89. *the Slide! the Slide*: Exactly the same words occur at the dramatic center of Hawthorne's story, "The Ambitious Guest." In both instances the scene is Crawford Notch—"one vale he would [wanted to] forget" (line 43). There on the night of 28 August 1826 began the fiercest and most destructive storm in White Mountain history, during which a slide detached itself from the mountain above the Willey homestead and descended. Its downward course was split by a ledge of rock so that it parted on either side of the cabin. By an irony which has made the event dramatic in New England history and folklore, Mr. and Mrs. Willey, their five children, and two hired men were all destroyed when they fled the cabin seeking safety. The site is still visited. Melville had passed through the White Mountains on his honeymoon in 1847, and spent part of his 1870 vacation in North Conway, near the Notch.

I.xvii.104. *A dusty book*: Probably *The Age of Reason* (1794-95)

by Thomas Paine, who could be the *Deist* of line 146 and who is cited later (III.xxiii.38).

I.xvii.166. *Favonius*: The west wind.

I.xvii.178. *Ceres*: Goddess of the fruits of the earth.

I.xvii.205. *Nereid's amorous net*: Not the wiles of a sea-nymph attracted Nathan, but rather the prophetess-like quality of a *Miriam* (line 206), the sister of Moses and the leader of the women in the Wilderness (Exod. xv.20-21).

I.xvii.210. *Rephaim and the Rama plains*: There was a Plain of Rephaim just southwest of Jerusalem; by *Rama* (Melville misspells it here and at IV.xxix.114) is probably meant the Ramah of Samuel, possibly near Bethlehem; it was not a plain, but a town or hill.

I.xvii.306. *Armed husbandmen*: Melville noted in his *Journal*, pp. 160-161, that "All who cultivate the soil in Palestine are Arabs. The Jews dare not live outside walled towns or villages for fear of the malicious persecution of the Arabs & Turks." Nathan's fate (I.xlii) is thus nearly inevitable.

I.xvii.307. *Pequod wilds*: The Pequod (or Pequot) Indians, a warlike tribe of the Algonquians, were a scourge to the early New England settlers. Those of the *Hittites* (line 308) "whom the children of Israel also were not able utterly to destroy" were put in bondservice by Solomon (I Kings ix.20-21).

I.xviii.3-35. *Damascus' plain*: Melville did not visit beautifully located Damascus, 7 days to the north, but Stanley, p. 402, gave him the images for water (line 16), *minarets* (line 7), fruit (line 14), and Mt. *Hermon* snow (line 21); he also quotes Mohammed's judgment that it was a *Paradise* (line 35).

I.xviii.8. *St. Sophia*: Melville had been greatly impressed by the dome of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, preferring it to St. Peter's (numerous *Journal* entries).

I.xviii.18. *Abram's steward*: "The steward of my house [in *Canaan* (Palestine)] is this Eliezer of Damascus," said Abram, in the only Biblical mention of *Eliezer* (Gen. xv.2).

I.xviii.29. *Thy wall, Angelico*: Fra Angelico (1387-1455), the great Florentine painter, whose frescos Melville probably saw in Italy.

I.xviii.72. *Abdon under talith*: The tallith is a tasseled shawl worn over the head or around the shoulders during morning prayers.

I.xix.30. *faith's receding wave*: The dominant image of Arnold's "Dover Beach," which Melville read but did not mark (Bezanson, "Arnold's Poetry," p. 390).

I.xx.0. *VALE OF ASHES*: North of the Damascus (*Ephraim*) Gate (line 2), and near the “source” of the usually dry *Kedron* (line 5). According to Murray, I, 101, here were “three large white mounds, which have latterly attracted attention in consequence of a theory propounded by somebody, that they are composed of ashes, and that the ashes are those of the sacrifices offered up in the temple!” (line 21). Murray prefers the older assumption that they came from the city soapworks. See Map A.

I.xx.10. *Joel's wild text*: Joel iii predicts that final judgment shall be made in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which the narrator here calls *hollow of Melchizedek* (line 14: see note to I.iii.41). Here too will be Clare's “valley of decision” (IV.xxx).

I.xx.26. *remote from Celio's mound*: Celio's grave, we learn in I.xl, is south of the city in the Latin Cemetery on the slopes of Mt. Zion.

I.xxi.14. *Haggard as Horeb*: A part of (or the same as) Mt. Sinai, the great barren mountain in the Wilderness where the Law was given to Moses; pictured in Bartlett's *Forty Days*, pp. 72, 80.

I.xxi.15. *Hermit, antler of Cape Horn*: Hermit Island is 10 miles northwest of the Horn. See note to II.xxx.71.

I.xxi.30. *Emim Bey the Mameluke*: Bartlett's *Forty Days*, pp. 187–190, tells his story in detail, as does Warburton, I, 47–48 (which has a picture of the massacre as frontispiece). In 1811 Mehemet Ali massacred hundreds of the Mamelukes, his political rivals, by inviting them to a feast at the Citadel of Cairo. Only Emim Bey escaped; on horseback he leaped the Citadel wall to a pile of rubbish and fled, eventually reaching Constantinople. At Cairo, Melville saw “the spot where the Memlook saved himself by leaping his horse” (*Journal*, pp. 116–117).

I.xxii.19. *Prediction and fulfillment*: As in Isa. vi.11–12: “Then said I, Lord, how long? And he answered, Until the cities be wasted without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land be utterly desolate, And the Lord have removed men far away, and there be a great forsaking in the midst of the land.”

I.xxii.29. *The beams*: A precise example of Melville's reworking of a detail from the *Journal*. At Jaffa (not Jerusalem) he had noted, p. 132: “The main beam crossing my chamber overhead, is evidently taken from a wreck—the trenail holes proving it.”

I.xxii.39. *Uz*: A deserted ancient region of the Edom wasteland.

I.xxii.61. *this raven*: See I.viii.54.

I.xxii.98. *the angel . . . / Of Peter dungeoned*: The "angel of the Lord" who released Peter from prison (Acts xii.1-19).

I.xxii.111. *Eliphaz the Temanite*: One of the three friends who came to comfort Job. He confessed: "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake" (Job iv.13-14).

I.xxiii.37. *robe with mystic hem*: The fringe that God commanded the children of Israel to wear "throughout their generations" as a reminder of the commandments and the duty of holiness (Num. xv. 37-41).

I.xxiv.3. *Moriah and Zion*: The two hills on which the southern section of Jerusalem was built. In the wall between them lay the *Dung Gate* (line 11: Neh. ii.13). At *Rogel* (line 10) was the Well of Job (Map A).

I.xxiv.21. *Rome's port Esquiline*: An ancient Roman gate near rubbish and pauper burial grounds. In the *Journal*, p. 137, Melville penciled "Port Esquiline of the Universe. (For Note)" as a general commentary on the "*Barrenness of Judea*."

I.xxiv.36. *the man*: Margoth; he reappears in II.xix.

I.xxiv.59. *Lamentations say*: In the 15th (not 14th) verse: "All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city that men call The perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole earth?"

I.xxiv.69. *by arid gullies bare*: The mood, though not the detail, of these lines starts in the *Journal*, pp. 141, 142: "Hill-side view of Zion—loose stones & gravel as if shot down from carts. . . . Weeds grow upon Mount Zion. . . ."

I.xxiv.78-79. *the gate / Of David*: Zion Gate in the south wall (Map A).

I.xxv.0. *HUTS*: The lepers' huts just inside the Zion Gate had horrified Melville, as they did most travelers. In the *Journal*, p. 140, he wrote: "*Village of Lepers*—houses facing the wall—Zion. Their park, a dung-heap.—They sit by the gates asking alms,—then whine—avoidance of them & horror." I have not located Melville's source for his detailed account of the famous rituals at the medieval lazarettos or leper houses (estimated to have been over 19,000 in number) by which inmates were proclaimed dead to the world of men (lines 29-51, 65-73).

I.xxv.11. *lava glen in Luna's sphere*: A famous ring crater of the moon, named after Tycho Brahe, the eminent Danish astronomer (1546-1601).

I.xxv.56. *Julian's pagan mind*: The Emperor Julian (331-363), nephew of Constantine, brought up as a Christian but famous for his apostasy. Gibbon (Chap. 23) examines his pagan mind in considerable detail.

I.xxv.58-64. *He lives forbid*: A reworking of Isaiah's prophecy of Christ's low estate and sufferings: ". . . he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men . . . and we hid as it were our faces from him . . . we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted . . . and he was numbered with the transgressors" (Isa. liii.2-4, 12).

I.xxv.80. *Sybella*: Countess Sibylla (d. 1190), the sister of Baldwin IV of Jerusalem, who died at 25 from leprosy.

I.xxv.83. *St. John Almoner*: In the 11th century 2 hospitals were founded near the Holy Sepulcher by Franks: one for women, dedicated to Mary Magdalene, and one for men, dedicated to St. John of Antioch, the almsgiver. Thus began the famous Knights of St. John, or Knights Hospitalers, whose grandmaster, according to one tradition, at one time had to be a leper.

I.xxv.94. *Faith, Reverence, and Charity*: A variant on Paul's famous "faith, hope, charity" (I Cor. 13).

I.xxvi.27-46. *the hill / And gate Davidic*: Zion was the site of the City of David, and of David's palace and tomb. The view described is traditional. The *Mount of Offense* (line 35), the southernmost hill of Olivet, was the presumed "hill that is before Jerusalem" (I Kings xi.7) on which Solomon worshipped Chemosh and Molech. The *Hill of Evil Counsel* (line 36) was the high hill south of Jerusalem on which it was supposed the priests and elders took counsel to destroy Jesus (Matt. xxvi.59); near the top, Murray wryly relates (I, 105), "stands a solitary tree of a peculiar shape and blasted look, to which the monks have assigned the honour of having been the gallows of Judas [*Iscaiot*: line 37]." The *Journal*, p. 146: "On the Hill of Evil Counsel, I saw the ruined villa of the High Priest where tradition says the death of Christ was plotted, and the feild where when all was over the traitor Judas hung himself." The pit of *Tophet* (line 45) lay between Zion and Evil Counsel; it was part of the Valley (Ge) of Hinnom (Ge-Hinnom: Gehenna) where human sacrifices were thought to have been made (II Kings xxiii.10) and where continual fires burned the city rubbish and offal. Tophet gave the Hebrews their image of Hell. The *Cænaculum* (line 50) was the room on the second floor of a white building topped with a minaret which was

believed to be over the tombs of the kings of Judah; this *upper room* (line 51) was thought to be the scene of the *Last Supper* (line 53), where Christ gave the farewell talk to his disciples reported only by *John* (line 55: John xiv-xvi). Melville's topographical analogy of the *Coliseum* (line 33) recalls a *Journal* entry, p. 190: "Coliseum like great hollow among hills."

I.xxvii.23. *Rabboni*: "My master" (Hebrew).

I.xxvii.33. *gaberdine*: The medieval Jewish gown or mantle.

I.xxvii.52. *Naomi ere her trial*: Before the death of her husband, Elimelech (Ruth i.3). The Agar-Naomi comparison foreshadows the death of Nathan.

I.xxvii.63. IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM: Psalms cxxxvii.5.

I.xxvii.87. *'Tis a bad place*: Of a missionary family whom Melville met in Jaffa he wrote in his *Journal*, p. 157: "Their little girl looks sickly & pines for home—but the Lord's work must be done."

I.xxviii.24. *The rifled Sepulcher of Kings*: The huge rock-hewn sepulcher, half a mile north of the Damascus Gate (Map A), was the most remarkable ancient tomb at Jerusalem. At one edge of a sunken, unroofed court, 90 feet square, was the broken portico entrance to the main vestibule of the tomb (here Vine is seated). From inside this vestibule a secret hinged rock door lifted vertically, leading into an elaborate series of underground vaults and crypts. The deeply carved frieze along the cornice of the vestibule portico—clusters of fruit, *vine*-leaves, and tryglyphs (Kitto, I, 619)—gave Melville his trope: the gay frieze at the entrance to the dark vaults was like a line from the idyllic poet *Theocritus* (line 30) threading *Joel's* dire prophecy (line 31) on the terrible judgments of God. Melville's attribution of the tomb to the Herods was only one of half a dozen current theories (Murray, I, 150-151). Bartlett's *Walks*, pp. 127-131, has 4 small woodcuts of the tomb, including the friezed entrance and a *rifled* sarcophagus. Thomson, II, 487, also shows the entrance.

I.xxviii.37. *But who is he*: Vine. The view that Vine is a portrait of Hawthorne is in the Introduction (Sect. viii).

I.xxviii.41. *Ludian hair*: Soft, effeminate.

I.xxviii.53. *Moriah's walls*: They have come down the Kedron Ravine and are somewhere near the southeast angle of Moriah. Clarel recalls the magnificence of the third Temple, rebuilt by *Herod* (line 55) with marble columns supporting the cedar roofs of surrounding halls. The *Tyropæon Valley* (line 59), largely filled in with rubbish and debris, lay between the Temple area and David's original City of Zion, the two being connected by a great arched bridge (Map A).

I.xxviii.61. *Across Jehoshaphat*: Toward the ancient village of Siloam (Map A) was a collection of ruined tombs and huts part way up the eastern slope. The *tombs in row* (line 64), viewed from the exact spot where Clarel and Nehemiah stand, may be seen in a full-page engraving by Bartlett (*Walks*, p. 114). In his *Journal*, p. 143, Melville recorded: "[Siloam—pool, hill, village. (Here, at narrow gorge begins Vale of Kedron &c. Village, occupying the successive terraces of tombs excavated in the perpendicular faces of living rock. Living occupants of the tombs—household arrangements. One used for an oven. Others for granaries.—"]

I.xxviii.72. *angle of King David's wall*: Presumably the southeast corner of the Temple platform. Bartlett's *Walks*, p. 110, has a view from the village of Siloam which shows the high jut of the wall from here, and speaks of "the steep precipice of Moriah, surmounted by the angle of the temple wall, of which the remarkable ancient masonry is here very conspicuous." *Franconian land* (line 76) is Franconia Notch in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, site of the famous Old Man of the Mountain, an extraordinary natural profile when seen from one particular spot in the Notch. The *Journal*, p. 142, notes: "[The South East angle of wall. Mosque of Omar—Solomon's Temple. Here the wall of Omar rises upon the foundation stones of Solomon, triumphing over that which sustains it, an emblem of the relationship of the two faiths."

I.xxviii.98. *Siloam*: Bartlett's *Walks*, pp. 68-69, has a large engraving of the steps and grotto, speaks of it as "a delicious shelter from the burning noon-day beams of a July sun," and mentions *Bethesda* (line 113). The reference to *Science* (line 110) is to the dramatic research of Edward Robinson, America's most eminent sacred geographer and the author of *Biblical Researches in Palestine* (Boston, 1856). By crawling underground—north through 800 feet of narrow passageway from where the water entered Siloam's arch, and then south for 950 feet from the Fountain of the Virgin—he showed the two were joined, and so explained the intermittent flow of Siloam. It was a daring triumph for the new science of exact archaeology, and was widely reported. See II.x.147, where the Elder repeats Robinson's work.

I.xxviii.113. *Bethesda's pool*: Where another miracle occurred—Jesus' healing of the impotent man (John v.1-9). It was a pool of 5 porches, where "an angel went down at a certain season . . . and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." That

Melville followed the monkish tradition placing Bethesda near St. Stephen's Gate (Map A) is elsewhere clear (II.iii.6), though the standard guidebooks did not. His comment in the *Journal*, p. 153—" [The so-called Pool of Bethesda full of rubbish—sooty look & smell"—suggests the gap between ancient vision and present fact.

I.xxviii.118. *Ammon's in the Libyan wild*: The famous temple and oracle of Ammon, Egyptian counterpart of Zeus and Jupiter, in the Libyan desert.

I.xxviii.120. *a jostled pebble*: Superb exemplum of the tiny, crucial difference between the supernatural and the natural worlds throughout the poem; like the psychologist's drawing of a stairway that can be seen as ascending or descending, but cannot be seen both ways at the same time, Siloam is either the miraculous pool, or "a rural well."

I.xxix.5. *mistletoe*: See note to line 59.

I.xxix.21. *Admetus' sheperd*: Apollo, the most favored of the Greek gods, tended the sheep of Admetus in Thessaly for 9 years.

I.xxix.27. *angels round Cecilia*: St. Cecilia, martyred ca. 230 at Rome, became the patron saint of music. She is the occasion of a tale by Chaucer and an ode by Dryden, and subject of many famous paintings including Raphael's "St. Cecilia in Ecstasy" which Melville saw at Bologna (*Journal*, p. 224). Of interest is a possible dating of composition from this passage: 9 December 1872 Melville wrote to his cousin: "Do you know much about the Natural History of Angels? Well, there is one variety known by this: in the place where they may have tarried for a time they leave behind them a fragrance as of violets" (*Log*, II, 729).

I.xxix.39-40. *Carthusian / Though born a Sybarite*: Carthusians belong to one of the strictest Catholic orders, noted for austerity and long periods of individual isolation; whereas the residents of ancient Sybaris were voluptuaries.

I.xxix.52. *an Ariel unknown*: Tricksy, a shape-shifter, as Ariel in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.

I.xxix.59. *the Sibyl's Golden Bough*: The sacred bough, glowing and golden in the dark groves, which served Aeneas as talisman in the descent into the underworld in search of his father. The *Sibyl* of Cumae told him where to find and seize it. "As in the wintertime, mistletoe in the forests usually breaks out with new leaves, which its own stock does not produce, and surrounds smooth trunks with a yellow growth; such was the beauty of the leafy gold on the dark ilex, thus the gold leaf rustled in the gentle wind." *Virgil's* simile of

the *mistletoe* provides the imagery with which Melville opens (lines 4-6), as the golden bough closes, the glowing description of Vine. *Aeneid*, Bk. VI (trans. Kevin Guinagh).

I.xxx.0. *THE SITE OF THE PASSION*: The Garden of Gethsemane, in the Kedron Valley between St. Stephen's Gate and Olivet (Map A), was a grove of 8 ancient olive trees enclosed by a high white wall. For a gratuity the Latin monk showed visitors the presumed sites connected with the Passion, such as the *rock* (with body imprints) *where James and Peter fell asleep* (line 73), and the *grotto of the Bitter Cup* (line 103). For an engraving see Bartlett, *Walks*, p. 98 (before the Latins raised a wall).

I.xxx.24. *In olives, monumental trees*: "[The olive tree much resembles in its grotesque contortions the apple tree—only it is much more gnarled & less lively in its green. . . . It is a haunted melancholy looking tree (sober & penitent), quite in keeping with Jerusalem & its associations" (*Journal*, p. 151).

I.xxx.30. *Dathan*: One of the rebels against Moses who joined Korah and was swallowed up in a miraculous cleavage of the earth (Num. xvi).

I.xxx.35. *the chapter in St. John*: John xviii.1-14.

I.xxx.48. *the fraud foreknown*: "Jesus therefore, knowing all things that should come upon him . . ." (John xviii.4).

I.xxx.73. *James and Peter fell asleep*: In his copy of the New Testament (Sealts, No. 65) which Melville took around the Horn with him in 1860 he underlined Matthew's version of Jesus' words, "Sleep on now, and take your rest . . ." (Matt. xxvi.45); then he wrote a commentary: "This is ironical." For *St. Luke* (line 77) says Jesus "found them sleeping for sorrow, And said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation" (Luke xxii.45-46).

I.xxxi.3. *A second stranger*: Rolfe. The view that Rolfe is a partial self-portrait by Melville is in the Introduction (Sect. viii).

I.xxxi.12. *Sunium by her fane is crowned*: Cape Sounion at the southern tip of Attica, magnificent site of the ruined columns of an ancient temple of Poseidon. *Sunium Promontorium*.

I.xxxi.32. *Baalbec*: The ancient ruined city in Lebanon famous for its great temples. Melville did not visit it. Stanley, p. 399, mentions it briefly.

I.xxxi.67. *by Christ's belfry*: Beside the square tower of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher stood a *minaret* (line 68: the *Saracen shaft* of line 74), as can be seen in the view in Bartlett's *Walks*, p.

89. The *Norman tower* (line 74) was a 3-story remnant of the massive 5-story campanile of the Crusaders. The *Journal*, p. 150, describing the Church from the front, comments: "To the left is a high & venerable tower, which like an aged pine, is barked at bottom, & all decay at top."

I.xxxi.83. *The story's known*: In Stanley, p. 455, Melville underlined the italicized part of this passage: "*the minaret of Omar beside the Christian belfry*, telling its well-known story of *Arabian devotion and magnanimity*. . . ." In a footnote to this Stanley wrote in part: "The minaret is said to stand on the spot where Omar prayed, as near the church as was compatible with his abstaining from its appropriation by offering up his prayers within it." According to Murray, I, 172, Omar had been told by the Patriarch of the Church of the Sepulcher that he might pray right there, but refused: "'If I had prayed in any of these churches,' he said, 'the Muslems would undoubtedly have seized upon it the moment I left your city on my way homeward. . . .'"

I.xxxi.102. *Long afterward*: Omar took Jerusalem in 636; the *butchery* (line 104) of the *Christian knights* (line 103) refers to the crusaders (see note to I.iv.7).

I.xxxi.112. *Queen Helena*: St. Helena (ca. 247-327), wife of Constantius I. By one set of traditions she was at the age of 79 divinely directed in finding the True Cross, locating the sacred spots attached to it, and building the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. An earlier tradition, according to Murray, I, 156-157, attributes this work to Constantine, her son and Emperor of Rome (324-337). Rolfe first advances the earlier theory, calling her a *second Mary* (line 109), but soon gets sceptical. The whole problem of Constantine's motives in his famous conversion to Christianity is examined by Gibbon (Chap. 20).

I.xxxi.126. *the fair de Maintenon*: Madame de Maintenon (1635-1719), second wife of Louis XIV, made the founding of St. Cyr, a school-convent for indigent young girls of fine families, the passion of her later years. Her religious and educational motives may have been touched with personal vanity.

I.xxxi.141. *Last time 'twas burnt*: The major conflagration of 1808, mentioned by Stanley, p. 458, described by Murray, I, 159. If the phrase *now some three score years ago* were exact (line 164) it would place this writing in 1868.

I.xxxi.165. *Lima's first convulsion*: In 1746 much of the city was destroyed. Melville had been ashore in Lima about 1 January 1844

as a member of the crew of the frigate *United States*; references to Lima are frequent in his works.

I.xxxi.186. *The priest, I said*: Rolfe uses the term in the generic sense indicated in the *Journal*, pp. 123-124, where Melville refers to the Pyramids as the creation, not of Nature or Man, but of "that supernatural creature, the priest." For "out of the rude elements of the insignificant thoughts that are in all men, they could . . . rear the transcendent conception of a God."

I.xxxi.213-236. *Phylæ*: The whole passage demonstrates the impact of comparative religion on the faith-doubt problem. Philæ was the sacred island of ancient Egyptian religion, on the Nile just above the first cataract. Melville had not visited it when he was in Egypt, but he read Stanley's account, pp. xlv-xlv, concluding: "The mythological interest of the Temple is its connection with Isis, who is its chief divinity, and accordingly the sculptures of her, of Osiris, and of Horus, are countless. The most remarkable, though in a very obscure room, and on a very small scale, is the one representing the death of Osiris, and then his embalment, burial, gradual restoration, and enthronement as judge of the dead." He read also Bartlett's *The Nile-Boat* (Sealts, No. 49, annotated) in which pp. 210-212 discuss Philæ as one of the fabled burial places of Osiris, and point out that Osiris, in his role as sacrifice to Typho, after which he rose to new life as judge of the dead, provides a "very remarkable analogy to the office sustained by our Saviour." The implications of Osiris for the American mind at this time are suggested by Emerson's sacramental visit in 1872 to see the tomb of "him who lies at Philæ," described by Ralph Rusk, *The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (New York, 1949), pp. 457-470. *Python*, here symbolizing Greek religion (line 216), was the great serpent that came from the earth-mud after the deluge of Deucalion, and lived in the caves of Parnassus until slain by Apollo. Rolfe's emphasis is on the way Egyptian religion gave way to Greek (the Greek Ptolemies, in Stanley, pp. xlv-xlv), on the one hand, and on Osiris as a prototype for Christ (line 224) on the other. Rolfe's reference to *Hosea* (line 227) is to the verse: "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt" (Hos. xi.1), and to *St. Matthew* (line 226): "When he [Joseph] arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt: And was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son" (Matt. ii.14-15). Stanley, p. xxvii, in the opening paragraph of his Introduction, notes that "the Evangelist emphatically plants in

the first page of the Gospel History the prophetic text which might well stand as the inscription over the entrance to the Old Dispensation—"Out of Egypt have I called my Son." Clarel's reply to Rolfe (line 231) was the standard conservative interpretation of the problem; but Rolfe clearly would go beyond it.

I.xxxi.237. *To Cicero*: Melville had acquired a volume of Cicero as early as 1849 (Sealts, No. 147). Outside Rome he had a "View of Tusculum (Cicero) from top of hill, at end of long avenue of olives" (*Journal*, p. 211).

I.xxxi.258. *Numa's Jove*: Pompilius Numa, legendary second king of Rome, revered by the Romans as the establisher of their whole religious system.

I.xxxii.0. *OF RAMA*: The epic hero of the Indian *Ramayana*. When mankind was being tyrannized over by Ravana, a great demon, Vishnu the Preserver came forward and offered to be born as a man in order to subdue him. Rama is thus the avatar or incarnation who appears on earth to do battle with Ravana without himself knowing his divine origins. The *Ramayana* treats him as both human (Bks. ii-vi) and divine (Bks. i, vii). The sources of Melville's knowledge of Indian religion are still unexplored though his works frequently reflect their influence. Maunsell B. Field, in *Memories of Many Men* (New York, 1874), p. 202, reports an evening conversation during the 1850's between Melville and Holmes on "East India religions and mythologies . . . which was conducted with the most amazing skill and brilliancy on both sides." Melville may well have known *The Poetry of the East* (Boston, 1856), William Rounseville Alger's collection of specimens of Hindu, Persian, and Arab fragments, preceded by a long prose Introduction. Here, for example, Alger gives a summary of the *Ramayana* and offers a translated fragment (pp. 29-37). The same book, incidentally, carries many poems which in imagery or setting touch *Clarel*. Melville owned and annotated another of Alger's books, *The Solitudes of Nature and of Man* (Sealts, No. 11).

I.xxxii.56. *in the verse, may be, he is*: Though the narrator is coy about identifying his Rama-like character it must be either Vine or Rolfe. The case for Rolfe is easily the stronger. Rolfe dominates the preceding and following cantos; it is his modes of thought and action which are at stake at this point. Though some of the attributes of lines 12-31 fit Vine, only Rolfe, whose rebellion against conventional glosses is everywhere stressed, and who is later called "An Adam in his natural ways" (III.xvi.184), has the attributes of lines 32-48.

Except for the concluding couplet, the canto stands as a separate poem and may well have been an insertion.

I.xxxiii.3–25. *Prediction of Our Lord*: Across the Kedron Valley from the Temple area, according to Bartlett's *Walks*, p. 97, was "a small building on the point whence Christ is said to have predicted the ruin of the city." *Luke's words* (line 23) begin: "And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it . . ." (Luke xix.41–44). This famous view of Jerusalem from Olivet, both in the round and in the very popular keyed skeleton-view, may be seen in *Walks*, pp. 100, 54.

I.xxxiii.15. *Pale as Pompeii*: Melville visited Pompeii, *Journal*, pp. 176–177.

I.xxxiii.32. *the plain of Troy*: Melville saw the general plain southeast of the entrance to the Dardanelles from shipboard, *Journal*, p. 105, and also Mt. Ida (*Gargarus*: line 34) above it. Schliemann's famous excavations, begun in 1870 and known about 1872, fixed the exact site, and may be reflected in the phrase *verifying Homer's sites* (line 35).

I.xxxiii.47. *the gate / Which overlooks Jehoshaphat*: St. Stephen's Gate.

I.xxxiii.59. *The hat goes round the world*: The old Chaluka system by which Jews were maintained in Palestine. Murray, I, 83, notes the poverty, idleness, and dependence of the Jerusalem Jews, as do others.

I.xxxiii.63. *Patagonian beach*: The southern end of South America, toward the Horn.

I.xxxiii.69. *Woe, we depart*: The woes against wickedness are everywhere in the Old Testament.

I.xxxiii.85–91. *the brood without the hen*: From Jesus' words: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" And again: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!" (Luke xiii.34; xix.42).

I.xxxiv.1–12. *How solitary*: The opening lines of The Lamentations of *Jeremiah*, who was born in *Anathoth* (lines 10–11): "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!"

I.xxxiv.19. *Zion, like Rome, is Niebuhrized*: A major theme of the poem and of Rolfe's point of view (though he laments it)—that the Holy Land is no longer part of divine history but has become just another chapter in the natural history of man. Barthold Niebuhr

(1776-1831), the famous German historian, is used here as a symbol of the critical spirit of the age; his *Roman History* (1827-1832) sought to winnow out factual history from the long accumulations of myth and legend. Melville in a moment of bitterness had once confided to his *Journal*, p. 167, "Heartily wish Niebuhr & Strauss to the dogs.—The deuce take their penetration & acumen. They have robbed us of the bloom. If they have undeceived anyone—no thanks to them."

I.xxxiv.25. *Atlantis and Cathay*: The fabled western island beyond the Pillars of Hercules; and marvelous, far-away China.

I.xxxiv.26. *Diana's moon*: The myth of the moon goddess, Diana, and her love for the beautiful *Endymion* (line 28).

I.xxxiv.31. *Appian to his Capital*: The great paved highway from Rome to Brindisi.

I.xxxiv.59. *Solomon's complaint*: The theme of evil is almost everywhere in Ecclesiastes and Proverbs, favorite writings of Melville. The *ointment* image (line 60) would seem to come from Eccles. x.1: "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. . . ." *Beelzebub* (line 62) is the contemptuous term for Satan frequently used in the New Testament.

I.xxxv.0. *ARCULF AND ADAMNAN*: Arculf was an 8th century French bishop who made one of the earliest recorded pilgrimages to the Holy Land. On his return voyage, according to the Venerable Bede (mentioned in III.xvi.183) in his *Ecclesiastical History*, Arculf was wrecked on the island of *Iona* (line 21), an early center of the Celtic church in the Scotch *Hebrides* (line 37). Here was located the monastery which *St. Columba* (line 26), one of the 3 patron saints of Ireland, had founded in 563, and which had come under the ecclesiastical rule of the *Culdees* (line 23), an irregular monastic order then strong in Scotland. The abbot of St. Columba, Adamnan, received the ship-wrecked bishop and recorded his pilgrimage. Melville had access to the part of the story he used in at least 3 sources: *The Miscellaneous Works of Venerable Bede*, ed. J. A. Giles (London, 1843), III, 223-233; "The Travels of Bishop Arculf in the Holy Land. Towards A.D. 700. Written from his Dictation, by Adamnan, Abbot of Iona," in Wright, pp. 1-12; and Bartlett's fragmentary account in *Jerusalem Revisited* (New York, 1864), pp. 118-119. Wright, pp. 5-6, was his probable source: "On the highest point of Mount Olivet, where our Lord ascended into heaven, is a large round church, having around it three vaulted porticoes. The inner apartment is not vaulted and covered, because of the passage of our Lord's body. . . . On the ground, in the midst of it, are to be seen the last prints in the dust of

our Lord's feet, and the roof appears open above, where he ascended. . . . In the western part of the same church are eight windows; and eight lamps, hanging by cords opposite them, cast their light through the glass as far as Jerusalem; which light, Arculf said, strikes the hearts of the beholders with a mixture of joy and divine fear. Every year, on the day of the Ascension, when mass is ended, a strong blast of wind comes down, and casts to the ground all who are in the church. All that night, lanterns are kept burning there, so that the mountain appears not only lighted up, but actually on fire, and all that side of the city is illuminated by it." The canto is thus an imagined dramatization of Arculf telling Adamnan one of the wonders of the Holy Land—the annual miracle at the Church of the Ascension on Olivet, in order to contrast their awe and credulity with the uneasy scepticism of Clarel and his friends.

I.xxxv.4. *A little plastered tower*: A replacement for the famous church (line 18) built on Olivet by St. Helena. The structure is described by Stanley, pp. 446-447, as "a small octagon chapel within the court of a mosque, the minaret of which is ascended by every traveller for the sake of its celebrated view over Jerusalem and the Dead Sea."

I.xxxv.10. *Hakeem's deed*: The founder of the Druses, a Mohammedan sect which began in Egypt in the 10th century, was el-Hâkim, the third Fatimite Caliph. Murray, I, xli, 91, characterizes him as "a madman" and "a wild and visionary fanatic." His fierce persecution of the Christians included the destruction of *Helena's* original Church of the Holy Sepulcher (line 14), and perhaps her Church of the Ascension on Olivet.

I.xxxv.37. *Patmos*: The island in the Aegean where St. John was favored with his apocalyptic visions (Rev. i.9) and which Melville found so haunting yet disillusioning (*Journal*, pp. 109, 111, 166, 169).

I.xxxv.41. *Omar's prime*: The Caliph Omar took Jerusalem in the year 636, built his famous Mosque, and instituted 2 centuries of relative peace for Jews and Christians.

I.xxxv.47-50. *Glad tidings*: Variations on Luke ii.10-11.

I.xxxv.91. *Ascension Eve*: The Thursday 40 days after Easter is Ascension Day.

I.xxxv.108. *The Pictish storm-king*: An image of primitive, pre-Christian forces threatening the Christian ideal. The aboriginal Pict and invading Aryans once controlled all of Britain.

I.xxxv.112-118. *The legends*: On "Saturday in Easter Week 1877" Melville wrote to his brother-in-law, John Hoadley: "Your

legend from Marco Polo I had never previously met with. How full of significance it is! And beauty too. These legends of the Old Faith are really wonderful both from their multiplicity and their poetry. They far surpass the stories in the Greek mythologies. Don't you think so? See, for example, the loss of St. Elizabeth of Hungary . . ." (*Log*, II, 760).

I.xxxvi.0. *THE TOWER*: See note to I.xxxv.4.

I.xxxvi.11. *the wanderer*: Nehemiah.

I.xxxvi.13. *Images he the ascending Lord*: Off Cyprus, Melville noted, according to his *Journal*, p. 164: "From these waters rose Venus from the foam. Found it as hard to relize [realize] such a thing as to realize on Mt Olivet that from there Christ rose."

I.xxxvi.22. *the print to view*: Stanley, p. 447, writes: "Within the chapel is the rock which has been pointed out to pilgrims, at least since the seventh century, as imprinted with the footstep of our Saviour. . . . Here there is nothing but a simple cavity in the rock, with no more resemblance to a human foot than to anything else." The almost casual improvisation of this site, particularly when the New Testament located the ascension in Bethany (Luke xxiv.50-51), had made it controversial; here, the pilgrims "mark it, nor a question moot," and go climb the minaret.

I.xxxvi.29. *the city Dis*: Dante's Nether Hell in *The Inferno* (viii ff). Melville had once thought London seen from a bridge "a city of Dis (Dante's)" and written a chapter on it in *Israel Potter* (Chap. 25). See *European Journal*, p. 25.

I.xxxvi.31. *bewrinkled mezzotint*: Warburton, II, 60, likens the appearance of Jerusalem from Olivet to "an immense mezzotint engraving."

I.xxxvi.37. *the son of Kish*: The wicked and melancholy King Saul was the son of Kish (I Sam. ix.1-2).

I.xxxvi.55. *Hope's hill describes the pit Despair*: The fundamental allegory of the poem—geographical, theological, psychological—here emerges in Bunyan-like terms. From the traditional site of the Ascension and Second Coming, the pilgrims have turned east and for the first time looked down across the Judah Wilderness to the dull, narrow gleam of the Dead Sea (line 41). Rolfe's instantaneous response to its baleful quality and Vine's *wordless look intent* (line 48) anticipate what lies ahead. Clarel is caught by their mood. Only Nehemiah, in his dreamworld of the New Jerusalem, fails to see; his proposed journey to *Bethany* (line 61), the pastoral town of Jesus a mile east of Jerusalem (Map B), marks his inability to share the Sea's ominous

forewarning, though he will die in it (II.xxxix). A view, "Dead Sea from the Top of Olivet," is in Thomson, II, 465.

I.xxxvii.0. A SKETCH: See NEHEMIAH (Index). The canto is an adaptation of the experiences of Captain George Pollard whose whaler, the *Essex*, was sunk in the Pacific in 1820 by 2 smashing blows from an 85 foot whale. Rather than risk cannibals on nearby Tahiti (a mistaken apprehension, as Rolfe hints in line 57) the crew took to whaleboats and ventured the 2000 mile trip to South America (*the Spanish Main*: line 53). The subsequent tragic voyage—which led to cannibalism on their own part (the point of lines 64-67)—was a moving sea-saga which took tremendous hold on Melville. "Being returned home at last," Ishmael recounts in Chap. 45 of *Moby-Dick*, "Captain Pollard once more sailed for the Pacific in command of another ship, but the gods shipwrecked him again upon unknown rocks and breakers; for the second time his ship was utterly lost, and forthwith forswearing the sea, he has never tempted it since." Melville knew of the *Essex* disaster through fore-castle talk aboard the *Acushnet*; then through a shipboard gam with William Chase (whose father had been second mate aboard the *Essex*) after which he borrowed from the son the father's book: Owen Chase, *Narrative of the Extraordinary and Distressing Shipwreck of the Whale-Ship Essex of Nantucket* (New York, 1821); and finally through his own copy of this rare book, found for him by Thomas Macy of Nantucket just when *Moby-Dick* was in flurry (*Log*, I, 114f, 119, 407, 409). The *Essex* story was summarized in *Moby-Dick* as a major affidavit for the coming catastrophe of the *Pequod*. Further, Melville wrote into his copy of Chase an 18-page memoir of the author, still extant (Sealts, No. 134). The striking event for *Clarel* was Melville's visit to Nantucket in July 1852: "I—sometime about 1850-3—saw Capt. Pollard on the island of Nantucket, and exchanged some words with him. To the islanders he was a nobody—to me, the most impressive man, tho' wholly unassuming, even humble—that I ever encountered" (Chase memoir, reprinted in part in Charles Olsen, *Call Me Ishmael*, New York, 1947, pp. 26-32). Henry F. Pommer, in his "Herman Melville and the Wake of the *Essex*," *American Literature*, XX (1948), 290-304, suggests that in "A Sketch" Melville made certain changes in the original Pollard story for effect: he put the chance running aground first and the more ominous stoving in by a whale ("Of purpose aiming") second; he changed the whaling voyage to a sealing voyage to heighten the whale's malice; he made Pollard the sole survivor of the first disaster; etc. Pommer also notes that Pollard died in 1870;

this suggests that lines 21–23, and probably the whole canto, were written after that date. Toward the end of his *Journal*, p. 264, Melville at some time made the cryptic entry: “Cap. Pollard. / of *Nant.*” Horsford suggests that Pollard’s death may have occasioned the entry.

I.xxxvii.31. *Calvin’s or Zeno’s*: That is, Christian or Classical. John Calvin (1509–1564) formed a *creed* (line 103) stressing predestination; Zeno (d. ca. 264 B.C.) was the Greek philosopher who developed doctrines of stoicism.

I.xxxvii.106. *Sylvio Pellico*: Italian poet, prose writer, and patriot, Pellico (1788–1854) was imprisoned for 18 years for having written nationalistic poetry that offended the Austrians. The story of his imprisonment is in *Le Mie Prigioni* (1832; trans. 1833). Melville devoted a whole poem to Sylvio: “Pausilippo (In the Time of Bomba),” stressing how “the quelled enthusiast” was “Unmanned, made meek through strenuous wrong.”

I.xxxvii.116. *Laocoon’s serpent*: Melville said in his lecture on “Statuary in Rome”: “In a niche of the Vatican stands the Laocoön, the very semblance of a great and powerful man writhing with the inevitable destiny which he cannot throw off. Throes and pangs and struggles are given with a meaning that is not withheld. The hideous monsters embrace him in their mighty folds, and torture him with agonizing embraces. . . . The Laocoön is grand and impressive, gaining half its significance from its symbolism—the fable that it represents . . . the Laocoön represents the tragic side of humanity and is the symbol of human misfortune.” Melville had visited the Vatican twice in March 1857. Hawthorne, in Chap. 43 of *The Marble Faun*, comments at length on the artistic power of the Laocoön group: “a type of the long, fierce struggle of man, involved in the knotted entanglements of Error and Evil, those two snakes, which, if no divine help intervene, will be sure to strangle him and his children in the end.”

I.xxxviii.0. *THE SPARROW*: The image relates both to Nehemiah’s loneliness and Clarel’s search for a mate (next canto). The *Psalmist’s* cry (line 21) had been: “I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top” (Ps. cii.7). Thomson, I, 53–54, comments on sparrows being *snared for market* (line 17) in Palestine: “These birds are snared and caught in great numbers, but, as they are small and not much relished for food, five sparrows may still be sold for two farthings.” He also notes Biblical allusions and shows a woodcut of a sparrow.

I.xl.0. *THE MOUNDS*: This canto, exploring the problem of

deathbed rites, may well have been prompted by Arnold's "The Wish," a poem on this theme which Melville marked up in 1867 and again in 1871 (Bezanson, "Arnold's Poetry," p. 384). The scene of the canto is the Latin and English Cemeteries on Zion hill (Map A). The *Journal* records, pp. 145-146: "I would stroll to Mount Zion, along the terraced walks, & survey the tombs stones of the hostile Armenians, Latins, Greeks, all sleeping together." The key word here for the canto is *hostile*. Another *Journal* entry, p. 156, reports: "I often passed the Protestant School &c on Mt Zion, but nothing seemed going on. The only place of interest there was the Grave Yard." The idea of *mistimed zeal* (line 13) could have been suggested by Bartlett's complaint, in *Walks*, p. 75, against the "bad taste" of a gravestone inscription in the same Latin Cemetery: it tells of an American turned Catholic in his last hours, while ill at the Terra Santa Convent (Celio's), "savouring more of the joy of the proselyte seeker than the sorrow of the friend."

I.xl.49. *Job's text*: Job xix.25.

I.xl.81. *Burckhardt*: Johann Ludwig Burckhardt (1784-1817), famous Swiss explorer and travel writer, had adopted the disguise of a Turkish native, mastered the languages and mores of an alien civilization, and so gained access to Mohammedan holy places no Frank had seen before. His burial as a Mohammedan is told by Bayard Taylor, *Cyclopaedia of Modern Travel* (Cincinnati, 1856), p. 226.

I.xli.0. *ON THE WALL*: Probably the wall by the Jaffa Gate. The canto title has a double meaning (line 150).

I.xli.28. *Lazarus in grief*: Luke xvi.19-31 set the prototype of poverty: "a certain beggar named Lazarus."

I.xli.52. *Jaffa's stair*: See note to I.viii.38.

I.xli.59. *Nil admirari*: To be excited by, or wonder at, nothing.

I.xli.81. *The Fathers*: Here, the Old Testament, as *The Evangelists* (line 83) are the New Testament.

I.xli.111. *rabble-banners*: This poem-on-the-wall here announces a major political theme of *Clarel*: intense distrust of French revolutionary politics in the 19th century, and of radicalism generally. These evoke throughout *Clarel* such political-religious epithets as "Atheists," "Vitriolists," "Red Caps," "Communist," "Red Republic," etc., from Rolfe, the Dominican, Mortmain, and Ungar. No one, including the narrator, offers a defense of revolutionaries. In some passages it is not entirely clear which of 3 major revolutions is being referred to, the sense often being collective—1789, 1848, or 1871. Melville of

course knew of Bastille days through general historical reading, and perhaps through Carlyle; of the February Revolution through vivid letters from George Duyckinck to the young New York group of which he was then part; and of the Commune through his daily papers. The fact that the red flag was flying over Paris from 18 March to 24 May 1871, while he was writing *Clarel*, certainly accounts for this recurrent theme.

I.xli.135. *Started from Strauss*: David Friedrich Strauss (1818–1874), leader of the higher criticism on the Continent and popularly known for later editions and translations of his *Das Leben Jesu* (1835); the translation by George Eliot, *Life of Jesus* (1846), caused a crisis in her life. Strauss took a mythical view of Jesus. His major counterpart in France was Ernest Renan (1823–1892), learned philologist and historian, author of *La Vie de Jésus* (1863); Renan was heretic, idealist, scholar, and revolutionary at various times: he suffered many disenchantments. Pierre Joseph Proudhon (1809–1865) was a philosophical anarchist and predecessor of the syndicalists (line 139). He hurled himself into the 1848 revolution as a Paris journalist, but had to flee to Belgium.

I.xlii.5. *To Siddim*: The Siddim Plain beside the Dead Sea. Map B shows the journey route here proposed.

I.xlii.19. *John's wilderness*: The Judah wilderness of Part II, where John the Baptist, that “voice of one crying in the wilderness,” stayed “in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel,” and then “came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins” (Luke i.80; iii.3–4).

I.xliii.0. A *PROCESSION*: The Armenian funeral Clarel encounters somewhere here in the backstreets of Jerusalem, is a clear instance of transposition. In Constantinople Melville recorded, *Journal*, p. 89: “*Armenian Funerals winding through the streets. Coffin covered with flowers born on a bier. Wax candles born on each side in daylight. Boys & men chanting alternately. Striking effect, winding through the narrow lanes.*”

I.xliii.17–18. *the Golden Bowl / And Pitcher broken*: “Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern” (Eccles. xii.6).

I.xliii.23. *that Blue-Beard, cruel Death*: This joint image of death and marriage (cf. Hawthorne's story, “The Wedding Knell”) becomes obsessive with Clarel and recurs several times in the coming journey (II.xvii; II.xxix; IV.xvi; IV.xxxii). The narrative function of this

recall is to create ominous premonitions as to Ruth's future—amply fulfilled in the resolution (IV.xxx). The psychological effect is to suggest Clarel's unconscious wish to escape marriage. The moral implication is that any hope that love can solve the "complex passion" is foredoomed.

I.xliv.2. *the morn of Candlemas*: 2 February, the feast commemorating the purification of the Virgin Mary; the day when altar candles are blessed.

I.xliv.5. *Mount Acra's cope*: See note to I.i.134-166.

PART II

II.i.i. *the Dolorosa Lane*: See note to I.xiii.0.

II.i.7 *Chaucer's Tabard Inn*: The analogy with *The Canterbury Tales* (Sealts, Nos. 138-141) is here made explicit, and the rest of the canto parallels the format of Chaucer's "Prologue." As the poem develops, various sketches or personal histories given by the pilgrims slightly imitate the ancient story-telling tradition of Oriental literature, of Ovid, *Boccaccio* (line 243), and Chaucer. Yet as the narrator says, this is "Another age," and it is the "unfulfilled romance" of modern man and the contours of a new sensibility which is Melville's real theme.

II.i.30. *the Templar old*: The Knights Templar, who with the Knights of St. John (I.xxv.83) were the two great religious and military organizations evolved from the Crusades. For a satirical portrait of their fall from grace to graciousness (relevant to Derwent) see Melville's story "The Paradise of Bachelors."

II.i.60. *Like Talus*: A mythical bronze giant of Crete.

II.i.63. *Grampian kirk*: Scotch church (area of Grampian Mountains).

II.i.92. *the fag-end of Voltaire*: Voltaire (1694-1778) was among other things a founder of modern historical (anti-fabulist) methods.

II.i.115. *Paul's plea*: Paul's two epistles to the Thessalonians, exhorting them to godliness.

II.i.148. *By gorgons served*: A joking reference to the three mythical and hideous maidens, including Medusa. *Duennas* (line 149) are governesses in Latin families. *Argive* (line 151) means Greek.

II.i.158. *Smyrna*: Turkish seaport, visited by Melville (*Journal*, pp. 106-109).

II.i.169. *Beyrout*: Melville spent several days at Beirut, a Syrian seaport (*Journal*, pp. 162-163).

II.i.188. *Of rigorous gloom*: The first edition reads "Austerely sad." In his proof corrections (HCL-M) Melville underlined the phrase and wrote on the front fly leaf "160 [the page number] (rigorous gloom)." As the new phrase suggests an increased intensity in Melville's conception of Mortmain, I have included it by adding the necessary preposition.

II.i.205. *The white cross gleamed*: The same image of "the jointed workings of the beast's armorial cross" occurs in the final lines of Melville's sketch of "Norfolk Isle and the Chola Widow," in "The Encantadas"; there the scene of the ass ridden by the stricken Hunilla evoked tears from Lowell (*Log*, I. 488).

II.i.216. *vernal Easter caravan*: The annual pilgrimage of thousands of Greek Christians from all over the Levant who assemble in Jerusalem and under the protection of Turkish guards go down to *Gilgal* (the plain west of the *Jordan*: lines 217, 211) and so reach the *Palmers' Beach* (line 220) on the river. Here at the site of Christ's baptism by John (Matt.iii.13-17) they bathe, dip shrouds, and bring back staves. Melville did not see this but Stanley (pp. 308-310) did.

II.i.242. *the phantom knight*: In Boccaccio's *The Decameron* (8th novel, 5th day). A violent, expiatory tale of a knight who committed suicide for love, and of his contemptuous lady who joyed in his death. Daily they reenact their punishment: he pursues her through the Ravenna wood, disembowels her, and feeds her heart to pursuing dogs.

II.ii.2. *Libertad's on the Mexic coin*: The figure of Liberty standing, with shield, and cap on pole, may be seen on several contemporary Peruvian coins in Wayte Raymond, *Coins of the World: Nineteenth Century Issues* (New York, 1947), p. 60. La Libertad is a department of Peru.

II.ii.12. *the wishing-cap / Of Fortunatus*: The cap enabled Fortunatus, a European folk hero, to be transported wherever he might wish.

II.iii.0. *BY THE GARDEN*: See note to I.xxx.0.

II.iii.6 *from Bethesda's Pool*: Map A shows the Pool (see note to I.xxviii.113), *St. Stephen's Gate* (line 10: by *Latins* called the Gate of My Lady Mary: line 9), the *Virgin's Tomb* (line 8: see Murray, I, 175-176), and *Gethsemane* (line 15).

II.iii.65. *the 'King of Terrors'*: Melville twice uses this phrase in his moving account of the death of the young seaman during his

Meteor voyage (*Log*, II, 623). Job xxiv.17 speaks of "the terrors of the shadow of death."

II.iii.82. *Tivoli*: Melville saw the "fine site" of Tivoli outside Rome, on the way passing Lake Tartarus; his cryptic entry, "From *Tartarus to Tivoli*," is now in mind (*Journal*, pp. 213-214, 265).

II.iii.104. *sounding brass*: Paul's famous characterization of those who "have not charity" (I Cor. xiii.1).

II.iii.114. *Terra Damnata*: Melville took the phrase, which he checked and underlined, from Stanley, p. 450.

II.iii.126. *The bitter cup*: When Peter drew his sword to defend Jesus in the garden, Jesus said, "Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" (John xviii.11).

II.iii.154. *crucify*: The cry of the mob to Pilate: "Away with him, away with him, crucify him" (John xix.15).

II.iii.178. *Bel shall bow / And Nebo stoop*: Isaiah xlvi.1: "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth. . .," declaiming against these false gods of the Babylonians (Bel) and the Chaldeans (Nebo).

II.iv.4. *your new world's chanticler*: That is, Rolfe's America. See Melville's story "Cock-A-Doodle-Do!" for a full exploitation of the image. The first edition of *Walden* quoted Thoreau on the title page: "I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticler in the morning. . . ."

II.iv.29. *This Psalmanazer*: George Psalmanazar (1679-1763) was the pseudonym of an unknown French adventurer whose *Memoirs* were published in 1764. He was also an imposter, but it is not clear that that connotation is at stake here.

II.iv.31. *an Arcadian*: Mortmain succumbed to the pastoral or "innocent" view of experience.

II.iv.32. *Peace and good will*: Luke ii.14.

II.iv.40. *a decade dim*: Europe in the 1840's was on the edge of deep social conflicts which suddenly burst wide open in 1848, in general ending in the fall of *kings* (line 99), some new constitutions, and then new rulers.

II.iv.95-96. *The flood weaves out*: The first edition reads: "The flood ebbs out—the ebb / Floods back," but in his proofs (HCL-M) Melville twice wrote *weaves* in the margin; the second *weaves* is between lines 96-97 and possibly was meant to replace *shifts* or *flies*.

II.iv.124. *Micah's mind austere*: Among Micah's austerities: "and what doth the Lord require of thee [not "thousands of rams, or . . .

ten thousands of rivers of oil"], but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah vi.8).

II.iv.134. *bale / Medean*: The wicked enchantress, Medea, among other pleasantries murdered her two children.

II.iv.143. *Fair Circe*: In the *Odyssey* (Sealts, No. 278) the island sorceress who turned Ulysses' men into swine, but with whom he afterwards shared bed for a year; with her advice he sailed safely by the sea-nymph *Sirens* (line 145), bound to the mast. The *Furies* (line 145) of mythology were serpent-haired, dog-headed, bat-winged and bloody women who carried scourges and punished murders, disobedience toward parents, etc. The whole passage (lines 132-145) is most intense psychologically, as of course the Greek myths are themselves, and seems to cluster around violences of love and punishment as Rolfe and the narrator (line 146) struggle to explain Mortmain. In his own trance-like monologue by the Dead Sea, Mortmain himself is driven to name Medea again, and two other evil women (II.xxxvi.92). The retraction both times of the Medea image is not quite persuasive.

II.v.14. *of Homer's spake*: Of the 7 cities contending for the honor of Homer's birth, *Smyrna* (line 15) was first.

II.v.28. *Bethlehem*: Famous among travelers for its pastoral setting and pretty girls. In 1834 *Ibrahim Pasha* (line 31) wiped out the Mohammedan quarter, following a town revolt.

II.v.46. *Tempe's Vale*: The lovely valley of the Greek poets, where Apollo purified himself after killing the Python. At *Salonica* (the ancient *Thessalonica*: line 47) Melville had recorded in his *Journal*, p. 72: "Duckworth, the English resident, came off early. Talked with him. Said he had been *a day's shooting in the Vale of Tempe*—Ye Gods! whortleberrying on Olympus, &c." Analogous was Glaucon's shooting luck at *Nazareth* (line 45), the town where Jesus grew to manhood.

II.v.55. *ephod on the festa*: The outer garment of the high priest, worn at the rituals of feast days.

II.vi.0. *THE HAMLET*: Melville had thought Bethany, less than 2 miles from Jerusalem, a "wretched Arab village" (*Journal*, p. 134), and here makes clear it was not like an American farm village (lines 9-10). But it was also the pastoral town so often visited by Jesus, coming out the *shepherds' gate* (line 24: Golden Gate) and walking to visit the *sisters* (line 32), *Mary and Martha* (line 14). It was Mary who had anointed Jesus "and wiped his feet with her hair" (line 34; John xi.1). At this period Jesus had declared himself "*the Son of God*"

(line 30; John x.36). Stanley, p. 186, describes the “mountain-hamlet” of Bethany.

II.vi.7. *Three trees*: Kitto, I, 497, describes “the tradition . . . that the true cross consisted of three kinds, cypress, pine, and cedar, or of four kinds, cedar, cypress, palm, and olive.”

II.vi.16. *Carmel’s beauty*: Mt. Carmel, the promontory by the Bay of Acre, was a favorite of the Hebrew poets and prophets. Stanley, p. 344, refers to it as “the Park” of Palestine.

II.vi.19. *the face / Of meekness*: The face of Nehemiah.

II.vii.14. *a Druze of Lebanon*: See DJALEA (Index).

II.vii.17. *Ibrahim’s time*: Ibrahim Pasha (1789–1848), son of Mehemet Ali, was the brilliant, brutal Egyptian general who held Syria from 1832 to 1841.

II.vii.61. *Palmyrene*: From Palmyra, Roman name for the Biblical *Tadmore* (line 62), Solomon’s ancient city northeast of Damascus (I Kings ix.18).

II.vii.70. *the Amalekite*: The warlike nation, south and east of Palestine, with whom the Hebrews often battled; here, nomadic Arabs (Bedouins).

II.vii.76. *Carmel’s prophets of the cave*: “The large caves, indeed, which exist under the western cliffs . . . may have been the shelter of Elijah and the persecuted prophets” (Stanley, p. 345).

II.vii.87. *Politic Mahmoud*: Mahmoud II, Sultan of Turkey (1809–1839), in 1826 butchered the janissaries, since the 14th century the standing army of the Ottoman Empire. *Byzantium* (line 90) had been capital of the earlier empire, on the site of Constantinople.

II.vii.97. *Osmanli*: The name Turks prefer.

II.vii.102. *An Aga’s*: Belonging to a commander of the janissaries.

II.vii.118. *Solomon, / Prolific sire*: In his account of Arabian horses, Warburton, II, 120–123, mentions that some of the choice Arabians “are said to derive their blood from Solomon’s stables.”

II.viii.23. *who tricked me of late*: Melville’s *Journal*, p. 142, “[How it affects one to be cheated in Jerusalem,” lies back of this passage, and demonstrates how parallel in his mind ran the Christian and Classical traditions. *Argos* (line 24) was the Peloponnesus (or a town in it) where many mythical events occurred.

II.viii.32. *Pericles? / Plato . . . Simonides*: Respectively statesman, philosopher, and lyric poet in the golden age of Greece.

II.ix.0. *THROUGH ADOMMIN*: Properly *Adummim*, mentioned twice in the Old Testament and assumed to be the scene of Christ’s

parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke x.30–37), retold here. Stanley, pp. 416–417, discusses the parable, its setting, and the present dangers of Adummim.

II.ix.2. *Through Bahurim*: As King David, fleeing Absalom, passed through Bahurim (generally assumed to be in this region), *Shimei* (line 3) of Saul's family appeared on the rocks above, hurled *stones and curses* (line 5) at David as a "bloody man" (II Sam. xvi.5–14).

II.ix.10. *Acheron*: Virgil's river approaching Tartarus, the first of several references equating the Siddim Plain with the underworld. In his *Journal*, p. 135, Melville wrote: "Where Kedron [Melville's error] opens into Plain of Jericho looks like Gate of Hell."

II.ix.37. *I've just been reading*: Luke x.30–37 tells the parable of how the *Good Samaritan* (line 42) cared for the stricken traveler after a *Levite and a priest* (line 85) had passed him by—at this spot.

II.x.0. A *HALT*: The halting first 40 lines of this rocky canto are quarried from an essay-like entry of more than a page in Melville's *Journal*, pp. 152–153. In part it reads: "[Stones of Judea. We read a good deal about stones in Scriptures. <slopes of them> Monuments & memorials are set up of stones; men are stoned to death; the figurative seed falls in stony places; and no wonder that stones should so largely figure in the Bible. Judea is one accumulation of stones—Stony mountains & stony plains; stony torrents & stony roads; stony walls & stony fields, stony houses & stony tombs; stony eyes & stony hearts. Before you, & behind you are stones. Stones to right & stones to left." In composing the canto Melville probably used a concordance or Bible dictionary. Biblical sources for the more specific references are: *Jacob* at *Bethel* (line 5: Gen. xxviii.10–22); *Absalom* buried near *Ephraim* (line 15: II Sam. xviii.6–17); *Naboth* stoned (line 20: I Kings xxi.1–14); *Stephen* stoned (line 21: Acts vii); *Christ* threatened with stones (line 22: John viii.59); and *Cain* as murderer (line 65: Gen. iv.8).

II.x.44. *Paris*: The Trojan prince who seduced *Helen* (line 47) and precipitated the Trojan wars.

II.x.69. *on far island-chains*: Melville's explorations of the rock altars and carved gods in the Valley of the Taipi, Nukahiva (Marquesas Islands), are recounted in *Typee* (Chaps. 21–24); the tone of malediction is missing there.

II.x.71. *the shittim Ark*: The Ark of the covenant, made of shittim wood and veiled within the tabernacle (Exod. xxv.10; xxvi.33).

II.x.111. *land of Eblis*: Hell; Eblis was the prince of apostate angels in Mohammedanism.

II.x.118. *Paul's courtesy*: Paul regularly concluded his Epistles

with the wish that "the grace of our Lord Jesus" be with his correspondents.

II.x.147. *Measuring the sub-ducts of Siloam*: See note to I.xxviii.98.

II.x.149. *the Tomb's old fane*: The Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The question of whether it was the legitimate site of the crucifixion and burial (lines 162-164) was a classic dispute of the time; Melville marked nearly 50 lines in Stanley's discussion, pp. 451-455, of the location of the Church in relation to *Herod's wall* (line 164). Jesus was crucified "without the gate" (Heb. xiii.12).

II.x.157. *Castor and Pollux for a sign*: After being wrecked on Melita, *Paul* headed for Rome in an Alexandrian ship "whose sign was Castor and Pollux" (Acts xxviii.11); these sons of Zeus were worshipped as the protectors of sailors, among other attributes.

II.x.196. *Flinging aside stone after stone*: The episode further characterizes Nehemiah as deluded. In the *Journal*, p. 152, Melville wrote: "In many places laborious attempt has been made, to clear the surface of these stones. . . . But in vain; the removal of one stone only serves to reveal there stones still larger, below it." Nehemiah is taking literally various Biblical admonitions, such as Isa. xl.3: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." Melville had a historical basis for so dramatizing Nehemiah's delusion (*Journal*, pp. 154-155): "[There is some prophecy about the highways being prepared for the coming of the Jews, and when the 'Deputation from the Scotch Church' were in Judea, they suggested to Sir Moses Montifiore the expediency of employing the poorer sort of Jews in this work—at the same time facilitating prophecy and clearing the stones out of the way.]"

II.x.234. *Nehemiah's conceit about the Jew*: See note to I.viii.27.

II.x.250. *On Syracusan coin*: Quite possibly the coin shown in *A Concise Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, ed. Cornish (New York, 1898), opp. p. 178: coin no. 13 has an extremely attractive female head surrounded with dolphins, between which are the Greek capital letters for Syracuse, famous city of Sicily.

II.xi.0. *OF DESERTS*: Melville's major source for the beauties and horrors of the desert and for caravan images was Bartlett's *Forty Days, passim*: e.g., he checked a passage on the *Gate of Victory* (line 34: p. 5), lined several passages on the *Cairo to Mecca* caravan (lines 33-37: see notes to I.v.133-186), and lined a description of a pyramid "casting an immense shadow over half the Libyan Desert" (lines 58-64: p. 196). Stanley, pp. 67-68, describes a sandstorm near

the *Red Sea* and compares it to a storm at sea (lines 38-50). Such reading refreshed his own strong responses to the Libyan Desert, seen from Cairo and the Pyramids, *Journal*, pp. 116-124. Compare the canto with Melville's good short poem, "In the Desert."

II.xi.13. *Darwin quotes / From Shelley*: In Chap. 8 of *Journal . . . of H. M. S. Beagle* (Sealts, No. 175), Darwin quotes these lines from Shelley's poem, "Mont Blanc":

None can reply—all seems eternal now.
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue,
Which teaches awful doubt.

II.xi.27. *Tantalus*: Very specific here, as desert mirages resemble Tantalus' receding lake in which he stood with a raging thirst.

II.xi.55. *Josephus saith: The Works of Flavius Josephus*, trans. Whiston (New York, 1853), p. 85: ". . . nay, indeed, it [*Sinai*] cannot be looked at without pain of the eyes: and besides this, it was terrible and inaccessible, on account of the rumour that passed about, that God dwelt there."

II.xi.69. *Erebus*: The dark spaces leading into Hades.

II.xi.77. *Kedron*: All scholars, including Stanley, p. 171, agree that Kedron means "black"; it does flow, when there is water, from near *Gethsemane* (line 81) to Mar Saba and so to the Dead Sea (line 80).

II.xi.96. *John, he found wild honey*: Mark i.6.

II.xii.5. *Lethe*: River of oblivion in Hades; here also "sleep."

II.xii.30. *Holbein's Dance of Death*: Rolfe's sophisticated metaphor draws on Melville's interests as an amateur print-collector. *Claude Lorrain* (1600-1682) was a mild-mannered landscape painter famous for his serene landscapes, sunlit Arcadian scenes of woods and ruins, and harbor views; many of these were widely circulated as engravings. Hans *Holbein*, the younger (1497-1534), did a famous series of 49 woodcuts, "The Dance of Death," in each of which, typically, the grimacing skeleton prepares to drag off Pope, Emperor, Old Man, Miser, etc., with gleeful violence.

II.xii.52. *Lord, now Thou goest forth*: From the song of Deborah and Barak: "Lord, when thou wentest out of Seir, when thou marchedst out of the field of Edom, the earth trembled . . ." (Judg. v.4).

II.xiii.8. *St. Louis*: Louis IX, who died of a plague outside Carthage during his crusade. Chateaubriand, pp. 462-468, recites the

moving account of his death, and quotes the holy instructions he left for his son. At his own request Louis lay on a bed of *ashes* (line 2).

II.xiii.27. *the dreary Hecla*: one of several Arctic areas, or more probably southwest Iceland (see note to II.xxxiv.10).

II.xiii.39. *The beast*: Compare IV.xvi.47.

II.xiii.50. *A mounted train*: Melville had greatly enjoyed a 45-minute ride from Ramleh to Lydda (returning to Jaffa) in the train of a Governor's son (line 96) escorted by 3 armed horsemen, *Journal*, p. 128: "Fine riding. Musket-shooting. Curvetting & caracoling of the horsemen. Outriders. Horsemen riding to one side, scorning the perils. Riding up to hedges of cactus, interrogating & firing their pistols into them."

II.xiii.82. *Giaour*: Turkish word for infidels or non-Moslems, especially Christians. *Franks* (line 93) is the Levantine word for Europeans.

II.xiii.98. *Lebanon to Ammon's steeps*: The one north of Palestine, the other across the Jordan to the east. *Houran* (line 101) was a tract of land near Damascus (Hauran: Ezek. xlvii.16).

II.xiv.0. *BY ACHOR*: See note to line 29.

II.xiv.2. *how far above the sea*: See Map B for elevations.

II.xiv.29. *authentic text*: The dramatic story of Joshua's defeat at Ai (line 30), the revelation of Achan's thievery (line 32), and the stoning and burning of him and his family here in the valley of *Achor*, is told in Joshua vii.

II.xiv.58. *Quarantania's sum of blights*: Traditionally imagined to be the *exceeding high* mountain (line 99) where the devil took Jesus, after his *Forty Days* (line 57) in the wilderness, and offered him the world if Jesus would worship him (Matt. iv.1-11). Melville's *Journal*, p. 135, comments: "Mount of Temptation—a black, arid mount—nought to be seen but Dead Sea, mouth of Kedron—very tempting—foolish feind—but it was a display in vision—then why take him up to Mount?—the *thing itself* was in vision." Stanley, p. 130, makes the point strongly that this event was only "in vision."

II.xiv.69. *mounts of Moab*: A trans-Jordan range (Map B). On the long ridge, *Abarim* (line 82), Moses stood on *Pisgah* (line 87: apparently a peak of Mt. Nebo) and saw the Promised Land before he died (Deut. xxxiv.1). *Peor* (line 82) may have been in the same range (Num. xxiii.28).

II.xiv.85 *palms in Memphian row*: Stanley's account, p. 301, of Jericho makes much of the disappearance of the palms and guesses

they must have looked like the present magnificent groves at Memphis, Egypt.

II.xiv.92. *Balboa's ken*: A reference to Keats' poem, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," with the correct substitution of Balboa for Cortez.

II.xiv.101. *an iceberg*: See Melville's short poem, "The Berg."

II.xiv.110. *no claw*: A devil image.

II.xv.0. *THE FOUNTAIN*: Elisha's Fountain, where he "healed" the waters miraculously (II Kings ii.19-22).

II.xv.8. *Hymned Pison*: Gen. ii.10-11: "And a river went out of Eden to water the garden . . . and became into four heads. The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold. . . ."

II.xv.73. *Nor Zin, nor Obi*: Zin is one of the Biblical deserts southwest of the Dead Sea. Obi is not Biblical; it may be the Obi (or Ob) River, a vast Siberian river system which travels through swamp lands and empties into the Arctic.

II.xvi.0. *NIGHT IN JERICHO*: The scene of the pilgrimage now holds steady for 7 cantos. Jericho had long since been destroyed, and only dirty villages and ruins remained. Melville's *Crusaders' Tower* (line 9) is probably Murray's "The House of Zacchaeus." It is a half-ruinous square building, about 30 ft. on each side and 40 high, now occupied by the Turkish garrison. . . . The view from the top is commanding. . . ." (I, 194-195). Melville's *Journal*, p. 135, records: "Tower with sheiks smoking & huts on top—thick walls—village of Jericho—ruins on hill-side. . . ." Stanley describes the Biblical Jericho, pp. 299-304.

II.xvi.18. *Nebo far away*: See note to II.xiv.69.

II.xvi.28. *Ammon shone*: The mountains beyond Moab.

II.xvi.31. *O haunted place*: Beyond Gilgal, after crossing the Jordan by dividing it, *Elijah* (line 32) "went up by a whirlwind into heaven" in a chariot of fire (II Kings ii.1-11). And by the Jordan, *John the Baptist* (line 37) preached, dressed in "raiment of camel's hair" (Matt. iii.4). Against these two great mythical figures Rolfe places 3 moderns: line 38, C. F. *Volney* (1757-1820), the brilliant young sceptic of the Enlightenment who set himself up against "imagination" and "illusion" in his *Travels Through Syria and Egypt, in the Years 1783, 1784, and 1785* (London, 1788); line 42, the Vicomte de *Chateaubriand* (1768-1848), whose *The Genius of Christianity* (1802) was a romantic eulogy and defense of Catholicism against the atheistic revolutionaries of his time, and who also published

his *Travels* and a historical novel, *The Martyrs*, with scenes in Jerusalem and at the Jordan and Dead Sea; line 51, Alphonse de *Lamartine* (1790–1869), who recorded his trip of 1832–33 in his romantic *A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land* (New York, 1848), and then, moving from poetry to politics, served as minister of foreign affairs in the provisional government of 1848 only to have his bourgeois idealism smashed (see MORTMAIN: Index).

II.xvi.48. *Septemberists*: Parisians who took part in the massacre of royalist and prisoners, 2–6 September 1792. The *Vitriolists to-day* (line 49) probably refers to 1871, but possibly 1848. See note to I.xli.111.

II.xvi.68. *Prince Sigurd*: In the Bohn volume from which Melville took his story of Arculf (note to I.xxxv.0) we find: “The Saga of Sigurd the Crusader. A.D. 1107–1111.” The brief account of Sigurd in Jerusalem (pp. 56–58) describes him as landing at Acre, but a footnote (p. 62) says it was *Joppa* (line 69); perhaps this confirms the Bohn volume as a source.

II.xvi.76. *Knight of the Leopard*: A figure from the early pages of Scott’s *The Talisman*, who wandered about in this area; the fountain was fictional, as was most of Scott’s Eastern geography.

II.xvi.83. *Tasso’s Armida*: In *Jerusalem Delivered*, Armida is the beautiful enchantress in the service of the devil who for a time woos the heroic *Rinaldo* (line 86) away from reason and his purpose of conquering Jerusalem (Bks. x, xiv–xvii); she had a palace in the midst of the Dead Sea.

II.xvi.90. *Rahab*: Josh. ii. tells the story.

II.xvi.93. *like Arethusa under ground*: The mythical fountain at Syracuse, Sicily, presumed to run underground from Greece.

II.xvi.99. *At Easter*: See note to II.i.216.

II.xvi.117. *Who so secure*: Compare Rolfe’s defense of Mortmain with Melville’s 1849 letter to Duyckinck about a friend who has gone mad; especially, “And he who has never felt, momentarily, what madness is has but a mouthful of brains” (*Log*, I, 296).

II.xvi.143. *Ashtaroth*: Here, the moon goddess, the Biblical Ashtoreth (I Kings xi.5), also known as Astarte.

II.xvii.22. *a fountain sealed*: Song of Sol. iv.12: “A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.”

II.xvii.33. *Sargossa’s mead*: The great mass of floating seaweed in the North Atlantic, known as the Sargasso Sea.

II.xviii.0. *THE SYRIAN MONK*: The basis of the canto is the Biblical account of Christ’s temptation and Melville’s own speculations

on Quarantania (see note to II.xiv.58). An earlier germ is the phrase Melville scribbled in 1849 (?) on a blank page of his Shakespeare: "‘How was it about the temptation on the hill?’ &c" (Log, I, 297). The monk’s account is full of oblique Biblical allusions which have not been documented.

II.xviii.40. *perceived, untold, by Vine*: II.xiv.106.

II.xviii.57. *Dengadda*: "Between Jericho and that sea is the land of Dengadda," explains Mandeville in Wright, pp. 174–175; the name is rare, and I have seen it nowhere else.

II.xviii.62. *mazed Gehennas*: See note to I.xxvi.27–46.

II.xviii.159. *Jonah in despair*: Especially his agonized prayer, Jonah ii.

II.xix.1. *Easter barque*: Kitto, II, 842, tells of palms specially grown in a valley at Genoa, blessed at Rome for Palm Sunday, and distributed to the churches.

II.xix.2. *Leon’s spoil*: Ponce de Leon (1460–1521), who found great treasure in Cuba.

II.xix.7. *Calpe’s gate*: Classical name for Gibraltar.

II.xix.22. *Christ’s flower, chrysanthemum*: An uncommon symbol, or perhaps an error; the Greek roots mean flower of gold, not of Christ.

II.xix.45. *I’ve met that man*: I.xxiv.

II.xix.55. *Hegelized*: Georg Hegel (1770–1831), German philosopher. Though Hegel was appropriated for dialectical materialism, he was actually an idealist, radically hostile to natural science—as Rolfe seems not to know.

II.xix.88. *True Rock of Ages*: A play on a basic Old Testament image of God as the *rock*. The phrase is an alternate translation of Isa. xxvi.4, and title of the famous hymn of A. M. Toplady, "Rock of Ages" (1775).

II.xx.1. *From Ur*: Abraham, founder of the Hebrew nation, was born in Ur and buried in Mamre (line 10).

II.xx.29. *crumbled aqueducts*: Murray’s mention, I, 194–196, of ruins, aqueduct arches, and an old Roman road in this area substantiate Melville’s analogy with Caesar’s chief British port, *Richborough*, in Kent (line 35: near Canterbury), where there are extensive Roman ruins.

II.xx.46. *Esau’s hand*: Two likely connotations are "hairy" (which Esau’s name meant), or the hand of one deprived of his birthright (Gen. xxv–xxvii).

II.xx.52. *the Phlegræan fields*: The mythical site of the great battle between the gods and the Titans, variously located but most

commonly at *Solfatara* (line 55) outside Naples, the site of a dormant volcano with escaping steam and gases. The *Journal*, p. 180, records: "Went to the Solfatara—smoke—landscape not so very beautiful.—Sulfurous & aridity, the end of the walk."

II.xx.61. *Old clo'*: Probably the street cry of the *Houndsditch clothesman* to whom Derwent later refers (II.xxii.26).

II.xx.81. *last late palm*: Stanley makes much of the royal palms of Jericho, and twice mentions, pp. 144, 301, that the last of them went down in 1838; so *Montezuma II* (1477-1520), last of the Aztec emperors, went down before Cortes.

II.xx.101. *Malbrino's helmet*: The famous barber's basin of brass which the ingenuous hero of *Don Quixote* (Chaps. 21, 45) takes for the enchanted and golden helmet of Mambrino (or Malino).

II.xxi.3. *a Saurian*: Here, a prehistoric monster.

II.xxi.25. *Darwin is but his grandsire's son*: Charles Darwin (see note to II.xi.13) was the grandson of the physiologist, Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802); Erasmus was also a poet of science, as in his *Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life*, and this is Rolfe's real point. He offers the very modern view that *Physics* (line 20) is conceptual, like Platonism or Hinduism, and that *Newton's* system (line 26) was not absolute. Whereupon Derwent names him a *Pyrrhonist* (line 32) or absolute sceptic, in accordance with doctrines of Pyrrho (ca. 365-275 B.C.).

II.xxi.54. *Dancing Faun*: Perhaps the famous piece by Praxiteles, greatest of the 4th century Attic sculptors, in the Capitoline Museum at Rome which Melville visited twice (*Journal*, pp. 191, 202). This piece is of course central to Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* (Sealts, No. 247), whose theme is hinted in lines 58-61. Praxiteles' Faun, however, is in repose, not dancing, and bears a pipe, not grapes.

II.xxi.65. *Wither hast fled*: Note the several parallels between Rolfe's speech here and the more anguished broodings of Celio (I.xiii.36ff).

II.xxi.73. *even in a Magdalen*: Mary Magdalene, traditionally a type of repentant sinner, who stayed by Jesus in his final agonies (Luke xxiii.55).

II.xxi.76. *Cana*: Cana in Galilee, the scene of several of Christ's miracles (John ii, iv).

II.xxii.0. *CONCERNING HEBREWS*: In 1877 Edward Sanford wrote to Melville's cousin Catherine: "I have been reading 22 chapter of 2d part of "Clarel—Concerning Hebrews—I like the book very much, how did Friend Melville know so much about the Jews—"

(*Log*, II, 760). The canto is an intricate consideration of Jewish belief and apostasy; at the same time it serves to point up Derwent's mild historical relativism and denial of anything *mystic* (line 32), Rolfe's respect for freethought and commitment to *self-hood* (line 107), Clarel's bewilderment before such alternatives (line 134), and Vine's boredom with the whole tendency to get away from the motivations of Margoth and into generalized argument (lines 4, 108, 148).

II.xxii.20. *the breastplate bright / Of Aaron*: Aaron, as the first high priest, wore the brilliantly colored breastplate, set with precious stones (Exod. xxviii); contrasted later (line 52) with the *Genevan cloth* of Protestantism (cloth from the city of John Calvin).

II.xxii.22. *Horeb's Moses*: The Moses of Mt. Sinai; *rock* could refer to the tablets of the law (Exod. xxiv) or the rock from which he drew water by smiting it with his *rod* (Num. xx); *closeted alone* (line 23) is Moses in the tabernacle talking with God (Exod. xxxiii).

II.xxii.26. *Houndsditch*: A ghetto section in the East End of London.

II.xxii.44. *Holland*: Amsterdam, especially, had a large and learned Jewish community, including many refugees from Spain and Portugal. *Talmudic* volumes (line 46) deal with the body of Jewish civil and canonical law.

II.xxii.67. *Uriel Acosta*: Acosta (1591-1647), philosopher and theologian, was a Portuguese Jew brought up a Catholic. In Amsterdam he was excommunicated by the synagogue for dissent and scepticism, rejoined and was again excommunicated, rejoined and committed suicide.

II.xxii.70. *Heine*: Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), lyric poet and critic, renounced Judaism for Christianity. His mask of mocking a-morality shocked many contemporaries, as did his violent illness in the last years before his death and burial in Paris.

II.xxii.81. *Eclectic comfort*: The famous Neo-Platonic School at Alexandria (300-400 A.D.) attempted to reconcile the Hebraic-Christian traditions with Greek philosophy.

II.xxii.88. *Moses Mendelssohn*: Mendelssohn (1729-1786), philosopher and theologian, was a German Jew in the rationalist tradition who tried to reconcile Jewish and Gentile cultures.

II.xxii.100. *Neander*: Johann Neander (1789-1850), a major historian of Christianity, was the son of a Jewish peddler, Emmanuel Mendel (*not* Mendelssohn); he changed his name to Neander at 17 when he was baptized. The uncertainty of both Rolfe and Derwent here (unless Mendelssohn is a pun) may be that Moses Mendelssohn

did have a famous grandson who turned Christian: Felix Mendelssohn, the composer.

II.xxii.115. *Spinoza's starry brow*: Baruch Spinoza (1632–1677), the great philosopher and another Amsterdam Jew who was excommunicated. He worked humbly as a lens grinder, but meanwhile in his great *Ethics* put the case for the intellectual love of God. Rolfe's phrase *Pan's Atheist* (line 126) plays on the common designation of Spinoza as a Pantheist. For Melville's further views on Spinoza and Heine see Bezanson, "Arnold's Poetry," pp. 385–387.

II.xxii.123. *informing guests of Abraham*: The 3 angels who visited Abraham at *Mamre* and foretold the birth of Isaac (Gen. xviii).

II.xxiii.29. *Balaam on the ass*: Num. xxii tells the story of Balaam, the diviner, riding an ass that saw ahead an armed angel of the Lord that Balaam did not see, and so saved his master from being slain in a narrow place.

II.xxiii.35. *Caracas*: The chief city of Venezuela (and a mountain adjacent) which was almost completely destroyed by earthquake, 26 March 1812.

II.xxiii.49–198. *Suspicious ground*: This whole encounter with the Trans-Jordan Arabs is an elaboration from an experience recorded in the *Journal*, p. 136: "every creature in human form seen ahead—escort alarmed & galloped on to learn something—salutes—every man understands it—shows native dignity—worthy of salute—Arabs on hills over Jordan—alarm—scampering ahead of escort—after rain, turbid & yellow stream—foliated banks—beyond, arid hills.—Arabs crossing the river—lance—old crusaders—pistols—menacing cries—tobacco.—Robbers—rob Jericho annually—&c."

II.xxiii.86. *Midian's screen*: The Midianites are evil enemies in the Old Testament, given to idolatry; the immediate image is perhaps that of the Midianitish woman and the Israelitish man slain in intercourse by Phineas (Num. xxv. 6–8).

II.xxiii.95. *The mare and man*: In his proof copy of *Clarel* (HCL-M) Melville circled *The*, probably suggesting its omission; but as he did not list it on the end papers no change has been made.

II.xxiii.163. *Richard's host*: Richard the Lion-Hearted (1157–1199) who in the Third Crusade captured *Acre* in July 1191.

II.xxiii.171. *I, Ishmael*: The Biblical Ishmael is to the Arabs and Bedouins progenitor and spiritual father, as Abraham to the Jews.

II.xxiii.198. *The halcyon Teacher*: Jesus, baptized here in the Jordan by *John* the Baptist (Matt. iii.13–17).

II.xxiv.0. *THE RIVER-RITE*: Now begin 3 cantos which provide

a unit on Catholicism comparable to the recent sequence on Judaism. The scene is *Bethabara* (line 6), near where John did his baptizing (John i.28) and from the days of medieval pilgrims a ritual site. Melville had Chateaubriand, p. 269, freshly in mind: "I fell upon my knees on the bank. . . . Having forgotten to bring a bible, we could not repeat the passages of scripture relating to the spot where we now were; but the drogman, who knew the customs of the place, began to sing: *Ave maris stella* [cf. line 13]. We responded like sailors at the end of their voyage: Sire de Joinville could not have been more clever than we. I then took up some water from the river in a leather vessel: it did not seem to me as sweet as sugar [cf. line 71], according to the expression of a pious missionary. I thought it on the contrary, rather brackish. . . ." "Hail, Thou Star of Ocean" was a famous medieval hymn, anonymous and dating back to the 9th century, in 7 short quatrains, of which the first and *last* (line 51) are

Ave maris stella,
Dei mater alma
Atque semper virgo,
Felix coeli porta.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto:
Tribus honor unus!

II.xxiv.28. *Cecilia*: See note to I.xxix.27.

II.xxiv.31. *St. John's convent*: St. John in the Desert, one of the 14 Latin convents in Syria.

II.xxiv.76. *the Jordan's fall*: Stanley, pp. 276-277, describes the Jordan's 3 stages: to Lake Merom (line 77), to the Sea of Galilee, and to the Dead Sea; the 27 rapids after Galilee caused a fall of 1000 feet, exceeded only by the Sacramento in California.

II.xxiv.85. *The chief of sinners*: Paul wrote that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief" (I Tim.i.15). See also I.vii.94.

II.xxiv.95. *The Thessalonian*: The Greek Banker, II.xiii.110.

II.xxv.0. *THE DOMINICAN*: A member of the order created by St. Dominic (ca. 1170-1221) which became a powerful agent for propagation of the Roman Catholic Church, the eradication of heresy, and the promotion of morals. Members wore a *white robe* (line 18), but preached in a *black mantle* (cf. II.xxvi. 186).

II.xxv.57. *Thou Paul! shall Festus*: Acts xxv-xxvi tells how Festus gave Paul fair chance to be heard, then told him "much learning doth make thee mad," which Paul promptly denied.

II.xxv.76. *The foolish, many-headed beast*: The blasphemous beast with 7 heads that John saw rising out of the sea (Rev. xiii).

II.xxv.103. *Melancthon*: Philipp Melancthon (1497-1560), close associate of *Luther* (line 104) in the Reformation, urged a conciliatory position in terms of breaking with the Church.

II.xxv.110. *Red Republic*: France, probably 1871.

II.xxv.111. *Scarlet Dame*: John's vision of THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH (Rev. xvii).

II.xxv.162. *Abba Father*: Christ in his agony at Gethsemane cried out to "Abba, Father," to whom "all things are possible" (Mark xiv.36). In contrast the *Artificer* (line 163) is the deist God, rationally apparent by the argument from design (works in Nature), and limited by natural law.

II.xxv.184. *Abaddon's cradle*: Again in John's vision, the night-marish locusts that rose out of the bottomless pit had a king named Abaddon (Rev. ix).

II.xxv.186. *Charlemagne's great fee*: Christendom.

II.xxvi.0. *OF ROME*: In his proof copy of *Clarel* (HCL-M) Melville checked and underlined both the title and line 8 of this canto; as his intention is not clear no change has been made.

II.xxvi.9. *pix / Paten and chalice*: Container, plate, and cup used in the Eucharist (sacrament of the Lord's Supper).

II.xxvi.14. *Pope Joan*: A folk figure, a girl reputed to have dressed as a man and risen to be cardinal, to have been elected Pope John VIII (ca. 855-858), and then to have died in childbirth during a public procession!

II.xxvi.32. *St. Dominick*: See note to II.xxv.0.

II.xxvi.35. *Papal nuncio*: An official representative of the Pope at a foreign court.

II.xxvi.39. *To Hildebrand's an appanage*: The property of St. Gregory VII (originally named Hildebrand) who as pope from 1073 to 1085 established a strong papacy in church and state.

II.xxvi.67. *a Bayard knight*: Like the Chevalier de Bayard (1473-1524), "sans peur et sans reproche." He died as his fathers had for 2 centuries—in battle, and exhibiting extraordinary bravery.

II.xxvi.94. *Like Dorian myths*: The myths from early Greece which served later Greek and Roman writers.

II.xxvi.133. *Frederic / The cynical*: Frederick II of Prussia (1712-1786), given to epigrams in his old age.

II.xxvi.174. *Vine evangelic, branching out*: The image is from Christ's words in John xv.1-8: "I am the vine, ye are the branches. . . ."

II.xxvii.20. *John's baptistery: / May Pisa's*: The Jordan compared

with the building Melville saw in Italy: "*Baptistery* like dome set on ground. Wonderful pulpit of marble" (*Journal*, p. 216).

II.xxvii.44. *Hagar*: Mother of Ishmael (Gen. xvi), who fled into the wilderness.

II.xxvii.49. *Nimrods*: Like the mighty hunter of Gen. x.8-10.

II.xxvii.78. *the Book of Job*: 19th century commentaries carry immense speculations on the sources and nationality of this ancient drama, one of Melville's favorites.

II.xxvii.82. *At Lydda late*: A small village which Melville visited on the way from Jerusalem to Jaffa (*Journal*, p. 128) in order to see the picturesque ruins of the old Crusaders' church.

II.xxvii.87. *one of Sydney's clan*: A true "nobleman," in the image of Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), English poet and soldier who died in battle and was reputed to have passed a cup of water to a wounded soldier: "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

II.xxvii.92. *Ararat*: See note to I.xvi. 81-117.

II.xxvii.156. *descended erst the dove*: Luke iii.21-22.

II.xxvii.165. *the oil of gladness*: Psalms xlv.7: "Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

II.xxviii.0. *THE FOG*: With the move from Jordan to Siddim the pilgrims enter the underworld—*Pluto's park* (line 1) surrounded by the hateful *Stygean* river (line 6: the Styx). With the blighting of the willow-palms by the *bitter mist* and *rack* off the Dead Sea (lines 42, 52) they have moved from light into a darkness where companionship gives way to separateness, hope to despair, life to death. From here to the end of Part II the mood is the Sea's, the moment is Mortmain's. Geographical and psychological aspects of the scene are discussed in the Introduction (Sects. i, vii).

II.xxviii.10. *Pippins of Sodom*: Murray, I, 243, describes the famed Apples of Sodom: "The fruit resembles a large smooth apple, hangs in clusters of two or three, and has a fresh, blooming appearance; when ripe it is of a rich yellow colour, sufficiently tempting to the thirsty traveller. But on being pressed or struck it explodes like a puff-ball, leaving nothing in the hand except the shreds of the thin rind and a few dry fibres." The apples grew on trees from 10 to 15 feet high. Melville mentions them twice in his *Journal*, pp. 135, 136.

II.xxviii.12. *Circe*: See note to II.iv.143.

II.xxviii.18. *by Achor's rim*: II.xiv.40.

II.xxviii.29. *Genesis*: Gen. xiv.10: "And the vale of Sidim was full of slimepits; and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, and fell

there. . . ." Stanley, p. 282, has a paragraph on the Battle of the Kings.

II.xxviii.36. *Milcom and Chemosh*: I Kings xi.5-7. Solomon, in his period of idolatry, turned to the worship of "Milcom the abomination of the Ammonites" and "Chemosh, the abomination of Moab." The pilgrims are now in the *lee* (line 37) of the Moab Mountains, which rear across the Sea.

II.xxviii.48. *Though through the valley*: A variation on Psalms xxiii.4.

II.xxix.8. *Fair Como would like Sodom be*: In his *Journal*, p. 136, Melville wrote of the Dead Sea: "Mountains on both side—Lake George—all but verdure." But later (when he had spent a day at Lake Como, *Journal*, p. 239) he crossed out *George* and penciled in *Como*.

II.xxix.16. *charred or crunched or riven*: Compare the *Journal*, p. 137, on the "*Barrenness of Judea*": "crunched, knawed, & mumbled."

II.xxix.27. *Libanus*: Lebanon. Stanley, p. 287, describes "trunks and branches of trees, torn down from the thickets of the river-jungle by the violence of the Jordan, thrust out into the sea, and thrown up again by its waves. . . ."

II.xxix.34. *hitherward by south winds*: The narrator, under the spell of the mountainous desolation about the sea, now chants in Miltonic style the names of ancient Biblical sites to the south: the salt hills of *Usdum* at the southernmost tip of the Sea, and, beyond, *Bozrah's site*, the destroyed capital of the Edom wastes (line 35); then, far up the east shore, *Karek's castle*, the great fortified citadel on the very top of a mountain (line 37), and another ancient city, *Aroer*, on the bank of the precipitous river *Arnon* that plunges down a chasm to the Sea through lands where "robbers often waylay travelers" (lines 38-39: Murray, II, 301); then, half-way down the east shore, the *Cascade of the Kid* (line 45: which Stanley, p. 289, calls "the spring of the wild goats") at En-Gedi, a high and beautiful oasis; and just south of En-Gedi, the *Maccabees' Masada* (line 53). The epic of Masada was not a Bible story but was recorded by Josephus (*The Works of Josephus*, trans. Robert Traill, London, 1847-1851, II, 238-248); it told how *Eleazer* (line 55), leader of 967 Jews locked up in the great fortress built by Jonathan *Maccabeus* (line 53) and hopelessly besieged by massive Roman forces under *Flavius Silva* (line 54) persuaded the entire garrison of men, women, and children to make a mass suicide rather than be captured. The story is repeated by Murray, I, 239-242.

II.xxix.58. *Mariamne's hate*: Matt. xiv attributes the death of

John the Baptist to the hatred of Herod's illegitimate wife Herodias; but there are several Mariamnes of Judaic history related to the Herods. John was imprisoned in the castle at Machaerus, a fortress on the east shore of the Dead Sea.

II.xxix.74. *Mount Hor*: Num. xx.22-29 tells how Aaron (line 76) was not allowed to enter the promised land but went up on Mount Hor and died there.

II.xxix.79-105. *prohibited Seir / In cut-off Edom*: The whole passage centers in a historic debate. *Edom* (Greek Idumea; also known as Mount *Seir*) was a mountain region, some 100 miles long and 20 miles wide running north and south about half way between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Akaba. A *terra incognita* until the 19th century, it was taken to be impassable because of God's several curses upon it and the command that "none shall pass through it for ever and ever" (Isa. xxxiv.10). Alexander Keith (line 104) in his *Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Religion Derived from the Literal Fulfillment of Prophecy* (New York, 1846), pp. 135-168, stated the rigid case that no man ever would go through Edom because of the prophecy; the book had some 36 editions in 20 years. Nehemiah accepts this position. Margoth is correct however; in 1812 Burckhardt went through Edom, discovering Petra, and soon others followed. The American traveler, John Lloyd Stephens, went through "braving the malediction of Heaven" and melodramatically refuting the school of Keith all the way (*Incidents of Travel in . . . the Holy Land*, New York, 1855, II, 35, 85, 110). Still another work discounts Keith's prophecy on the ground that a literal interpretation of the Bible is impossible in view of its *Orientalism* (line 99): Rev. James Aitken Wylie, *The Modern Judea* (Glasgow, 1841), p. 472.

II.xxix.83. *The satyr to the dragon's brood / Crieth*: Isaiah xiv prophesies the desolation of Babylon "shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah . . . and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces. . . ."

II.xxix.120. *Ah, look*: For Melville's *Journal* comment on a rainbow over the Dead Sea see note to II. xxxix.132. *Iris* (line 127) was the Greek goddess of the rainbow. Margoth's wry comment on *The covenant* with Noah (line 154) is a double misreading of Gen. ix.8-17 (which Melville seems also to have preferred): the covenant was that "all flesh" would not be destroyed by a flood; and Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed not by flood but by "brimstone and fire" (Gen. xix.24).

II.xxx.0. *OF PETRA*: Petra was the ancient fortress-city of the Edom waste (see note to II.xxix.79) whose discovery by Burckhardt in 1812 was a major event. Uninhabited and "lost" for centuries, Petra proved an archaeological spectacle. The chief approach lay through a winding defile a mile long with narrow sides 100 to 300 feet high, the cut rock gorgeously hued in dull crimson with accents of purple, black, yellow and green, and fringed with oleanders. Temples, tombs, and even a Greek theater open up in the defile, they too being cut out of the rock face.—Melville had not seen Petra, though when leaving Palestine he had met "the *Petra Party*" at Jaffa (*Journal*, pp. 128-129). His source for the present canto, however, was a section on Petra in Stanley, pp. 88-92, 97-99. In this section he made 8 careful markings of various sorts, and as a reminder he wrote on the title page of Stanley: "The Red City. 91." Every specific detail about Petra in the canto has its source in Stanley (examined in detail in Bezanson, pp. 118-122). The 3 main themes also start with hints from Stanley, but are peculiarly Melville's: that the charm of expectation surpasses fulfillment, that art is an ordered form on the rim of the abyss, and that all solicitations for final meanings remain unanswered. The canto itself is an episodic intrusion and may have been added at any time.

II.xxx.7. *Jason*: Leader of the Argonauts, who found the golden fleece, guarded by dragons, in *Colchis* (line 29). For Burckhardt see note to I.xl.81.

II.xxx.17. *Esau's waste*: Edom, where Esau lived (Gen. xxxii.3).

II.xxx.20. *Horite*: Edomite. Melville marked 2 passages on this word in Stanley, p. 89.

II.xxx.32. *prospect from Mount Hor*: The only spot from which any part of Petra is visible from the outside world, Stanley explains, p. 98, is the peak of distant Mt. Hor. From there, and beyond an intervening peak, one can see only *El Deir* (line 40: Arabic for *The Convent*), an elaborately sculptured but crude Christian temple.

II.xxx.52. *Along ravine*: After digressing to the view from Mt. Hor, Rolfe has returned to journeying in the flume. Beyond the *fane* (line 19) the defile comes upon a gigantic stairway leading up through rock clusters to the high site of El Deir. Further back (Rolfe scrambles the details) were a Street of Tombs and the Greek theater: *Puck's platform* (line 56).

II.xxx.62. *Sinbad's pleasant*: His 7 wonderful adventures are the subject of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

II.xxx.63. *Paestum*: The deserted site of an ancient Greek colony in Italy whose temple ruins were discovered in 1745.

II.xxx.71. *yon rock*: A buried image of Cape Horn, foreshadowed in the “haggard” Horeb-Horn complex of I.xxi.15, echoed later in two images, both associated with Rolfe (III.xxix.9; IV.iv.42). Here Rolfe’s haggard crag recalls Melville’s journal entry aboard the *Meteor* in 1860, *Log*, II, 622–623: “Horrible snowy mountains . . . hell-landscape . . . in a squall, the mist lifted & showed, within 12 or fifteen miles the horrid sight of Cape Horn—(the Cape proper)—a black, bare steep cliff, the face of it facing the South Pole . . . awful islands and rocks—an infernal group.” The whole imagery cluster is complex: Nehemiah’s sleeping under the rock recalls Pierre under the Memnon Stone (Bk. VII); Derwent’s *queer* (line 71) recalls Stubb’s many uses of the word in *Moby-Dick*; the hell images of the *Meteor* account reinforce the sense of Siddim as underworld. In the next canto Rolfe likens the Slanted Cross to the Southern Cross constellation and there the Cape Horn image emerges fully (II.xxxi.39). Just as Melville, the day after seeing the Horn, witnessed the death and burial at sea of a young sailor (amid gales and sleet, the reading of prayers, a shotted hammock, a sloped plank) so the pilgrims the next morning bury Nehemiah, with this imagery repeated (II.xxxix.116).

II.xxxi.69. *Orion’s sword*: After his death the *Giant* (line 71) and hunter of Greek mythology was placed in the sky with girdle, sword, lion’s skin, and club.

II.xxxi.100. *hammer huge as Thor’s*: The Norse god of thunder was armed with a magic hammer that returned to him when thrown.

II.xxxii.44. *Lot and his daughters twain*: Gen. xix.15–30.

II.xxxii.94. *St. Francis*: Not St. Francis of Assisi (1182–1226), founder of the Friars Minor, but St. Francis of Sales (1567–1622), who reconverted the province of Chablais after it had gone Calvinistic and founded the order of the Visitation for the ill or physically weak.

II.xxxii.97. *wise as serpents*: Christ’s commission to the apostles, Matt. x.16: “be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.”

II.xxxiii.18. *a palm-shaft green*: Stanley, p. 143, mentions “the trunks of palms washed up on the shores of the Dead Sea,—preserved by the salt with which a long submersion in those strange waters has impregnated them.”

II.xxxiii.30. *asphaltum*: Not a jewel, but of the shiny black stones and asphaltum found here trinkets were carved and sold in Jerusalem, according to Murray, I, 201.

II.xxxiii.51. *All’s mere geology*: The materials of the debate here

between Rolfe and Margoth on whether the valley was struck by natural or supernatural forces are in all contemporary literature, including Stanley, pp. 281–285, and Murray, I, 200–203. Cf. Murray's "the cavity of the Dead Sea was coeval in its conformation with the Jordan Valley" with line 73.

II.xxxiii.76. *A hideous hee-haw*: In *Oriental Acquaintance* (New York, 1856), p. 93, J. W. De Forest gives the reaction of "John Jackass" to the Jordan pilgrim throng: "Here you are, all but me, trotting straight to a fool's Paradise. I shan't be there myself, perhaps; but go ahead and don't wait, bretheren; here's my blessing. Ee—awl ee—awl ee—awl!"

II.xxxiii.100. *true I AM*: The God of Exod. iii.14 ("And God said unto Moses, *I AM THAT I AM*. . .") is compared to a primitive god, probably Oceanian.

II.xxxiv.10. *Hecla ice*: Ice and ashes from the massive and often-active volcano in southwest Iceland.

II.xxxiv.20. *brook Cherith*: Where Elijah hid and was fed by ravens until the brook dried up (I Kings xvii.1–7).

II.xxxiv.33. *pause of the artillery's boom*: Probably after the Treaty of Frankfort, 10 May 1871, ending the Franco-Prussian War.

II.xxxiv.39. *Mad John*: John the Baptist, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness" (*Vox clamantis in deserto*), who in this same area preached: "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. iii.1–3). Mortmain's clamor against Anti-Christ, Atheist, and Anarch is either recollections of the revolutions of '48, or more likely acknowledges the new violences surrounding the Paris Commune of 1871.

II.xxxiv.63. *Marah*: Exod. xv.23: the Israelites in the Wilderness "could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter."

II.xxxiv.67. *gall*: Lam. iii.19: "Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall." This links the Sea to the star of II.xxxvi.22.

II.xxxv.1. *Piranezi's rarer prints*: Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720–1778) is primarily famed for his magnificent large engravings of Roman ruins. The narrator's reference to *Bastiles* (line 6) and his word *rarer* (line 1) make clear that Melville had specifically in mind the 16 *Carceri* of Piranesi: technically superb, monumental views of imagined colossal arches and gigantic stairways in fantastic prisons peopled with dreamlike figures; these prisons Piranesi "saw" in the delirium of fever. They serve here as striking analogues for the uncon-

scious. *Rhadamanthine chains* (line 12) are those imposed by Rhadamanthus, the relentless judge of the Greek underworld.

II.xxxv.24. *Paul's "mystery of iniquity"*: II Thess. ii.7, a favorite phrase of Melville's, again called on when in *Billy Budd* he struggled to define Claggart's malice.

II.xxxvi.22. *the star / Called Wormwood*: From St. John's vision of the plagues that followed the opening of the 7th seal (Rev. viii.10-11): "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; And the name of the star is called Wormwood: and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

II.xxxvi.64. *Burker of kind heart*: William Burke was executed in Edinburgh in 1829 for murdering by suffocation in order not to mar a body meant for dissection.

II.xxxvi.92. *Tofana-brew*: Probably wine from the Tophanna (Top-Khaneh) outside Constantinople which Melville visited, *Journal*, p. 77.

II.xxxvi.92. *O fair Medea*: She killed her brother, murdered her two children, and killed her rival for Jason. *Jael* (line 94) drove a spike through the head of Sisera while he slept under her presumed protection (Judg. iv.18-21). *Leah* (line 94) was the hated but fruitful wife of Jacob, given to him in deception (Gen. xxix.15-30).

II.xxxvi.120. *Zoima*: Probably a coined name, based on the root meaning "life" or "life-force."

II.xxxvii.0. *OF TRADITIONS*: Melville is chiefly improvising here, with help from "The Book of Sir John Maundeville, A.D. 1322-1356," in Wright, pp. 127-282. There, pp. 178-179, he found his spellings (line 5) of "the five cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Aldama, Seboym, and Segor," the last 3 of which in the Bible and all travel literature are usually Admah, Zeboim, and Zoar (Gen. xiv.2; x.19); the oddly phrased bit: "About that sea groweth much *alum* and *alkatran* [probably bitumen]" (line 23); and the hint that Segor "was saved and kept a great while, for it was set upon a hill, and some part of it still appears above the water; and men may see the walls when it is fair and clear weather" (line 24).

II.xxxvii.9. *Terah's day*: Gen. xi.24-32 tells of Terah, the father of Abraham. For *Astarte* (line 8) see note to II.xvi.143.

II.xxxvii.30. *Armida*: See note to II.xvi.83.

II.xxxvii.66. *Dismas the Good Thief*: The traditional name (not

in the Bible) for the one of the 2 thieves crucified with Jesus who asked forgiveness and was told by Jesus: "To day shalt thou be with me in paradise" (Luke xxiii.32–43); the name is used by Mandeville (Wright, p. 131).

II.xxxvii.69. *the Last Supper*: Matt. xxvi.20–25.

II.xxxvii.79. *Simon Magus*: Simon the Magician, who appears in Acts viii.9–24 trying to learn the new powers of Christianity; many medieval legends grew up about him. Melville saw the painting "The Fall of Simon Magus" in Rome, *Journal*, p. 210.

II.xxxviii.3. *Pentateuchal*: Relating to the first 5 books of the Bible.

II.xxxviii.15–42. *the city rose*: All the symbolic details of Nehemiah's dream—city, bride, jeweled streets, rivers, Fleece (the Lamb), throne—are directly from John's vision of the New Jerusalem, Rev. xxi–xxii; lines 29–30 are a paraphrase of Rev. xxi.4; the use of *Fleece* (line 27) enables the contrast between Jesus and *Jason* (see note to II.xxx.7).

II.xxxix.69. *Resurget . . . / In pace*: He will rise again—in peace.

II.xxxix.78. *Orcus*: Roman God of the underworld, later identified with Greek *Pluto* (line 79); the word also stands for Hades. Rolfe may be describing an ossuary urn (*olla*) here.

II.xxxix.103. *reminded of the psalm*: II.xxviii.48.

II.xxxix.116. *As some hard salt at sea*: See end of note to II.xxx.71.

II.xxxix.132–162. *And came a rush*: Part II closes with the double symbol of the avalanche and its *counter object* (line 151) the *fog-bow*. The *Journal*, pp. 135–136, makes no mention of an avalanche; it would seem an invention extending the entry: "Thunder in mountains of Moab—Lightning." Written vertically along the margin of p. 136 is the underlined notation: "Rainbow over Dead Sea—heaven, after all, has no malice against it." The reader may decide how much ironical intention the comment bears, and whether the massive violence of the avalanche is held in balance by the slim pencil of light—"how frail" (line 152).

II.xxxix.148. *El Ghor*: The "sunken plain," Arabic name for the great valley reaching from Lebanon to the Gulf of Akaba, described by Stanley, pp. 277, 285.

PART III

III.i.15. *St. Teresa*: The question here is whether the immortality accorded such a one as the Spanish nun, mystic, and writer (1515–

1582) would be granted a *Leopardi* (see note to I.xiv.3) or an *Obermann* (line 16). Melville knew Senancour's fictional narrator, Obermann, through Arnold's 2 poems about his spiritual agonizings, both of which he marked carefully (Bezanson, "Arnold's Poetry," pp. 376–378, 387–388).

III.i.67. *the calcined mass*: The image of burnt rock comes from the "whitish <ashes>—lime kilns" of the *Journal*, p. 137, and occurs more explicitly in the *lime-kilns* passage of lines 124–127.

III.i.97. *But twice a year*: From the *Journal*, p. 138: "rain only two or 3 days a year."

III.i.101. *Joshua met the tribes*: His victories are described in Josh. x–xii.

III.i.111. *the Maldives*: A group of coral atolls in the Indian Ocean.

III.i.131. *text of Scripture*: Gen. xix.28: "And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

III.i.143. *Kadesh Barnea*: Biblical city and region in the larger desert area of *Zin* (line 144), south of Dead Sea.

III.i.147. *God came from Teman*: Mortmain's splendid outburst, recalling the Revolution of which he had once been a part (II.iv.40), is drawn directly from the magnificent prayer of *Habakkuk* (line 172) to the terrible majesty of God coming out of *Teman* and *Paran* and making the *Midians* (line 171) tremble (Hab. iii).

III.i.159. *the red year Forty-Eight*: See note to I.xli.111.

III.ii.18. *tale by Rolfe narrated*: I.xxxvii. The present story of the carpenter is reminiscent in tone of Ishmael's tale of the blacksmith (*Moby-Dick*, Chap. 112).

III.iii.0. *OF THE MANY MANSIONS*: John xiv.2 provides the text and title. The paraphrase of Jesus' words (line 5) comes from Matt. xi.28. *The Sermon on the Mount* (line 23) is in Matt. v–vii. The *Jew* (line 37) is not Biblical, but is the Wandering Jew of tradition whose story is dramatized in III.xix. *Job's pale group* (line 63) are the 3 friends who when they saw his condition sat "seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him" (Job ii.13). Rolfe's whole argument that the Christian heaven differs from other imagined centers of bliss (lines 6–7) in its idea of recompense for suffering, and that this has dangerous social implications, is an important extension of Celio's more personal argument (I.xiii.36ff).

III.iii.6. *Fortune's Isles*: The Fortunate Isles, or Isles of the Blest,

the happy otherworld of Greek and Roman mythology. *Tempe's dale*: the lovely valley in Greece between Olympus and Ossa. *Araby the Blest*: Arabia Felix, the "happy" flourishing area beyond Arabia Deserta; also loosely the source of the wealth of India.

III.iii.25. *Python*: The frightful monster that guarded the caves at Parnassus; here, apparently, primitive evil.

III.iii.51. *Herr von Goethe*: Mortmain's view extends Melville's criticism of Goethe written beside Arnold's poem "Obermann": "Of Goethe it might also be said that he averted his eyes from everything except Nature, Intellect, & Beauty" (Bezanson, "Arnold's Poetry," p. 376). The whole *lyceum* movement (line 50) in America was dedicated to the appropriation of *Nature* to the uses of the *World* (line 43).

III.iv.1. *Noble gods at the board*: This *hymn of Aristippus* (line 69) Melville liked sufficiently well to copy out by hand and send to Edmund Clarence Stedman when the latter wrote him in 1888 asking for "one of your best known shorter poems, in your own handwriting" and a portrait, both for an extra-illustrated copy of Stedman's *Poets of America*. Melville copied it exactly and titled it "Ditty of Aristippus"; the original MS, now in the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass., is the only known fragment of *Clarel* in Melville's hand. I am indebted to Jay Leyda for a photostat of the original, part of which is reproduced in the *Log*, II, 805. The poem's light view of the gods resting after revelry and willing to keep mortals happy if they knew how to keep them young, reflects the Hedonism of Aristippus (435-386 B.C.); he advocated virtue and happiness through the pursuit of pleasure and prudence in avoiding pain. The poem anticipates the coming revels at Mar Saba and also starts the interesting series of rose images (beauty, love, life) that partly counter the recent aura of sin and death.

III.iv.31. *what Delian*: Either Apollo, among other things god of song and music, and known as the Delian because he was born on Delos; or any Delian, member of the famous military confederacy of 477 B.C. formed to resist the Persians. *Orpheus* (line 37) went down into Hades to rescue his beloved Eurydice, enchanting the damned with his harp; here the Cypriote descends into Siddim.

III.iv.51. *Phrygian cap*: A close-fitting, conical cap represented in Greek art as worn by Orientals.

III.iv.89. *Azrael's scroll*: In both Jewish and Mohammedan angelology Azrael separates the soul from the body at the moment of death.

III.iv.99. *I chance to know*: Rolfe knows via Stanley, p. 310, where the Easter pilgrims are described as bathing in white dresses which are then "kept for their winding-sheets."

III.v.1. *Where silence*: The 14-line simile is drawn from Stanley, p. 41, italics mine, where he has an account of the Convent of St. Catherine and its neighboring Chapel, on Mt. Sinai (*Horeb*): "Another (which has not found its way into books), is the *legend* in the *convent* . . . of the *sunbeam*, which on *one day in the year darts* into the *Chapel of the Burning Bush* from the Gebel-ed-Deir. It is only by ascending the mountain that the origin of the legend appears. Behind the topmost cliffs, a narrow *cleft* admits of a view, of the only view, into the convent buildings, which lie far below, but precisely commanded by it, and therefore necessarily lit up by *the ray*, which once in the year *darts* through that especial crevice."

III.v.26. *Ibrahim's wild infantry*: See note to II.vii.17.

III.v.36. *Ormuzd involved with Ahriman*: Alger, pp. 134-136 (see note to I.xxxii.0) has a poem called "A Zoroastrian Myth":

Ormuzd and Ahriman; Devotion's dazzling child,
And Doubt's demoniac son, false, filthy, black, and wild.

The moment they were born, creation they began:
Ormuzd all good things made; all evil, Ahriman.

III.v.40. *old Gnostic pages*: The Gnostic heresy, which rose in the 1st century, flourished in the 2nd, was gone by the 6th. Combining Greek and Oriental philosophy and religion with Christian, it stressed knowledge over faith and claimed to penetrate the mysteries. The narrator sees it as a forceful dualism, and ends by comparing it with the mild God and epicene Christ of the 19th century.

III.v.68. *Galileo*: The great scientist's advocacy of the Copernican system, branded heretical, brought his forced recantation before the Inquisition in 1616.

III.v.89. *St. Denis*: A cathedral town near Paris, the burial place of kings. The *Capets* (937-1328) were the 3rd dynasty in France, beginning with Hugh Capet and ending with Charles IV.

III.v.103. *The Sibyl's books*: The Sibylline Books were oracular utterances on religious worship and law, reputedly obtained from the Cumaeen sibyl and preserved in Rome until 405 A.D.

III.v.143. *Roman A. U. C.: Anno urbis conditae*—in the year of the founded city (Rome).

III.v.201. *Sidon*: Melville read Stanley, pp. 265-266, on Tyre and Sidon.

III.v.205. *Endor's withered sprite*: The witch whom Saul consulted (I Sam. xxviii.7-14).

III.vi.48. *cheerful Paul*: I Thess. v. 16: "Rejoice evermore."

III.vi.63. *Durham's prelate*: Apparently one of the Bishops of famous Durham Cathedral in northern England.

III.vi.82. *modern be*: Derwent's thesis that the gods are anthropomorphic was a standard thesis of the new writers on comparative religion. For *Ramayana* (line 89) see note to I.xxxii.0.

III.vi.99. *favorite theory*: Derwent's little lecture suggests 5 influences on Jewish theology: the native strain, darkened by the Egyptian captivity (*Nile*) and the 40 years in the *wilderness*; the *Greeks* (line 110), whose influence on the New Testament was immense; the *Magi* (line 117), an occult group who were originally a class of priests among the Medes and Persians, and whose theology was much like that of the Hebrews, perhaps because of the Babylonian captivity; *Hillel's fair reforming school* (line 119), a group of the scribes led by the tolerant and genial Hillel, born 112 B.C., and since he lived to be 120 perhaps one of the doctors before whom Jesus went in the Temple; and the *Essenes* (line 127), who at the time of Jesus lived in isolated communities along the Dead Sea and elsewhere and who minimized the law for emphasis on ideal purity, self denial, and spiritual aspiration.

III.vi.142. *Shaftesbury*: Anthony Ashley Cooper (1671-1713), English moralist and author of *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times* (1711), notable for its deistic and mild notions of virtue.

III.vi.151. *Ceres' child / In Enna*: Persephone, lovely daughter of Ceres, wandered too far picking narcissus and was carried off by the god of the underworld (*Pluto*: line 153); the Latin poets placed the scene of the rape at *Enna*, in Sicily.

III.vii.1. *Eloi*: Mark xv.34: "And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

III.vii.15. *David in Adullum's lair*: When David fled for fear of Saul he hid alone in "the cave Adullum" (I Sam. xxii.1).

III.vii.19. *the Cenci portrait*: Guido Reni's famous portrait of Beatrice Cenci, who was executed for incest with her father, and for murdering him; yet she seemed the very type of innocence. Shelley's *Cenci* (1819) made the incest theme famous. In *Pierre* (Bk. xxvi) the picture is called "that sweetest, most touching, but most awful of all feminine heads" because of her blonde beauty and black crimes—

“the two most horrible crimes (of one of which she is the object, and of the other the agent) possible to civilized humanity—incest and parricide.” The *Journal*, pp. 192, 200–201, and 266, indicates Melville was offered a copy of the picture for \$4. in Rome and that he went expressly to the Palazzo Barberini to see the original: “Expression of suffering about the mouth—(appealing look of innocence) not caught in any copy or engraving.” Melville owned an engraving, *Journal*, p. 192, note 6. Hawthorne’s fascination with the picture if anything exceeded Melville’s, and the *Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books*, which Melville acquired and marked in 1872 (Sealts, No. 252), indicates at least 4 visits to see it; Hawthorne thought it “the most profoundly wrought picture in the world,” a picture “resolved not to betray its secret of grief or guilt. . . . The mouth is beyond measure touching; the lips apart, looking as innocent as a baby’s after it has been crying.” He ended up “perplexed and troubled . . . not to be able to get hold of its secret.” Drawing on these entries (*Passages*, pp. 89, 137, 504–505) Hawthorne made the picture central to *The Marble Faun* (1860) and the subject of Chap. 7; Melville acquired that novel in 1860 and read and marked it on his *Meteor* voyage that year (Sealts, No. 247). In summary, Melville and Hawthorne shared equal fascination with the picture and agreed strikingly that its major attributes were femininity, weakness, suffering, inaccessibility, and *either* betrayed innocence or dark criminality.

III.vii.33. *alb*: a white vestment.

III.vii.53. *the blast from Roncesvalles*: Roland’s horn could be heard for 20 miles; at Roncesvalles he was hopelessly cut off, and killed.

III.viii.0. *TENTS OF KEDAR*: A famous phrase of the Bible, occurring for example in Psalm cxx and in the Song of Sol. i.5 (cf. line 88): “I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.”

III.viii.4. *With gluey track*: From the *Journal*, p. 137: “Crossed elevated plains, *with snails, that* [leave] *tracks of slime, all over.*” Melville underlined the last part in pencil, probably when composing.

III.viii.17. *Apollyon*: Angel of the bottomless pit (Rev. ix.11).

III.viii.62. *Ebal’s hill*: Ebal and *Gerizim* are two mountains about 30 miles north of Jerusalem. God set the choices of “a blessing and a curse” before the Hebrews, according as to whether they obeyed or disobeyed his commandments; and the blessing was “upon mount Gerizim, and the curse upon mount Ebal” (Deut. xi.26–32).

III.viii.72. *Theocritus divine*: This famous 3rd century B.C. poet

in his “Idylls” writes charmingly of pastoral scenes; previously contrasted with the grim Joel (I.xxviii.30).

III.viii.83. *in faintly greenish hollow*: From the *Journal*, p. 138: “Arab—Bedouin encampment in hollow of high hills—oval—like *two rows of hearses*.” In the manuscript Melville drew penciled lines over and under the last four words.

III.viii.116. *Ibrahim’s way*: See note to II.vii.17.

III.viii.166. *Japhet, Shem, and Ham*: The three sons of Noah: “and by these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood” (Gen. x.32).

III.ix.0. *OF MONASTERIES*: Melville may have read Robert Curzon’s *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*, though of the 7 monasteries in the canto only 2 fall within the scope of his book. St. Bernard (line 4), the Apostle of the Alps, founded the Hospices of the Little and Great St. Bernard Passes. *Nitria’s sand* (line 7), near the Nile delta, is the site of several convents of the *Copts* (Egyptian Christians); described in Curzon (Chaps. 7–8). *Spermos* (line 14) may be correct, or may refer to Hagios Stephanos, which Curzon says looks away to Mount *Olympus* (line 12). *The Grand Chartreuse* (line 19) is near Grenoble and is where St. Bruno of Cologne founded the *Carthusian* (line 26) order in 1084; Arnold’s “Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse” was familiar to Melville (Bezanson, “Arnold’s Poetry,” pp. 388–390). *Vallambrosa* (line 29) refers to a Benedictine abbey in a valley near Florence. *Montserrat* (line 30) is a jagged mountain near Barcelona which has a famous 9th century monastery on it. For *Saba* (line 33) see Introduction (Sect. ii), and Murray, I, 204–206.

III.ix.41. *samphire-gatherers*: Gatherers of herbs on the cliffside; here and in *Moby-Dick* (Chap. 47) the image comes from *King Lear* IV.vi.14–15. The *Journal*, p. 137, records: “St. Saba—Samphire gatherers—monks dreadful trade.”

III.ix.54. *St. Basil’s banner*: Basil the Great, 4th century father of the Greek Church; the *brede* (line 53) is embroidery or braid. Stanley, p. 462, mentions “a long procession with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images. . . .” Melville marked the passage.

III.x.0. *BEFORE THE GATE*: Some of the details of this canto come from the *Journal*, p. 138: “St. Saba—zig-zag along Kedron, *sephulcril* [sepulchral] *ravine, smoked as by fire, caves & & cells—immense depth—all rock—enigma of the depth . . . wall of stone on ravine edge—Monastery (Greek) rode on with letter—hailed up*

in basket into hole—small door of massive iron in high wall—knocking—opened—salaam of monks—Place for pilgrims—divans—St Saba wine—‘*racka*’—comfortable.” All the underlinings are in pencil (except *St. Saba* and ‘*racka*’), and from *sephulcril* to *fire* there is an additional overlining; they were no doubt made during composition.

III.x.1. *Kedron*: The usually dry brook which begins at Jerusalem takes its course through the Judah wilderness past Mar Saba on its way to the Dead Sea.

III.x.16. *Uriel, warder in the sun*: The angel of Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, from Rev. xix.17: “And I saw an angel standing in the sun. . . .”

III.x.36. *Perizzite*: Member of ancient Biblical nation in Palestine before the Jews; here, local Bedouins.

III.x.46. *the Pico Rock*: A volcanic peak in the Canary Islands.

III.x.58. *The voucher from their Patriarch*: Travelers wishing to stay at one of the Greek monasteries had to secure a letter from the resident Patriarch in Jerusalem.

III.x.75. *Saba’s wine*: Melville’s telegraphic Journal entry, “St. Saba wine—‘*racka*’—”, refers to *raki*, a brandy wine made there.

III.xi.0. *THE BREAKER*: The all night revels and the heart searchings that follow (xi-xvi) apparently had no counterpart in Melville’s experience. After the descent to Kedron in the evening of his one night’s stay (see note to III.xxv.33), the *Journal*, p. 138, reports: “Good bed & night’s rest.”

III.xi.26. *In Mytilene*: Melville’s impression of this Greek Island (*Lesbos*) is found in his *Journal*, p. 105: “Steered in between Mytelene & the main. A large and lovely island, covered with olive trees. They make much wine. The whole island green from beach to hill-top—a dark rich bronzy green, in marked contrast with the yellow & parched aspect of most other isles of the Archipelago.” *Sappho*, in love with *Phaon* (line 27) the boatman, here leapt down from the Leucadian rock.

III.xi.36. *An Arnaut*: See *THE ARNAUT* (Index). His descent is from *Pyrrhus* (line 39), King of Epirus, who defeated the Romans at Heraclea and Asculum in the 3rd century B.C. *Scanderbeg* (line 42) was the Albanian national hero who held off the Turks in the 15th century.

III.xi.50. *his Labarum*: Ecclesiastical banner.

III.xi.61. *for the garb*: Melville took his Arnaut’s dress details (lines 61-72) from Warburton, I, 220 (italics mine): “their dress is the most picturesque possible. A *red tarboosh*, with a purple silk *tassel*, covers their long flowing locks that stream down the shoulders like

those of the Cavaliers; an embroidered *jacket* of scarlet, or dark *blue cloth*; a very voluminous *white kilt*, reaching to the knee; *greaves*, or a sort of embroidered gaiters, upon their legs, and red slippers, constitute their dress. A brace of long *pistols* and a *dagger* are stuck in a large *silken sash* that girds their bodies; a long *silver-mounted* musket is slung at their backs, and a *curved sabre* at their side."

III.xi.156. *At Cana*: John ii.1-12 tells of Jesus performing his first miracle here, the turning of water into wine.

III.xi.180. *a bit of song*: A *Mufti* is an official expounder of Mohammedan law. The *Rabbi in Prague* of the second quatrain comes from Stanley, p. 163: "the grapes of Judah still mark the tombstones of the Hebrew race in the oldest of their European cemeteries, at Prague."

III.xi.192. *armed Og*: King of Bashan, that "remnant of giants" who had an immense iron bedstead (Deut. iii.11).

III.xi.215. *this ditty wee*: In subject and tone this song and some of the others resemble Melville's "Weeds and Wildings, with a Rose or Two," a collection of late verse published posthumously.

III.xi.230. *Ahab's court*: Suddenly into the evil court of Ahab came Elijah *the Tishbite* (line 231), prophesied violent drought, and then retreated to live by the brook Cherith (I Kings xvii). Mortmain is the one here compared to Elijah (see note to II.xxxiv.20). Cf. *Moby-Dick*, Chap. 19.

III.xi.258. *wine of Xeres*: Handy rhyme for *wearies*; also the old name of Jerez, in Spain, famous for its sherry.

III.xii.0. *THE TIMONEER'S STORY*: The story that begins at line 57 has in it many details—cabin arms, pursuing birds, spinning compass, corposants—recalling *Moby-Dick*. See also Melville's short poems, "The Haglets," and "The Admiral of the White." The *Journal*, pp. 72-73, reports that at Salonica the ship's captain "told a story about the heat of arms affecting the compass." Above this Melville noted: "*Cap. T's Story of arms.*"

III.xii.7. *Godfrey's sword*: Curzon (Chap. 14) mentions "the sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon" kept in the sacristy by Latin monks, and used by the Reverendissimo to confer the order of Knight of the Holy Sepulcher.

III.xii.16. *Antar's rhyme*: Antarah Ibn Shadad was a 6th century Arab warrior and war poet.

III.xii.70. *Wahabee*: Member of a Mohammedan reform sect.

III.xii.146. *The incident*: Murray, I, 205, warns of the dangers below Saba.

III.xii.149. *the Cyclades*: Greek islands in the Aegean.

III.xiii.6. *Cybele*: A nature goddess of Asia Minor, often worshipped by orgiastic rites.

III.xiii.28. *Such influences*: Here Rolfe cites a random cluster of ancient and modern Mediterranean peoples and places of which the less familiar are: *Medes* and *Elamites* (line 29) from ancient Babylonia; *Cyrene* (line 32), an ancient Greek city in north Africa; *Smyrna* (line 34), in west Turkey; *Stamboul* (line 35), part of Constantinople; and *Fez* (line 35), a city in north Morocco.

III.xiii.56. *Chang and Eng*: The death of this famous biologically linked pair in 1874 may have brought them to Melville's mind.

III.xiii.73. *Hafiz*: Either the 14th century Persian poet; or simply a title of respect for anyone who knows the Koran by heart. *Didymus* (line 78) is fictional (but is in John xx.24-29).

III.xiii.106. *Methodius*: The chaplain was named after St. Methodius, 9th century missionary of the Greek Church to the Danube area.

III.xiv.8. *Euroclydon*: The "tempestuous wind" of Acts xxvii.14 that wrecked Paul.

III.xiv.18. *The fair young Earl*: James Radcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, at the age of 27 was beheaded on Tower Hill, 24 February 1716, for treason. Northern lights were specially bright that night near *Dilston Hall*, the family castle, and are still known locally as "Lord Derwentwater's Lights."

III.xiv.58. *Ramadan*: 9th month of the Moslem year, when fasting is required.

III.xiv.69. *The Anak*: Num. xiii.33 tells of Anak whose sons "come of the giants" and make other men "as grasshoppers." Here, the Arnaut. *Mahound* is an archaism for Mohamet; the first edition's "Mahone" (a Turkish sailing vessel) has been corrected.

III.xiv.72. *Bey, the Emir, and Mameluke lords*: Eastern terms for: a Turkish governor, an Arabian prince, and Egyptian military men; used loosely here.

III.xiv.82. *Bazra blade*: Probably a sword made in Baza, Moorish city in Spain.

III.xiv.113. *Theseus*: The legendary hero of Attica, slayer of the Minotaur; he was believed to have returned to aid the Athenians at Marathon.

III.xiv.123. *Off Chiloe*: Large island close to the coast of Chile; its western shores have steep rocky masses up to 3000 feet. The White Whale was said to haunt that area (*Log*, II, 799).

III.xv.1. *Borneo's strand*: In the Malay archipelago.

III.xv.35. *The sweet Sabæa*: Sheba; see Jeremiah vi.20 for the "incense from Sheba," and also, for a Miltonic influence in this whole passage, Henry F. Pommer, *Milton and Melville* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 1950), p. 32.

III.xv.78. *Druze initiate*: See DJALEA (Index).

III.xv.82. *Lady Esther*: Lady Hester Stanhope (1776-1839), the brilliant and eccentric niece of William Pitt the Younger. From 1810 she lived as a kind of wealthy prophetess in the Lebanon Mountains, where she was visited by many famous travelers, including Kinglake and Lamartine. Kinglake's *Eothen* (Chap. 8) describes her as a *Sibyl*, the niece of *Pitt*, one who "trusted alone to the *stars* for her sublime knowledge," and who believed "the *Messiah* was yet to come" (italics mine).

III.xv.91. *veil / Of Sais*: A recurrent image in Melville's writings to symbolize the mysteries. Melville took his copy of *The Poems and Ballads of Schiller* (Sealts, No. 439) around the Horn in 1860, and marked up "The Veiled Image at Sais"; it tells of a youth who raised the veil, though warned not to, and so lost happiness but passed "through guilt to truth." Sais is a temple city of Egypt.

III.xv.117. *No God there is but God*: In his *Journal*, p. 76, Melville reports the ship was in a fog off Constantinople: "Old Turk ('Old Sinope') I said to him 'This is very bad' he answered 'God's will is good, & smoked his pipe in cheerful resignation.'"

III.xv.120. *Pallas' statue*: Statue of Athena.

III.xvi.0. *THE EASTER FIRE*: The celebration of Greek Easter at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem was a favorite subject of Eastern travelers. Melville had not seen it, but he read carefully Stanley's account, pp. 459-465, marking 3 passages. Since Rolfe's account is a broken one (lines 45-84, 104-109, 125-141, 224-251) the main elements of the story follow. Greek pilgrims from all over the Levant gather to watch the receiving from heaven of the Holy Fire. For hours before, the men race and leap around the Sepulcher in a wild ritual which Stanley compares to "a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leapfrog" (and which Rolfe compares to Greek and Polynesian games, line 229). Then comes a bannered procession of the priests, chanting, and the Turkish guards are forcibly ejected in a ritual battle. The Bishop enters the Chapel of the Sepulcher, closes the door, and an awful silence descends. Suddenly a flame appears at an aperture—"the light, as every educated Greek knows and acknowledges, kindled by the Bishop within—the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of God Himself upon the Holy Tomb."

In a frenzy of excitement the pilgrims struggle to light their own torches from the flame until there is a blaze of thousands of them. The Bishop is carried out in an assumed faint, and wild panic descends on the pilgrims. The sacred fire is carried by horsemen to the Greek convent in Bethlehem (Melville marked this bit, transferred it to Mar Saba, line 104). Details of Melville's borrowings are in Bezanson, pp. 128-133.

III.xvi.12. *Toll-taker at the Sepulcher*: The Turkish guards inside the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, often commented upon by travelers, had been noted by Melville in his *Journal*, p. 148: "At the entrance, in a sort of grotto in the wall a divan for Turkish policemen, where they sit crosslegged & smoking, scornfully observing the continuous troops of pilgrims entering & prostrating themselves before the anointing-stone of Christ. . . ."

III.xvi.30. *El Cods, Jerusalem*: The Arabic is *El Kuds*; this comic spelling appears in Chateaubriand, p. 247.

III.xvi.67. *ecstasy of Atys' scath*: Driven to madness by the attentions of the goddess Cybele (III.xiii.6), the Phrygian shepherd Atys castrated himself at the foot of a pine tree, and violets grew from his blood. Catullus tells the story in his poem, *Attis*. Priests of the Atys cult had to undergo emasculation. A spring festival on Mt. *Dindymus* (line 72) involved carrying a pine tree and violets up the mountain to Atys' tomb, and a violent 3-day "search" for him, accompanied by wild rites.

III.xvi.73. *Christian fakirs*: Fakirs are religious ascetics in Mohammedan or Hindu religion; the word play here is obvious.

III.xvi.183. *Venerable Bede*: The brilliant 7th century English churchman, perhaps the most learned scholar of Western Europe in his day. Rolfe as *Adam* (line 184) should be compared with I.xxxii.46.

III.xvi.195. *Scriptures say*: Psalm cxvii.2: "the truth of the Lord endureth for ever."

III.xvi.202. *Comte, Renan*: Auguste Comte (1798-1857), the founder of positivism and the man who coined the term "sociology"; a major leader of new thought. For *Renan* see note to I.xli.135.

III.xvi.231. *slain Patroclus*: The friend of Achilles, slain by Hector by the walls of Troy (near the *Hellespont*).

III.xvi.239. *the narrative receive / Of Ibrahim*: This facet of Rolfe's narrative is not in Stanley, but is in Curzon, Chap. 16. Curzon was there during the 1834 Easter, which turned into a wild massacre; Ibrahim Pasha (see note to II.vii.17), then governor of Jerusalem, was in the Church and was nearly killed; "He fainted more than once in

the struggle" and his soldiers had to cut a way out for him. Curzon went to the Pasha afterwards and pleaded to have the celebration discontinued, but he refused: "The interference of a Mahometan in such a case as this would only have been held as another persecution of the Christians."

III.xvi.254. *some story of his line*: Cf. *Pierre*.

III.xvii.0. A *CHANT*: The 4-voiced chant is Melville's own, but is based primarily on Jer. xxxii-xxxix. It tells of *Jeremiah* (line 23) thrown into prison for his prophecies of the fall of Jerusalem; the coming of the *Chaldean army* (line 26); the blinding of King *Zedekiah* (line 28) before carrying him off to captivity. But in the second part (line 49) God's promise of a gracious return (Jer. xxxii) becomes cause for joy.

III.xvii.10. *St. Cosmos' canticle*: One of the songs by Cosmas [*sic*] of Jerusalem, famous hymnologist of the Greek Church and, until 743 A.D., a monk at Mar Saba.

III.xvii.36. *Nergal and Samgar, Sarsechim*: Jer. xxxix.3 names these conquering princes of Babylon.

III.xvii.48. *A sword without*: Ezek. vii.15: "The sword is without, and the pestilence and the famine within."

III.xviii.0. *THE MINSTER*: Curzon (Chap. 14) has good descriptions of the buttresses, library, and church of the opening lines. The *Journal*, p. 138, reports only: "Went into chapel &c."

III.xviii.20. *Urim and Thummim*: Mysterious and never described parts of the breastplate of the high priest (Exod. xxviii.30); they mean "light" and "perfection" respectively, and were probably sacred jewels or stones.

III.xviii.22. *Semiramis*: A great and ancient Assyrian princess, ca. 800 B.C., perhaps founder of Babylon, according to Greek myth.

III.xviii.26. *Septuagint*: The Greek version of the Old Testament used in the Eastern Church.

III.xviii.39. *Greek cross*: Not the "T" Latin cross, but the modern Red Cross.

III.xix.0. *THE MASQUE*: The legend of the Wandering Jew is medieval in origin; told by Matthew Paris in the 13th century, it has often been elaborated since, by A. W. Schlegel, Eugène Sue, etc. One form uses the name *Cartaphilus* (line 8) for a servant of Pilate, reputed to have given Jesus a blow as he was led out to execution; for this he received the sentence, "Thou shalt wander on the earth till I return." See I.xiii.110 for Melville's version of the sin. The actual scene of the masque, the Kedron gorge, here stands for the Valley of *Jehoshaphat*

(line 10) beneath the Jerusalem wall. The whole alienation theme of the poem—continuous echoes of being “cut off”—here reaches climax.

III.xix.38. *Shaveh's dale, in Joel's court*: Here, synonyms for the Valley of Jehoshaphat, Joel's “valley of decision,” Joel iii.14 (and Clare's: IV.xxx).

III.xix.72. *An Elymas*: The sorcerer of Acts xiii.8.

III.xix.150. *Absalom's Pillar*: Famous landmark in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; Murray, I, 146, seems the source for lines 150-156: “Its lower part is now buried to some depth in a mass of stones, thrown at it by Jews, who, believing it to be really the pillar of Absalom mentioned in Scripture, have been in the habit from time immemorial of showing their horror at his rebellious conduct by casting a stone and spitting as they pass by. Most of them, however, might save themselves the trouble if they would only reflect on the words of our Lord: ‘He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.’”

III.xix.172. *Bismillah*: Belex, the Bethlehem guard, here gives the Moslem invocation, “In the name of God!”; to which Mortmain, from a point high above (the *Matterhorn*, line 181, is an Alpine peak) replies with the opening lines of a famous medieval hymn sung in the mass for the dead: “The day of wrath, that dreadful day” (line 174).

III.xx.1. *Seedsmen of old Saturn's land*: Saturnus, a mythical king of Italy, who brought civilization and a golden age, and whose name may be derived from sowing (*sero*).

III.xx.6. *Soldan*: Sultan.

III.xx.35. *the lesson Joel taught*: See note to I.xxviii.24; again, the Hebraic-Greek contrast, with that superb artist of the fleshbrush school, *Titian* (1477-1576), adding a Renaissance dimension to the Greek gentlemen with goat's feet, pointed ears, and wineskins (line 37).

III.xxi.72. *Achor's glen*: See II.xiv.

III.xxi.80. *old Duns Scotus*: The great 13th century theologian, who countered Thomism with Scotism.

III.xxi.203. *Bacon . . . / In one ripe tract*: Sir Francis Bacon's *De Sapientia Veterum* (1609), translated as *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, a study of 31 Greek myths which are “explained” in terms of Bacon's own philosophical views.

III.xxi.256. *The Stoic*: The great school begun by Zeno about 310 B.C., in which a severe philosophy of wisdom, virtue, and self-control takes the place of religion.

III.xxi.299. *Joined Werther's*: Refers to Goethe's *Leiden des*

jungen Werthers (1774), one of the famous romantic documents of self-torture.

III.xxii.8. *Chapels and oratories*: The *Journal*, p. 138, speaks of “little hermitages in rock.”

III.xxiii.39. *worse than Arian*: The famous heresy of Arius in the 4th century that Christ was not divine.

III.xxiii.62. *The Fathers*: St. John Chrysostom, St. Basilus (or Basil), and St. Athanasius were all 4th century Fathers of the Greek Church.

III.xxiii.122. *Elisha's bones*: II Kings xiii.21 tells of a man who came to life when buried in Elisha's tomb.

III.xxiv.17. *The long-sword Cid*: The Cid (1040–1099), great national hero of Spain during the Moorish wars, was buried in the monastery of *San Pedro* (line 16), near Burgos. Many legends, plays, songs, poems, and an opera have idealized him as a heroic figure.

III.xxiv.93. *Die—to die*: This and the next line are an obvious play on Hamlet's most famous soliloquy in Act III, Sc. i.

III.xxv.31. *St. Saba's fount*: Among the miracles attributed to St. Saba, the 5th century anchorite who founded the monastery, was the creation of a fountain “in a narrow cave in the bottom of the glen below the convent walls” (Murray, I, 205).

III.xxv.33. *Down, plummets down*: The descent of Derwent and the Lesbian has a parallel in the *Journal*, p. 138: “At dusk went down by many stone steps & through mysterious passages to cave & trap doors & hole in wall—ladder—ledge after ledge—winding—to bottom of Brook Kedron—*sides of ravine all caves of recluses*—Monastery a congregation of *stone eyries*, enclosed with wall.”

III.xxv.44. *to Avernus*: A mock descent into hell, here, with a later reference to *Virgil* (line 82), who served *Dante* (line 83) as guide in *The Inferno*.

III.xxv.59. *Terrace on terrace*: From the *Journal*, p. 138: “numerous *terraces, balconies*.”

III.xxv.61. *Our famous palm*: This central symbol of Part III in the remaining cantos finds only the briefest mention in the *Journal*, p. 138: “*solitary Date Palm mid-way in precipice*.” Chateaubriand, p. 259, was greatly struck by its “verdure” in the midst of “such dreary sterility,” and Curzon (Chap. 14) was told it was “endowed with miraculous properties.” The tradition of the monastery was that it had been planted by St. Saba himself (line 66). The artist, Peter Toft, a friend of Melville's later years, painted a large water color, “The Holy Palm, Mar Saba, Palestine,” and inscribed it “In memoriam of

Herman Melville." Now at the Berkshire Athenaeum, Mass., it was probably sent to Mrs. Melville in 1892. There also exists (HCL-M) a slip of paper with Vine's soliloquy to the Palm copied on it and signed: "P. Toft, New York, '92, Denmark."

III.xxv.67. *Indeed*: The 4 lines are Derwent's only commentary on the Palm. Wells, p. 84, commends the final cantos of Part III as the "most sustained passage" of "metaphysical and symbolical expression" in the poem, noting that 5 major characters successively confront the Palm: Derwent (here), Vine (III.xxvi), Mortmain (III.xxviii), Rolfe (III.xxix), and Clarel (III.xxx). The device is an interesting parallel to Chap. 99 in *Moby-Dick*, "The Doubloon."

III.xxv.75. *the laura*: Curzon (Chap. 15) explains in his section on Mar Saba: "The word 'laura,' which is often met with in histories of the first five centuries after Christ, signifies, when applied to monastic institutions, a number of separate cells, each inhabited by a single hermit or anchorite, in contradistinction to a convent or monastery, which was called a coenobium, where the monks lived together in one building under the rule of a superior."

III.xxv.101. *Lachryma Christi*: The "tears of Christ" is a famous wine; Cyril plays with the words.

III.xxv.123. *A great bird*: Shortly before his death, Ahab's hat was stolen by a "black hawk"—"one of those red-billed savage sea-hawks"—who then dropped it from that vast height into the sea" (*Moby-Dick*, Chap. 130).

III.xxv.143. *these eagles-gier*: The gier eagle which has stolen Mortmain's cap (cf. Agath: III.xxvii) is probably an Egyptian vulture; the gier eagle is twice mentioned in the Bible, as unclean for eating.

III.xxvi.2. *terce, sext, none*: In monastic life, the 3rd (9:00 A.M.), 4th (noon), and 5th (3:00 P.M.) periods of the day, canonical hours set aside for devotions; *vespers* (line 3) is the early evening 6th period.

III.xxvi.42. *on Delos*: Apollo was born on the island of Delos, and his temple was there.

III.xxvi.54. *Talassa's year*: Possibly *thalassa*, Greek for "sea."

III.xxvi.64. *the Seraphim*: Celestial beings hovering about the throne of God in Isaiah's vision (Isa. vi).

III.xxvii.9. *a big bird, red-billed and black*: See note to III.xxv.123.

III.xxvii.55. *Your friend there*: Mortmain.

III.xxvii.72. *bankrupt man of Uz*: Job. i.1. For line 74 see note to II.xxv.57.

III.xxvii.117. *these writings on the wall*: Lines 128-132 recall Satan's lament in *Paradise Lost*:

my self am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n. (IV.75)

Lines 134-137 relate to Melville's poem, "The American Aloe on Ex-hibition." Lines 140-143 are perhaps an oblique reference to the story of Samson killing the young lion and returning to take honey from the carcass (Judg. xiv). Lines 155-156 slightly resemble the inscriptions over the gateway to hell in Canto 3 of *The Inferno*.

III.xxvii.138. *Nostradamus*: Celebrated French astrologer of the 16th century, author of the book of prophecies entitled *Centuries* (1555). Spelled Nostradamus.

III.xxvii.172. *Og*: The Arnaut; see note to III.xi.192.

III.xxvii.191. *the dervishes*: Members of Moslem ascetic sects famous for their dancing, spinning, whirling or howling. In Cairo Melville noted, *Journal*, p. 120, "Leapers, tumblers, jugglers, smokers, dancers. . . ."

III.xxvii.196. *danced before the Ark*: II Sam. vi.12-16 tells how David "danced before the Lord with all his might" when the ark was brought into the city. The *cheeses* (line 194) are low curtsies; *pigeon-wings* (line 198) are particular figures in American dancing.

III.xxviii.1. *See him*: Mortmain is watching Derwent's dance across the gulf that separates them. He does not see the Palm until line 51.

III.xxviii.7. *Knowledge is power*: A motto of the American lyceum movement. That *true lore / Is impotent for earth* (line 8) is the Plinlimmon theme from *Pierre* (Bk. XIV). The italicized quote is a paraphrase from Luke xxiii.35-37 of the jeers and taunts hurled at Jesus on the Cross.

III.xxviii.36. *the hand / Gnawed in the dream*: III.xv.17.

III.xxviii.59. *Gabriel bore / To Mary*: The angel's visit to Mary is in Luke i.26-38; the *lily-rod* (line 59) is probably from one of the famous Annunciation paintings.

III.xxviii.92. *thou Paraclete*: The Holy Spirit as intercessor.

III.xxix.0. *ROLFE AND THE PALM*: The canto is of extreme interest as a late commentary on Melville's Marquesan adventure of 1842. The details compare closely with the account in *Typee*: the dangerous descent into the valley, the being taken as a god (cf.

"Of Rama," I.xxxii), the bathing girls, the peaceful life, the effort to prevent escape, the escape. The Eden reference (line 46) parallels the Paradise-Pacific theme of the *Journal*, with the open admission that Rolfe is still haunted by the experience.

III.xxix.11. *Mother-Cary's bird*: More commonly, Mother Carey's chicken, sailor term for the small petrel. This Cape Horn image leads nicely into Rolfe's remembrances of a Pacific-island adventure.

III.xxix.26. *Man's work or nature's*: Murray, I, 204, reports: "the other buildings are so dispersed along the whole side from the summit to the bottom of the ravine, that it is almost impossible to tell how much is masonry, and how much nature."

III.xxix.38. *Bandusia fount*: The *Bandusia Fons* in Apulia, celebrated in Horatian odes.

III.xxix.43. *Indian Arcady*: From Eden Rolfe slips into his favorite classical vocabulary: Arcadia (towards India), symbol of pastoral beauty; *Hesperian orchards* (line 54), the fabled western garden of golden apples; *Iris* (line 56), goddess of the rainbow; *nereids* (line 60), lovely sea nymphs; and *Pan* (line 82), god of pastoral life. The canto is thus a classic *threnody* (line 82) to a retreating dream. If the Palm means the hope of heaven to others, to Rolfe it means the memory of paradise lost.

III.xxix.47. *old Mendanna's sea*: Alvaro Mendana de Neyra, 16th century explorer who discovered and named the Marquesas Islands.

III.xxx.23. *ledge-built balcony / Inrailed*: The *Journal*, p. 138, shows the germ of this phrase and the canto: "*balustrade of iron—lonely monks. black-birds—feeding with hand.*" I have substituted my reading, *hand* (see line 35), for Horsford's *head*, and for Weaver's *herd* (*Journal up the Straits*, New York, 1935, p. 78). Rev. Andrew Thomson, *In the Holy Land* (New York, n.d.), p. 197, says the monks "were able, by a familiar whistle, to bring up [birds] from the neighbouring gorge. One beautiful creature, as large as a thrush, with black plumage and yellow wings, perched on the fingers of one of the monks and fed there." Thomson's book has a frontispiece engraving of the Saba tower and gorge.

III.xxx.62. *Mary, to fulfill the law*: Luke ii.21-24 tells how Mary brought 2 turtle doves (in place of a lamb) to the temple as a sacrifice after the purification rites following the birth of Jesus; this was the law according to Lev. xii.

III.xxx.67. *where Enoch roves*: Gen. v.24: "And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him."

III.xxx.69. *Nor myrtle here*: Again the Classical-Christian con-

trast. The myrtle, held sacred to *Venus* (line 65) in ancient times, is played against the highly symbolic *Palm* (line 69) of Christendom.

III.xxx.75. *Fomalhaut*: First magnitude star.

III.xxx.107. *old hermit-rhyme*: The manuscript was written by a Greek-Christian (*Thebaean*) in the 3rd century (time of emperor *Decius*). An ascetic tract on woman-as-trouble it cites: *David's son* (line 110), the illegitimate child David had by Bathsheba, which died as punishment (II Sam xi–xii); *he of Dan* (line 110), the son of Jacob by his wife Rachel's handmaid (Gen xxx.4–6); *him . . . that fled the bride* (line 111), unidentified; *And Job* (line 112): "Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God, and die" (Job ii.9). Slight wonder the good monk wished *The rib restored to Adam's side* (Gen. ii.21–24).

III.xxx.136. *Bethel-stair of ledges*: The image (it comes back twice in the next canto) is triple: Bethel is on a steep ridge; Bethel is where Jacob saw the "ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it" (Gen. xxviii.12); and Bethel means "The house of God." Wells, p. 84, notes that at this moment Clarel "perceives in the sweep of a single glance both the palm itself and the three persons really seriously concerned with it. . . . Even in many pages it would be impossible to analyze in this fugue-like passage the nuances of the poet's symbolism."

III.xxx.151. *as David sings*: II Sam. i.26: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

III.xxxi.1. (*if Luke attest*): Luke i.28: "And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." This completes a cycle of 3 recent references to Mary touching on the annunciation, purification, and now immaculateness (cf. III.xxviii.59; xxx.62); they prepare for Bethlehem. *HOLIDAME* (line 6) is a variant of *Halidom*: holy place or holiness.

III.xxxi.22. *turn the cheek*: Luke vi.29: "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other. . . ."

III.xxxi.35. *the Founder's words*: Matt. xxii.30: "For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven," said Jesus.

III.xxxii.5. *white shreds of shroud*: Completing the cycle that began when Mortmain first looked from Achor down across cloud-swept Siddim (II.xiv.71).

III.xxxii.15. *the Gileadite / In Obadiah's way*: I Kings xviii.7: "And as Obadiah was in the way, behold, Elijah met him; and he knew him, and fell on his face, and said, Art thou that my lord Elijah?"

III.xxxii.38. *palm-boughs sway / In St. John's heaven*: Rev. vii.9: the multitude about the throne of the Lamb, "clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.

III.xxxii.65. *healing hills of Gilead*: Jer. xlvi.11: "Go up into Gilead, and take balm. . . , " and the old hymn tune from this passage.

III.xxxii.70. *without the walls*: Mortmain is buried as he had lived—in alienation; the serenity that surrounded his death gives way to savagely Darwinian images.

PART IV

IV.i.3. *Three mitred kings*: The un-named wise men of Matt. ii.1–12. Mandeville says (Wright, p. 163): "and the Jews call them in Hebrew Appellius, Amerrius, and Damasus. These three kings offered to our Lord gold, incense, and myrrh; and they met together by a miracle of God, for they met together in a city in India called Cas-sak." Though Bethlehem was 53 days' away, they reached there in 4—"and that was a great miracle."

IV.i.71. *Chiron*: The most celebrated of the Centaurs, who were half horses and half men.

IV.i.107. *the Epirot*: The Arnaut.

IV.i.154. *palmer-worm*: An American pest that skeletonizes apple leaves; here it plays also on word *palmer*.

IV.i.160. *Naaman in his leprous plight*: II Kings v.9: "So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha"; after protest he did as Elisha told him, and was cured of his leprosy.

IV.i.164. *the Promethan ledge*: The great ledge to which Prometheus was bound while vultures daily ate out his heart; this for stealing fire from the gods.

IV.i.191. *the wreck—Jerusalem*: This major culmination of the theme of the Ruined City, here and in the opening lines of the next canto, was twice recorded in the *Journal*, pp. 139, 264: "On way to Bethelam saw Jerusalem from distance—unless knew it, could not have recognized it—looked exactly like arid rocks." An added note

at the end: "Jerusalem seen from Bethlem Road," was pencilled out, probably after using.

IV.ii.17. *city St. John saw*: Rev. xxi: *Sardonyx* was one of the 12 foundations; *ruby* (line 18) was not. *Monte Rosa* (line 19) is the second highest peak of the Alps. For *Patmos* (line 21) see I.xxxv.37.

IV.ii.27. *The Illyrian bold*: The Arnaut, sweeping about like *Prince Charlie's men* (line 30) in the ballad.

IV.ii.51. *A crucifixion in tattoo*: Agath's tattoo mark puts him in the company of 2 other sailors in Melville's writing. Jarl, the taciturn sea-Viking of *Mardi*, had on his arm a blue and vermillion tattoo of "our Saviour on the Cross" (Chap. 47). The sagacious old solitary of "Daniel Orme," one of Melville's final portraits (*Works*, Constable ed., XIII, 117–122), bore on his chest an indigo and vermillion tattoo of the "cross of the Passion."

IV.ii.54. *Twin curving palm-boughs*: As Rolfe suggests in line 69, the palm-leaves, cross, star, and crowns constitute the Jerusalem *Ensign* (line 68) of Crusader days. The specific reference of each symbol is pointed out by Derwent in lines 132–136. The first edition of *Clarel* bears a variation of this Ensign stamped in gold on both front covers: the palm leaves are below the cross, the crowns and star above:



The cross shown here is one variation of the Jerusalem cross. In his *Journal*, pp. 139–140, Melville noted, partly in pencil: "See page 124 of SAUNDERS for curious description of Jerusalem. (Jerusalem Cross 5 Wounds) P. 124." As Forsythe discovered—and reported in his review of Weaver's *Journal up the Straits for American Literature*, VIII (1936), 93—the SAUNDERS was meant to be Sandys. On page 124 of George Sandys, *A Relation of a Journey Begun An: Dom: 1610* (6th ed., London, 1670): "They bare five crosses gules [red], in form

of that which is at this day called the *Jerusalem crosse*; representing thereby the five wounds that violated the body of our Saviour." The single large Jerusalem (or Potent) cross surrounded by 4 smaller ones may be seen in the emblem above.

IV.ii.70. *King Baldwin's sway*: See note to IV.xiii.70.

IV.ii.75. *Java-Head*: Malay archipelago.

IV.ii.113. *Temple round / In London*: Melville's *European Journal*, p. 27: "to the Temple Church to hear the music. Saw the 10 Crusaders—those who had been to the Holy Land, with their legs crossed. Heads of the [knights], damned fine." See also the opening pages of his story, "The Paradise of Bachelors."

IV.ii.184. *Valhalla's hall*: Where went the souls of Norse heroes slain in battle.

IV.iii.0. *THE ISLAND*: See "Sketch Fourth" of "The Encantadas" for a further description of Narborough, the volcanic island in the Galapagos to which Agath here refers. The first 2 sketches there are eloquent on *the monstrous tortoise drear!* (line 62).

IV.iii.11. *It burns by night—by day the cloud*: Exod. xiii.21: "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light. . . ."

IV.iii.45. *in his calenture*: Delirious fever.

IV.iii.56. *old skulls of Anaks*: See note to III.xiv.69.

IV.v.48. *Varus' legions*: Quintilius Varus, governor of Germany under Augustus, who with his 3 legions was utterly destroyed by the barbarians in a 3-day battle.

IV.v.54. *Parsee*: Sun worshiper.

IV.v.88. *A paper pact*: The Constitution of the United States.

IV.v.128. *Mary-land*: Named after *heaven's gracious Queen* (line 127), the Virgin Mary, Queen of Heaven; and *Britain's princess* (line 128), Queen Mary I, Catholic ruler (1553–1558). The *Ark and Dove* (line 117) arrived in the spring of 1634. George *Calvert* (1580–1632) had won the charter for the new colony (line 129).

IV.v.132. *under Tilly's great command*: In his proof copy of *Clarel* (HCL-M) Melville wrote this phrase on the front end paper, without a page reference. As it agrees with the text it may have been a chronological rather than typographical query. Count Johann von Tilly (1559–1632) was a German general of the Thirty Years' War.

IV.v.149. *holding slaves*: Ungar's version of where the *iniquity* lies agrees with Mortmain's (II.xxxvi.76).

IV.v.179. *Rizpah*: II Sam. xxi.1–11 tells of her steadfastness in

guarding the 7 hanged corpses of Saul's sons (2 born of Rizpah) from the birds by day and the beasts by night.

IV.vi.1. *Over uplands now*: The *Journal* note, p. 139—"Over lofty hills to Bethalem.—on a hill"—keys the opening line and Derwent's "*What other hill?*" in line 30.

IV.vi.21. *terraces, which stair by stair*: Murray, I, 207: "The terraces . . . sweep in graceful curves round the ridge, regular as stairs."

IV.vi.38. *Mary with the spikenard*: John xii.3: "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment."

IV.vi.49. *Nehemiah's proffer*: I. xxxvi.58.

IV.vii.5. *Grim abbey on the wave afloat*: Whereas in "Benito Cereno" the ship-as-monastery is the image, here it is the monastery-as-ship.

IV.vii.18. *the girt Capuchin*: Distinguished by the long pointed cowl; Capuchins, a branch of the Franciscans, controlled the Latin monastery in Bethlehem.

IV.vii.39. *Mary found no room*: Luke ii.7.

IV.vii.87. *The compline service*: Last liturgical prayers, after vespers; 7th canonical hour.

IV.vii.97. *Job's chambers of the South*: Job xxxvii.9: "Out of the south cometh the whirlwind," which in the King James version has the marginal note to the first 4 words "*Heb. Out of the chamber.*" Probably also an uncommon name for a constellation, since here linked with *Arcturus* (line 96), a first magnitude star.

IV.viii.2. *old Sylvanus (stories say)*: Pommer, p. 136, has the key: Milton's account of the exiling of pagan deities in Milton's "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." Sylvanus was the Roman wood god.

IV.ix.23. *The Valley of the Shepherds*: Melville's name for the scene of Luke ii.10 (line 37). The *shekinah* (line 47) in Jewish theology is the radiance surrounding the divine presence.

IV.ix.49. *a little St. John boy*: Dressed like John the Baptist.

IV.ix.68-80. *Lot and Abraham*: Gen. xiii.8-9, 11, almost verbatim.

IV.ix.87. *Eden's placed not far*: Eden's site was much disputed in the 19th century; scholars generally agreed it was probably in Palestine, though not near Bethlehem especially.

IV.ix.113. *As cruel as a Turk*: A recurrent theme for several

cantos, and one that Melville had used in an 1860 lyceum lecture. J. H. Birss, "‘Travelling’: A New Lecture by Herman Melville," *NEQ*, VII (1934), 725-728: "The Spanish Matador, who devoutly believes in the proverb, ‘Cruel as Turk,’ goes to Turkey, sees that people (are) kind to all animals; sees docile horses, never balky, gentle, obedient, exceedingly intelligent, yet *never beaten*, and comes home to his bull-fights with a very different impression of his own humanity." Cf. lines 106-108.

IV.ix.134. *How many Hughs of Lincoln*: The ballad of a boy named Hugh whom Jews stole and crucified after torture, in Lincoln; used by Chaucer in tale told by Prioress.

IV.x.8. *an ancient monument*: Not described in travel literature.

IV.x.65. *Toward Mecca*: In his *Journal*, p. 139, Melville wrote: "(Passed over Bethaleh hills—where shepherds were watching their flocks, (as of old) but a Moslem with back to Jerusalem (face to Mecca) praying."

IV.x.77. *the humble publican*: Luke xviii.10-14 gives the parable of the self-righteous Pharisee and the humble publican.

IV.x.95. *The ship in manifest*: A list of ship's cargo, signed by the master, for the information and use of a custom's inspector such as Herman Melville.

IV.x.113. *Louis plied the rod*: See note to II.xiii.8.

IV.x.171. *once in York*: Melville's *Journal*, p. 61, mentions leaving York on a rainy day.

IV.xii.0. *OF POPE AND TURK*: The canto is lost on the modern reader. It stems from contemporary interest in the Crimean War (Melville reached Constantinople only 7 months after the 1856 treaty ending it, and his *Journal* has a keen eye for military sights); from "The Turkish Question" in general; and from his own interest in real, as distinct from stereotyped, ethics. See Murray, I, xlv-i-xlvii for a discussion of Turkish character.

IV.xii.30. *Dismembered Poland*: The Third partitioning of Poland among Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in 1795, which left Poland broken for a century; the insurrection of *Thirty-One* (1831: line 48) was protested by the Pope because of announced Russian hostility to Catholicism.

IV.xii.39. *Urquhart's vanity*: David Urquhart (1805-1877) conducted several crucial diplomatic missions to the Near East for England. A critic of his government's stand on the Crimean war, in several books he argued for Turkish autonomy.

IV.xii.77. *Ormuz*: In *Paradise Lost* Satan sat upon a throne

which "Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*" (II.2); once one of the world's richest cities, it went to ruins. Here the term may be generic for Persia. *Selim* (line 79) was the name of a series of Turkish Sultans up to the 19th century: perhaps here generic for Turkey.

IV.xiii.0. *THE CHURCH OF THE STAR*: Melville's brief jottings at Bethlehem, *Journal*, p. 139, include the *monk* (line 15), the *lamps* in the place of Nativity (lines 114-116), *Constantine's mother*, Helena (line 146), the tombs of *Paula* and *Jerome* (xvi.1-6): "old chapel of Helena. . . . In chapel, monk (Latin) took us down into cave after cave,—tomb of saints—lights burning (with olive oil) till came to place of Nativity (many lamps) & manger with lights." Detailed descriptions of the Church are in Stanley, pp. 433-437, and Murray, I, 209-211.

IV.xiii.38. *This Isaac*: The intended sacrifice of Isaac is in Gen. xxii.1-14.

IV.xiii.45. *the deep Dodona grove*: The grove of beeches in Epirus, scene of the most ancient oracle of Greece (with Delphi); the parallel is one of meaning as well as chronology.

IV.xiii.48. (*if ye recall*): Rolfe's *Dead Man's Inn* of II.xv.39.

IV.xiii.70. *and thought / Of Baldwin*: The brother of *Godfrey* (line 72) was crowned Baldwin I, King of Jerusalem, on Christmas day, 1100.

IV.xiii.106. *Archimago's cave*: The "darksome hole" of the vile monster in Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* (I.i.14). The *Persian Sibyl* (line 108) is one of the several sibyls vaguely and darkly mentioned by ancient writers.

IV.xiii.115. *Pleiads*: A constellation.

IV.xiii.168. *The first Franciscan*: St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226) becomes a central topic in these cantos. The Tuscan monk's dress has already been described (line 17), and now Rolfe explains its meaning. In the next canto Salvaterra recalls *Angelo Tancredi* (xiv.45), a cavalier convert of Francis' who afterward wrote the saint's life. The discussion then culminates with a long tribute from Rolfe (xiv.64), who has probably been reading *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*.

IV.xiii.194. *In Latin text*: HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST. *Salvator Mundi* (line 204) is "Saviour of the world."

IV.xiv.33. *Ignatius*: Ignatius of Loyola (1491-1556), Spanish soldier crippled for life at Pamplona, who founded the Order of the Jesuits. St. *Martin* (line 34) was a 4th century French bishop who had reluctantly served in the army in youth.

IV.xiv.98. *Machiavel*: The central drift of the brilliant writings of Niccolo Machiavelli (1469–1527) is a rejection of the divine concept of state or man for a harshly realistic one.

IV.xv.0. *SYMPHONIES*: Bartlett's *Walks*, p. 209, reports an ecstatic listening to matins, hymns, and the organ here.

IV.xv.21. *a Poor Clare*: Member of the Order of Poor Clares founded by the friend of Francis, St. Clare of Assisi (1194–1253). *Cordelier* (line 23) means Franciscan (referring to the knotted girdle of rope). The *passion-flower* (line 30) is the genus *passiflora*, with corona taken as crown of thorns, stamens and pistil as nails, 5 sepals and 5 petals as the 10 faithful apostles.

IV.xvi.0. *THE CONVENT ROOF*: Melville noted in his *Journal*, p. 139: "View from roof of chapel &c."

IV.xvi.3. *Paula*: The tombs of Paula and Jerome near the Manger are discussed in Stanley and Murray. Paula (347–404) went to the East in 385 with the great scholar and Church Father, St. Jerome (line 6 [340–420]). She is considered the model of Christian widows by the Church; she came from one of Rome's first families (*Scipio's heir*: line 4).

IV.xvi.84. *St. Mark's Square*: Which Melville had seen when in Venice (*Journal*, p. 227).

IV.xvi.97. *Boaz' seat*: How *Ruth* (line 98) gleaned after the workers of Boaz in Bethlehem is told in the Book of Ruth.

IV.xvi.139. *thou mayst recall*: But Rolfe doesn't; the masque occurred in III.xix; but the *balm-wind from Sabæa* (line 146) was on the night of the revels (III.xv). *Rigel and Betelgeuse* are brilliant 1st magnitude stars (line 145), such as interested the Chaldaean *magi* (line 144), famous for their oracular astronomy.

IV.xvi.173. *Rome's wide campania*: The areas outside Rome were dangerously *malarial* (line 176), as Daisy Miller learned.

IV.xvi.178. *the broidered maniple*: An ornamental band worn on the left arm near the wrist when serving at the Eucharist.

IV.xvi.195. *a Persian rhyme*: The cluster of Persian elements here includes *Pera* (line 196), a city there; an *Astracan* hat (line 197), made of curly young lamb's wool; and a reference to *Saadi* (line 200), the Persian poet (1184–1291), whom Melville had been reading (Sealts, No. 434). It culminates superbly in the abdication of *Mithras*, Persian god of the sun, light, and wisdom (line 216).

IV.xvii.29. *Prospero*: A wise and good magician, as in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.

IV.xvii.71. *An Ethan Allen*: Ethan Allen (1738–1789) was Cap-

tain of the “Green Mountain Boys” and famous for bold military operations; he was also a noted deist. See *Israel Potter* for an elaborate picture of him as folk hero. *Herbert of Cherbury* (1583–1648) was also a distinguished soldier and deist (line 72).

IV.xviii.4. *About the fane*: Helena’s basilica, the Church of the Nativity, is attached to the 3 convents; the whole mass looms like *Ehrenbreitstein* (line 7), the great fortress on a rocky hill in Rhenish Prussia.

IV.xviii.12. *legendary grot*: The *Milk Grotto*, in Murray, I, 211, whose legend is as much a fairy tale as are *fauns*, *cherubs*, *genii*, and *Oberon* (line 18), King of the Fairies.

IV.xviii.37. *Tahiti’s beach*: “J.C. should have appeared in Tahiti,” Melville wrote in his *Journal*, p. 263, and with this image the Pacific-Palestine themes are brought into direct opposition. See Horsford’s note for a possible exegesis.

IV.xix.36. *The Cock*: Melville’s *European Journal*, pp. 34, 71 and *Journal*, p. 257, indicate at least three visits to the famous old tavern.

IV.xix.120. *imp of Semele*: Since Semele was the mother of Bacchus, this may be taken as wine, and *Raleigh* (line 121), as tobacco.

IV.xix.144. *great Diana of ill fame*: Diana, or Artemis, had a great temple at Ephesus, showing her image with many breasts; her worship is the subject of Acts xix.23–41.

IV.xix.155. *Cotopaxi*: Volcano in Ecuador.

IV.xx.1. *the still small voice*: So God spoke to Elijah (I Kings xix.11–12), rather than in wind, earthquake, or fire.

IV.xx.48. *Aurelius Antonine*: Roman emperor of the 2nd century and author of the *Meditations*.

IV.xx.92. *them Immanuel fed*: Matt. xiv.13–21.

IV.xx.99. *others*: The next 7 lines seem a jab at the Transcendentalists and their neo-Platonic notions.

IV.xx.120. *the long Tuileries*: Formerly the royal residence, near the cathedral of *Notre Dame* (line 127); it was seized in the first revolution, burned in 1871.

IV.xxi.32. *How profits it*: “Therefore they [the wicked] say unto God, Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways . . . and what profit should we have, if we pray unto him?” (Job xxi.14–15). Joshua made the sun stand still at *Ajalon* (line 38) on the day of the great slaughter (Josh. x.12–15).

IV.xxi.90. *an old thought*: What American historians of the Frederick Jackson Turner school called “the safety valve theory” of the Frontier.

IV.xxii.43. *Be born anew*: John iii.7: "Ye must be born again."

IV.xxiv.25. *Unkenned*: The unknown singer is the Prodigal of a later canto (xxvi).

IV.xxv.56. *And now*: The next 3 cantos are somewhat complicated. We are warned that their intent is not "wanton"—as when *Daphne* (line 57) was pursued so hotly by Apollo that she had to become a laurel tree to escape him; but it is "the satyr's chord" which is strung (line 61). The Lyonesse is somewhat prodigal in his sexuality as well as his race, his major emotional responses being to Don Rovenna (xxvi.97) with whom he was "Locked friends" (xxvi.52)—"dear Rovenna" (xxvi.152). Clarel, the night they share a room, marks his "Rich, tumbled, chestnut hood of curls" and then in a surprising figure likens him to a Polynesian girl eloping with her lover to feed "on berries and on love" (xxvi.255)—though Rolfe is the man of Polynesian memories. Clarel's ambiguous dream that night involves "clasping arms" (xxvi.316), but whether they are Ruth's or the Lyonesse's we are not told. The next morning Derwent speaks to Clarel of "the sweet shape" of *Bacchus* (xxvii.24), and when he comments on the Prodigal's "warm / Soft outline" brings "a scare / Of incredulity" to Clarel's eyes (xxvii.18). It is possible that Clarel is afraid to return to Ruth because she may be dead, but also because she may not be. It will be recalled that Ruth had blossomed wonderfully during the courtship, but that Clarel, who had never known a mother or sister, felt fully the "charm" of Agar, but an "unrest" toward Ruth (I.xxxix.17). In his own mind this is due entirely to the problem of religious doubt, which is real; but his sexual confusion seems as great, and the two are interwoven. The death of Nathan gives him the out he wants, and with a full rationalization but deep sense of guilt he sets off. His fantasies about the Armenian funeral procession during the pilgrimage have no basis for being related to Ruth except as unfulfilled wish. Its fulfillment in IV.xxx is thus a complex disaster.

IV.xxvi.77. *the bier / Of Jacob*: Following his father's wish, Joseph brought the body of Jacob up out of *Egypt* and made a 7-days mourning at "the threshing floor of *Atad*, which is beyond Jordan" (Gen. 1.1–13).

IV.xxvi.83. *Jephthah's daughter*: Jephthah, before sacrificing his only daughter to fulfill a vow, gave her 2 months; and she went up and down the mountains, bewailing her virginity (Judg. xi.29–40).

IV.xxvi.100. *saya-manto in Peru*: Petticoat and veil.

IV.xxvi.119–138. *Isaiah's dark burden*: The Prodigal reveals considerable Biblical background. Damascus in the 19th century was still

a magnificent city, and there is point to his mockery of Isaiah's *malison*—3 separate prophecies of the sure destruction of the city (Isa. vii.8; viii.4; xvii.1). He recalls too most of the details of the Damascene leper, Naaman, who replied to Elisha when told to wash 7 times in the Jordan: "Are not Abana and Parphar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" But he did wash, and was healed (II Kings v).

IV.xxvi.158-175. *dame Judah here*: The Prodigal's jaunty discourse comes from Stanley, pp. 162-163 (*italics mine*): "The elevation of the hills and table-lands of *Judah* is *the true climate of the vine*. . . . It was from the Judaeian valley of *Eschol*—'the torrent of the cluster'—that *the spies* cut down *the gigantic cluster of grapes*. . . . *The 'vine' was the emblem of the nation on the coins of the Maccabees*, and in *the colossal cluster of golden grapes which overhung the porch of the second Temple*. . . ."

IV.xxvi.176. *Solomon's harp*: Song of Sol. vii.4; ii.16; ii.5; vii.3, provides the 4 citations. The argument over the meaning of Canticles—whether it is a love song or a theological piece (line 187)—is discussed by Kitto, I, 381-387. *St. Bernard* (line 190) is mentioned there, though not as prime interpreter; and so is *Hafiz* (line 201), lush Persian poet of the 14th century also theologically construed—by the *Bonzes* (line 201), Buddhist monks in China or Japan.

IV.xxvi.224. *Ahasuerus*: How this king chose *Esther* (line 225), without knowing she was a Jewess, to replace the proud Vashti as queen, and what followed, is the theme of the Book of Esther. Her concealed race is especially relevant. *Nero* (line 226) finally married his mistress *Poppæa Sabina* (line 228) after having his wife murdered.

IV.xxvi.238. *Urbino's ducal mistress*: Titian (1477-1576) painted the Duchess of Urbino in 1537; it is in the Uffizi, Florence, where Melville was "charmed with Titian's Venus," *Journal*, p. 219.

IV.xxvi.243. *Bathsheba*: The account of David's seduction of Bathsheba in II Sam. xi gives no hint that she was looking for the trouble she got.

IV.xxvi.295. *Shushan*: Ancient capital of Persia, and setting for the Book of Esther.

IV.xxvi.313. *the Tuscan*: Salvaterra (IV.xiii).

IV.xxviii.2. *the man of scars*: Ungar.

IV.xxviii.24. *For Hebron bound*: About 20 miles southwest of Bethlehem, and site of Abraham's famous *oak* (line 29) beneath which he dwelt.

IV.xxviii.66. *The well of Jesse's son*: David's Well (line 0) sup-

plied the water which 3 of his mighty men brought him when he was confined in Adullam's cave (II Sam. xxiii.15-17).

IV.xxix.0. *THE NIGHT RIDE*: "Ride to Jerusalem—pressing forward to save the rain," Melville wrote in his *Journal*, p. 139. Perhaps there was an urgency here that was transposed into Clarel's climactic anxiety as he sets out for Jerusalem on *Shrove Tuesday* (line 2), the last preparatory day before Lent.

IV.xxix.103. *Cursed Manes and the Manichee*: Manes (216-276) was the founder of Manichaeism, a dualistic religion that stresses the darkness and power of evil which light confronts.

IV.xxix.116. *Rachel weeping*: Jer. xxxi.15 tells of the voice heard in *Ramah* (line 114), "Rachel weeping for her children, . . . because they were not."

IV.xxix.118. *Cistern of the Kings*: Time for one last site—and the last image of the star of Bethlehem.

IV.xxix.136. *By Jeremy's grot*: The Grotto of Jeremiah (mentioned in the *Journal*, p. 151) lay just north of the city walls outside the Damascus Gate. The route the cavalcade takes (lines 138-151) from where the Bethlehem Road enters Hinnom to St. Stephen's Gate—past Zion, Rogel, Ophel, the village of Siloam, and Shaveh's Dale—can be followed on Map A. The fiction of an Ottoman camp barring the north route is of course a device for confronting Clarel with the coming scene in the Jewish Cemetery.

IV.xxx.0. *THE VALLEY OF DECISION*: Joel iii.14: "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision."

IV.xxx.10. *Coquimbo's ground*: A province in Chile.

IV.xxx.116. *Mad Korah*: He was mad with rebellion (Num. xvi).

IV.xxx.156. *Ash Wednesday*: First day of the penitential season of Lent.

IV.xxxi.8. *Shun Orcus*: See note to II.xxxix.78. For *Azrael* (line 11), see note to III.iv.89.

IV.xxxii.0. *PASSION WEEK*: The week before Easter, in the old manner: *Palm Sunday* the first day of Holy Week (line 55), commemorating the triumphal entry; followed by *Holy Thursday* (line 75) and *Good Friday* (line 82).

IV.xxxii.91. *Mortmain, pallid as wolf-bone*: Cf. III.xv.20.

IV.xxxii.105. *The Comforter*: Jesus' promise: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever" (John xiv.16). *Erebus* is the son of Chaos.

IV.xxxiii.1. *But on the third day*: Luke xxiv.7.

IV.xxxiii.6. *the Stabat*: The liturgical *Stabat Mater*, “The Mother was standing.” *Tenebræ* (line 7): hymn of the shadows which fall as candles are extinguished during Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Holy Week.

IV.xxxiii.57. *Thammuz’ spring*: Solstitial festival in July for the Syrian deity.

IV.xxxiii.65. *Christ is arisen*: Matt. xxviii.6: “He is not here: for he is risen, as he said.”

IV.xxxiv.0. *VIA CRUCIS*: The germ of this final scene of the poem lies in the *Journal*, p. 140: “*Thoughts in the Via Dolorosa*—women panting under burdens—men with melancholy faces.” The passage is penciled out, probably after using. *Via Crucis* is the *Via Dolorosa*.

IV.xxxiv.22. *’Tis Whitsun-tide*: The 7th Sunday after Easter, when the Apostles were visited by cloven tongues of fire from heaven (Acts ii.1–14).

IV.xxxiv.51. *far under sea / They talk*: President Buchanan and Queen Victoria exchanged greetings by the Atlantic Cable, 5 August 1858; it ceased functioning on 1 September. By 1868 a new cable was working.

TEXTUAL NOTES

The present text is that of the first American edition. All variations from this text are noted below. They are of two sorts: textual corrections made by Melville but not incorporated into the first edition, and minor changes made by the present editor in conformity with the policy on texts of *The Complete Works of Herman Melville*.

Melville's corrections were made in a specially bound set of sheets (undecorated light tan cloth, 2 volumes in 1) now in the Melville Collection of Harvard University. On the front end paper is a note in Mrs. Melville's hand: "'Revised' sheets—Herman's corrections / Index [Contents] to 3d & 4th parts wanting." The front flyleaf bears an erased note: "To the Binder—Retain these pages." On this flyleaf are Melville's somewhat disordered notations in his own hand, as follows: a) 22 references to pages in Parts I and II (where 1 or more corrections are found in the textual margin), most numbers having checks beside them and only 3 having the phrases to be corrected; and b) 16 phrase corrections for Parts III and IV with page numbers. That is, Melville's corrections for the first volume are in the text itself, for the second they are on the flyleaf. Although all the corrections are minor and appear to have been hastily done (1 page of the volume's text is still unopened), and although Melville himself sometimes questioned his own changes, they are nevertheless valid author's corrections; 41 changes prescribed by Melville have been made in the present text and recorded below. Melville's intention in 4 other instances is too uncertain to warrant changing the text; they are cited in the Explanatory Notes for I.i.125; II.xxiii.95; II.xxvi.0, 8; and IV.v.132.

Editorial changes are of 5 kinds:

Format: canto numbers have been changed from Roman capitals to small Roman, and canto lines have been numbered marginally; this adoption of the modern format for long poems now makes possible exact citation (such as: II.xvii.29–34). Running heads showing part

and canto numbers have been introduced. Part and canto numbers and heads have been opened. The initial letter and large capitals used for the opening word of each canto in the first edition, have been reduced, and opening quotation marks supplied as needed. A few lines of verse have been moved to left or right when they were erratically off the basic typographical pattern.

Typographical errors: broken or blurred type, omission of punctuation (as at the end of a canto), and clearly wrong punctuation (as a comma at the end of a canto), have been corrected.

Punctuation: the original punctuation has been preserved even when erratic, with the following exceptions. Failure to open or close quotations, and failure to alternate double and single quotation marks, has been remedied. Quotation marks have been added to each new paragraph of a continuous speech when they have been omitted (the first edition is inconsistent here). In a very few instances punctuation has been added when the intention of the passage is undebatable and the lack of punctuation is confusing. The total number of punctuation changes in accordance with these principles is small. Two unlisted changes in punctuation mechanics are noted below.

Spelling: words printed varyingly as compounds, hyphenated words, or 2 separate words have been regularized to the form that predominates, or is most characteristic in Melville's other writings. A few of the egregious errors have been corrected even when there were no variants. Melville's sometimes unorthodox spellings of proper nouns have been allowed to stand in most instances but have been made consistent when they vary. Melville's irregular use of capitals has been retained exactly lest regularization interfere with shades of meaning (e.g., Truth, truth; Man, man; Nature, nature). Similarly, pronoun references to members of the Christian Trinity have been left in both lower and upper case; many of these variations seem accidental, but the more than 20 lower-case pronouns in Celio's defiant speech, for example (I.xiii), remind us of Melville's parenthetical remark in a letter to Hawthorne (Thorpe, p. 392): "(You perceive I employ a capital initial in the pronoun referring to the Deity; don't you think there is a slight dash of flunkeyism in that usage?)."

Setting of lyrics, songs, inscriptions, etc: the typographical presentation of these 40-odd pieces and fragments is irregular and sometimes confusing in the first edition. To aid the reader a consistent pattern has been introduced whereby a space precedes and follows each piece, and double quotes (or single if it is part of a speech) open each stanza and close the last. If the next line continues the speech, its opening

quotes have been removed and the line, if indented, has been moved to the left margin.

All the editorial changes described above are listed below except for: 1) those noted under *format*; 2) simple instances of broken type; 3) dropping the comma when comma and dash are used together (22 times); 4) substituting a single comma following parentheses for comma(s) before and/or inside parentheses (12 times); 5) four very frequent spelling changes (the first edition uses both forms):

height *for* hight though *for* tho'
St. ——— *for* Saint ——— through *for* thro'

References to changes are by part, canto, and line. Changes prescribed by Melville are marked [M] to distinguish them from editorial changes.

CONTENTS: [I.iii] The Sepulcher *for* The Sepulchre
[II.ii] The Skull-Cap *for* The Skull Cap
[II.xvi] Night in Jericho *for* Nightin Jericho
[III.xx] Afterward *for* Afterwards
[IV.ix] The Shepherds' Dale *for* The Shepherd's Dale
[IV.xviii] The Hill-Side *for* The Hillside

I.i.92: "Our New World's *for* "Our New World's
I.i.99: from storm.' *for* from storm.
I.i.128: mountain-town *for* mountain town
I.ii.87: subtle *for* subtile
I.ii.108-109: *Space between lines*
I.ii.110: 'Last one *for* "Last one
I.ii.116: thou bringest.' *for* thou bringest."
I.ii.116-117: *Space between lines*
I.ii.117: "The Palmer replies: *for* The Palmer replies:
I.ii.118: 'Nay, *for* "Nay,
I.ii.123: by me.'" *for* by me."
I.ii.123-124: *Space between lines*
I.iii.0: THE SEPULCHER *for* THE SEPULCHRE
I.iii.15: Holy Sepulcher, *for* Holy Sepulchre,
I.iii.35. somber *for* sombre
I.iii.108: à Becket's *for* a'Becket's
I.iii.131: bazaar *for* bazar
I.iii.160: subtle *for* subtile
I.iii.195: cried: *for* cried
I.v.90: sepulcher *for* sepulchre
I.v.99: overnight *for* over night

- I.v.220: tempest-tossed *for* tempest tossed—[M]
 I.vi.1: stood: *for* stood [M]
 I.vi.30: jackal *for* jackall
 I.vii.15: fanned, *for* fanned [M]
 I.xii.4: Terra Santa's *for* Terra-Santa's
 I.xii.8: mitered *for* mitred
 I.xii.115: old, *for* old [M]
 I.xii.116: rolled: *for* rolled [M]
 I.xii.143: her colony *for* colony [M]
 I.xiii.74: doubt?" *for* doubt? [M]
 I.xv.6: "He breaks *for* He breaks
 I.xvii.20: mold, *for* mould,
 I.xvii.90: mountain-side *for* mountain side
 I.xvii.225: mitered *for* mitred
 I.xviii.86: good will *for* good-will
 I.xix.0: FULFILLMENT *for* FULFILMENT
 I.xxi.30: Mameluke *for* Mamaluke
 I.xxii.88: here"—*for* here"
 I.xxiii.10: by-ways, *for* bye-ways,
 I.xxiii.91: good-by *for* good-bye
 I.xxv.15: Than *for* Then
 I.xxvi.32: theater *for* theatre
 I.xxvii.97: ofttimes *for* oftimes
 I.xxix.58: somber *for* sombre
 I.xxxi.95: 'Me overrule! *for* "Me overrule!
 I.xxxi.96: be merciful!" *for* be merciful!"
 I.xxxi.158: mitered *for* mitred
 I.xxxi.165: "In Lima's *for* In Lima's
 I.xxxi.207: inference *for* influence [M]
 I.xxxi.268: fore-front *for* fore front
 I.xxxii.18: ethereal *for* etherial
 I.xxxiv.42: garish *for* gairish
 I.xxxvii.2: loath, *for* loth,
 I.xxxvii.36: overrulings *for* over-rulings
 I.xli.3: aerial *for* aërial
 I.xli.65: new-comer *for* new comer
 I.xli.103: sojourning *for* sojurnning
 I.xli.118: blur:—*for* blur [M]
 I.xlii.82: Jericho. *for* Jericho
 I.xliv.51: END OF PART I *for* END OF PART FIRST
 II.i.188: [Of] rigorous gloom; *for* Austerely sad; [M]; *see Notes*

- II.i.220: true: *for* true [M]
 II.i.223: herein. *for* herein [M]
 II.ii.25: 'Pink cap *for* "Pink cap
 II.ii.27: girl"—*for* girl—
 II.ii.28: Hallo, *for* "Hallo,
 II.ii.32: here," *for* here, [M]
 II.iv.95: weaves *for* ebbs [M]; *see* Notes
 II.iv.96: Weaves *for* Floods [M]; *see* Notes
 II.iv.99: Forty-Eight *for* Forty-eight
 II.iv.145: Siren's *for* Syren's
 II.v.54: 'She's handsome *for* "She's handsome
 II.v.58: 'With rain-beads *for* "With rain-beads
 II.v.62: 'She beams—*for* "She beams—
 II.v.66: 'My friends *for* "My friends
 II.v.66: "There!" *for* "There!"
 II.v.69: dinner!—*for* dinner!—
 II.v.70: Heigh-ho, *for* "Heigh-ho
 II.vii.1: mountain-side *for* mountain side
 II.x.42: 'Not *for* "Not
 II.x.46: 'Helen, *for* "Helen,
 II.x.49: two.'— *for* two."—
 II.x.159: shrine?' *for* shrine?"
 II.x.197: natheless *for* nathless
 II.xi.24: ether *for* æther
 II.xi.60: Libya? *for* Lybia?
 II.xi.71: honeycombed, *for* honey-combed,
 II.xii.36: books can win; *for* volumes win; [M]
 II.xiii.27: Hecla *for* Hela
 II.xiii.133: "Rather *for* Rather
 II.xiv.1: mountain-town *for* mountain town
 II.xvi.12: somber *for* sombre
 II.xvi.74: "May be," *for* "Maybe,"
 II.xvi.110: overmuch, *for* overmuch [M]
 II.xviii.6: cruse *for* cruze
 II.xviii.21: da Gama's *for* De Gama's [M]
 II.xix.2: Leon's *for* Spanish [M]
 II.xix.53: breathed, *for* breathed
 II.xxi.16: aeries *for* æries
 II.xxi.81: 'world—*for* "world"—
 II.xxi.94: Canst *for* Can'st
 II.xxii.43: deceive: *for* deceive. [M]

- II.xxii.115: Spinoza's *for* Spinosa's
 II.xxii.130: Spinoza *for* Spinosa
 II.xxiv.97: spake. *for* spake,
 II.xxv.128: "Yes, yes," *for* "Yes, yes"
 II.xxvi.8: Romel' *for* Rome!
 II.xxvi.8-9: *Space between lines*
 II.xxvi.23: "Nay, *for* Nay,
 II.xxvi.53: common-place *for* commonplace
 II.xxvi.73: sirens *for* syrens
 II.xxvii.19: then, *for* then
 II.xxvii.38: leaned: *for* leaned
 II.xxvii.140 bar?— *for* bar? [M]
 II.xxix.52: site), *for* site).
 II.xxix.99: display *for* play [M]
 II.xxix.101: themes?" *for* themes." [M]
 II.xxix.149: "Ah, *for* "ah,
 II.xxxi.39: Till *for* "Till
 II.xxxi.53: 'Emblazoned *for* " 'Emblazoned
 II.xxxi.73: we?' *for* we?' "
 II.xxxi.74: Mad, mad *for* "Mad, mad
 II.xxxiii.72: make: *for* make [M]
 II.xxxiv.27: sail?" *for* sail?
 II.xxxv.40: suite *for* suit
 II.xxxvii.42: mountain-side *for* mountain side
 II.xxxix.68: chemistry. *for* chymestry.
 II.xxxix.76: Nor hopeful *for* All hopeless [M]
 II.xxxix.98: loath *for* loth
 III.i.159: Forty-Eight: *for* Forty-eight:
 III.ii.27: bygone *for* by-gone
 III.iii.65: view? *for* view
 III.iv.50: mountain-side *for* mountain side
 III.iv.58: good will *for* good-will
 III.iv.92: 'My *for* "My
 III.iv.95: spade!" " *for* spade!"
 III.iv.126: good will *for* good-will
 III.iv.128: *l'envoi* *for* *l'envoy*
 III.iv.131: "With *for* With
 III.v.103: Sibyl's *for* Sibyls
 III.vi.26: Days?" *for* Days?
 III.vi.138: optimists *for* optomists
 III.vii.34: shrinking frame, *for* shrinking-frame,

- III.viii.128: good will *for* good-will
 III.x.40: Sign manual *for* Sign-manuel
 III.xi.38: heroic, *for* heroic [M]
 III.xi.105: sword," *for* sword"
 III.xii.14: And jewels *for* The jewels [M]
 III.xii.18: scimeter *for* scimiter
 III.xii.58: see: *for* see—[M]
 III.xii.79: *The Peace of God* *for* '*The Peace of God*'
 III.xii.133: 'Bug *for* "Bug
 III.xii.134: mine!" *for* mine!"
 III.xiii.32: Libya *for* Lybia
 III.xiii.38: become *for* became [M]
 III.xiii.73: "To Hafiz *for* "To Hafiz
 III.xiii.78: Signor *for* Signior
 III.xiii.82: rose.' *for* rose.
 III.xiii.83: Ah, *for* "Ah,
 III.xiii.98: 'Jars *for* "Jars
 III.xiii.103: song!" *for* song!"
 III.xiii.108: 'Priest *for* "Priest
 III.xiii.129: star!" *for* star!"
 III.xiv.33: 'What *for* "What
 III.xiv.37: "The rose-leaves, *for* "The rose-leaves,
 III.xiv.40: growing.' *for* growing.
 III.xiv.41: *His amaranths* *for* "*His amaranths*
 III.xiv.69: "Mahound *for* "Mahone
 III.xiv.72: "The Bey, *for* "The Bey,
 III.xiv.72: Mameluke *for* Mamalook
 III.xiv.76: 'And the Bey *for* "And the Bey
 III.xiv.77: scimeters *for* scimiters
 III.xiv.79: wind of war!" *for* wind of war!"
 III.xiv.116: thou! *for* thou [M]
 III.xv.54: moonlight. *for* moon-light.
 III.xv.55: limestone *for* lime-stone
 III.xvi.44: the Tomb: *for* The Tomb:
 III.xvi.67: Atys' *for* Aty's
 III.xvi.109: Good Friday. *for* Good-Friday.
 III.xvi.135: But no: *for* But no [M]
 III.xvi.235: theaters *for* theatres
 III.xvii.21ff: *Periods dropped after each italic*
 III.xviii.20: Thummim, *for* Thummin,
 III.xviii.57: go." *for* go.

- III.xix.34: "Jerusalem! *for* Jerusalem!
 III.xix.162: "But *for* But
 III.xx.1-24: *Double quotes added before each stanza*
 III.xx.30: "The *for* "The
 III.xx.31: cowlsl' " *for* cowlsl"
 III.xxi.10: sword-fish's *for* sword-fish'
 III.xxi.243: blanks of snow. *for* banks of snow. [M]
 III.xxi.295: so unfold—*for* so unfold [M]
 III.xxi.299: Werther's; *for* Werter's;
 III.xxii.28: dinted plate, *for* dented plate, [M]
 III.xxii.33: bird of Paradise. *for* Bird-of-Paradise.
 III.xxii.49-68: *Double quotes added before each stanza and after last*
 III.xxii.61: ever holy—*for* ever holy [M]
 III.xxiii.7: archimandrite *for* archimandrate
 III.xxiii.83: triptych *for* tryptych
 III.xxiv.54: theaters *for* theatres
 III.xxv.87: 'My love *for* "My love
 III.xxv.93: 'A dimpled *for* "A dimpled
 III.xxv.98: knows! *for* knows!
 III.xxv.99: No, never!—*for* "No, never!—
 III.xxv.115: nervously. *for* nervously,
 III.xxvi.40: "But, *for* But,
 III.xxvi.45: "Thou that *for* Thou that
 III.xxvi.51: "Tropic seraph! *for* Tropic seraph!
 III.xxvi.56: "But braid *for* But braid
 III.xxvi.64-65; 66-67: *Spaces between lines*
 III.xxvii.80: then) *for* then.)
 III.xxvii.131: 'There is a hell *for* "There is a hell
 III.xxvii.140: '. . . testimony, *for* . . . 'testimony,
 III.xxviii.57: "Envoy, *for* Envoy,
 III.xxix.38: Bandusia *for* Bandusa [M]
 III.xxxi.51: Good will—*for* Good-will—
 III.xxxii.23, 54: Bethel-stair, *for* Bethel stair,
 IV.i.3: Amerrian, *for* Amerrian
 IV.i.21: MANGER *for* MANGER
 IV.i.51. Alean, *for* A'lean,
 IV.i.181: "Wreck, *for* 'Wreck,
 IV.ii.40: mountain-town—*for* mountain town—
 IV.ii.195: Nature's mint *for* Nature's mint. [M]
 IV.iii.110: Clarel) *for* Clarel;)

- IV.viii.12: Aerial *for* Aërial
 IV.viii.20: "Lodged *for* Lodged
 IV.viii.23: redemption." *for* redemption.
 IV.ix.98: athrill *for* a'thrill
 IV.ix.116: Let the horse *for* Let the the horse
 IV.x.85: so," *for* so"
 IV.xv.68, 72, 76, 79: *Double quotes added*
 IV.xvi.28: now?" *for* now?
 IV.xvi.208: 'Flamen, *for* "Flamen,
 IV.xvi.209: miter *for* mitre
 IV.xvi.216: the sun!" " *for* the sun!"
 IV.xviii.75: CHILD: *for* CHILD:
 IV.xix.173-174: *Space between lines*
 IV.xx.118: Eighty-Nine, *for* Eighty-nine,
 IV.xxi.52: foreran; *for* fore-ran;
 IV.xxi.145: common-place: *for* commonplace:
 IV.xxiii.19: do."—*for* do,"—
 IV.xxv.24: Alean *for* A'lean
 IV.xxv.59: cantos *for* cantoes
 IV.xxvi.35: Lyons *for* Lyon's
 IV.xxvi.96-97, 104-105: *Space between lines*
 IV.xxvi.124: sherbet-air!) *for* sherbert-air!)
 IV.xxvi.183: young roes." " *for* young roes."
 IV.xxvi.264: thy part? *for* thy part [M]
 IV.xxvi.295: 'Lights *for* "Lights
 IV.xxvi.302: 'But, *for* "But,
 IV.xxvi.308: bowers!" " *for* bowers!"
 IV.xxvi.329: rhythmic *for* rythmic
 IV.xxviii.86: grain?" *for* grain?
 IV.xxix.116: Rachel wailing, *for* Rachel wailing
 IV.xxx.70: ashift, *for* a'shift,
 IV.xxx.128: It *ought* to be!" *for* Still *ought* to be!" [M]
 IV.xxxii.9, 10: loath, *for* loth,
 IV.xxxii.88: Wan Nehemiah *for* White Nehemiah [M]
 IV.xxxiii.18: the TOMB, *for* THE TOMB,
 IV.xxiv.10: In part suggest[s] *for* In parts suggests [M]

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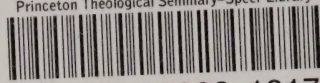
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